THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Foun[illegible] by Benj. Franklin

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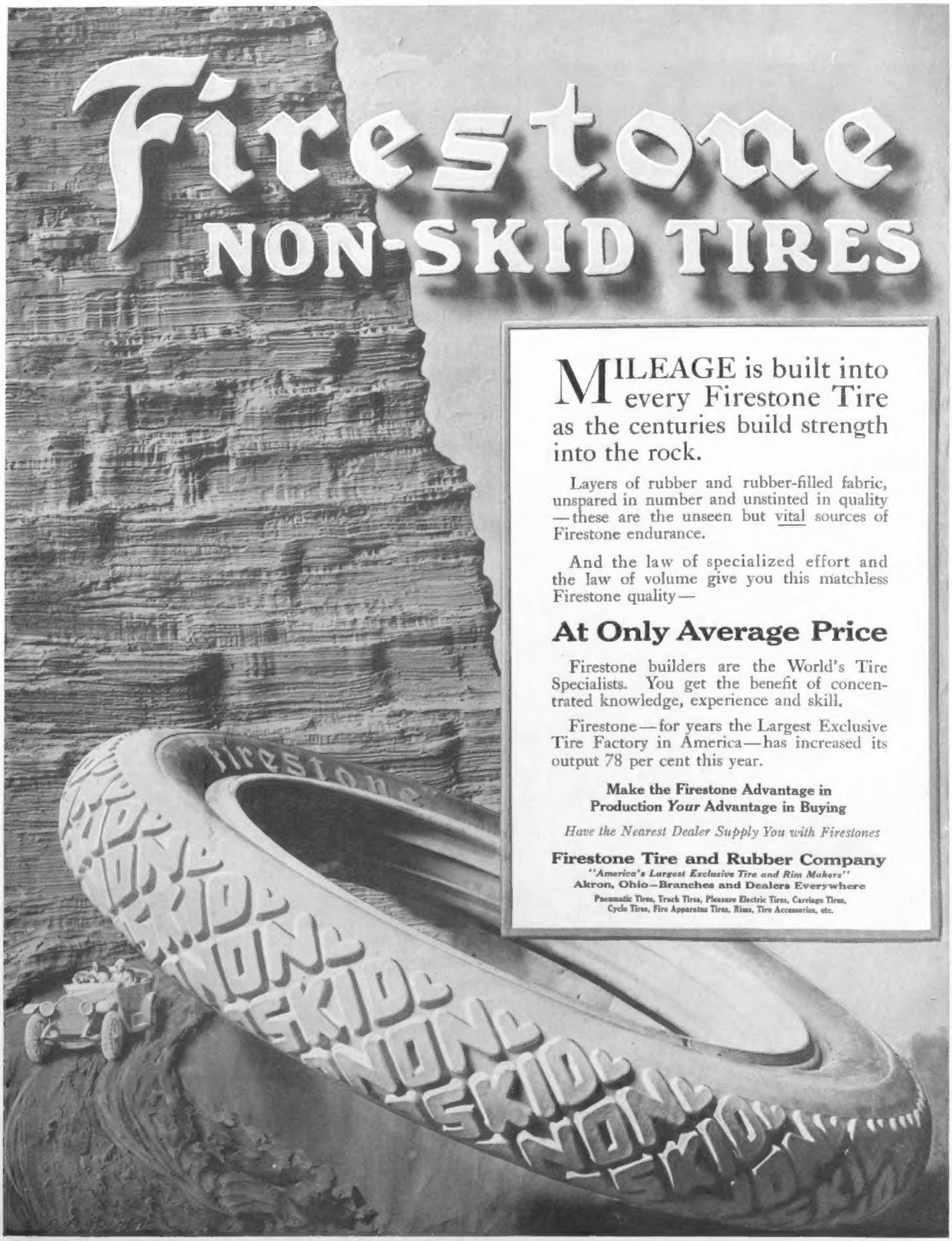
IN THIS NUMBER: Frederick Irving Anderson—Samuel G. Blythe—Will Payne
John Fleming Wilson—George Pattullo—Harris Dickson—Ring W. Lardner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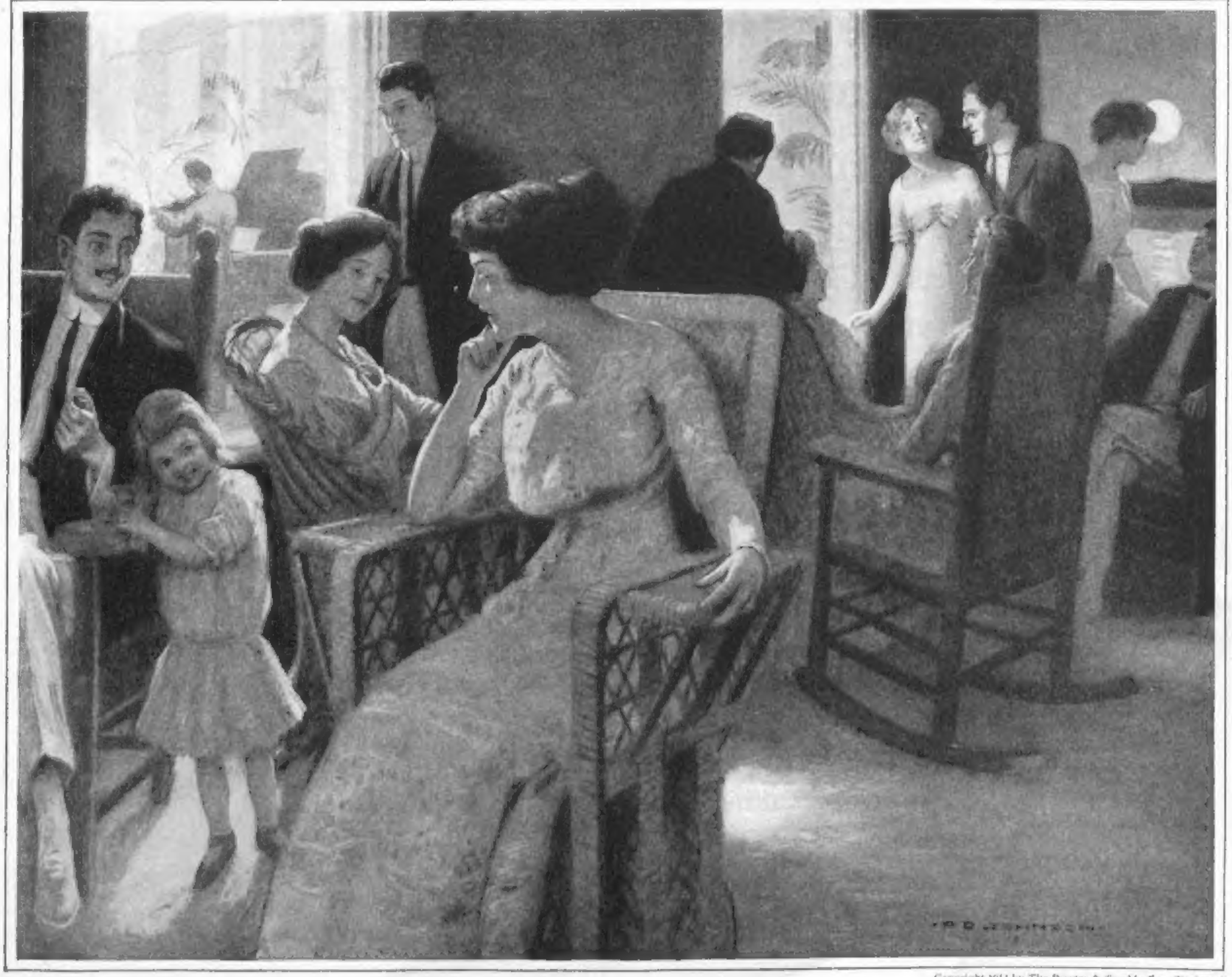

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AN HOUR OF LEISURE

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

MAJOR BEESTON presented a person that was capital for the queer enterprise in hand. If you passed him in the street or caught a glimpse of his picturesque exterior through a window of his coupé, you would turn round for a second and more curious survey.

His peculiar feature was his left eyebrow. It was only half an eyebrow—nay, not a half, say better a third or a quarter. In his broadsword days he had managed to have it sliced off entire; but, though such a badge distinguished an initiate, the effect was so grotesque that it daunted even this doughty youth and he recovered the severed cuticle and pasted it back in place. Only a patch of it, however, survived this rough grafting; and now in his crabbed years the tuft had turned white with the rest of him, and elongated into a bristling spike, like some rank weed flourishing in the midst of an otherwise well-groomed lawn.

To this feature he had added another, that of cocking his right eye, which had the effect of flattening the other brow, and the lone spike of white bristles then regarded all before it in the most pugnacious manner.

He had a habit of crying, in an irritating rasp of a voice, "Why? Why? Why?" whenever one of his business lieutenants in his book-publishing concern was so unfortunate as to present some scheme which did not seem, to the devilishly discerning mind of the master, to hold water. That insistent, querulous "Why?" drove many a good man from the employ of Major Beeston, though it sufficed to keep the cringing hirelings that remained in a state of perpetual jumping-jacks. There was one man who deserted under stress of that insistent "Why?" and the insistent spike of an accusing eyebrow, and novelized the Major, turning him into a best seller—a feat which the Major never forgave to his dying day, both because of the lampoon, which got under his skin, and the profits which a rival gleefully collected.

But it was not only the spike that caused one to turn for a second look at the old warlock; it was his whole appearance. The Major was distinctly an individual, which so many of his kind are not. He was sturdily built, broad but not over-tall, and his head was enormous; the jowls hung loose and pink, due to his Turkish-bath habit; the mouth was a slit without fringe at the corners; the nose sported a shiny, bulbous red berry on the tip-end; and attenuated side-wheeler whiskers floated vaguely over his collar. He was always attired in black, though he never mourned anybody. Topcoat, frockcoat and all, faultless black, with a thin line of starched white to mark the choker of the waistcoat, and a black puff tie of a fashion long extinct, held together with a small pearl, his only jeweled ornament.

He carried a stout stick in a pudgy, knotted hand whose fingers were so short and fat that they seemed to have been pushed back into the enveloping fold of their sheath. He favored his right foot, a gouty one, in walking. Arrant truculence rode like a chip on his shoulder. The best men instinctively pulled in their horns when they stood before him.

The Major had a family, but no kin. His wife he took to be petty and overfeminine, so he kept her—to her secret intense satisfaction—spinning round in a little social circle of her own. The children, a boy and a girl now grown, disturbed the mental orbit of the master publisher by spontaneous, ill-timed evidences of affection and concern. So he banished them. He had done his part in bringing them into the world. They had their fortune and a smooth trustee to administer it. For John and the fresh, effervescent Helen Beeston the task of running the gantlet of the old man's secretaries was more difficult than for the most obscure outsider. So in time, when they fitted their thinking caps to their young heads, they gave him up—looked on him as an institution, as did the rest of the world—though they subsidized at a stiff price a member of the flock of secretaries to keep them apprised of statistics concerning the Family Enigma. These secretaries were one of Beeston's pomposities. They floated about with him, much as a train of choir-boys attends a high prelate of the Church.

"Here's Another Daughter!" Said Officer Kelley Triumphantly

Major Beeston had acquired a pain under his third rib. His physician, who had inspected anatomy in a hundred cadavers before he could qualify to tinker with this precious specimen, had a sly habit of slipping the stethoscope over the spot on all safe occasions, and of winking gravely to himself as he noted the gentle rhythmic murmur that telephoned itself to his ears—a whisking whisper like the slip of a dry leaf over a stone pavement. When he was alone this doctor thought a great deal about that murmur, and tried his best to determine if it were coming any nearer. Unbeknown to his august patient the little practitioner had some plans of his own—lese majesty, because those who sat at Major Beeston's table did so with the implicit understanding that the food they ate was to be assimilated for the master's purposes solely. Yet the doctor had some plans of his own, and at odd times he thought he would very much like to get a peep at the last will and testament of this old curmudgeon of an institution.

These private plans of the doctor came to a head one fine morning when the Beeston yacht, the Mighty, lay off the town of Barcelona, Spain, in the blue Mediterranean. The usual batch of cables had just come aboard. Old Beeston was in his office only one month in a year, but he was up to his eyes in his business twenty-four hours a day, to the infinite delight of every soul owning preferred stock in submarine telegraph enterprises.

The doctor was more than usually interested in this batch of cables, and managed to extract from the sheaf one that was not in code. True it was addressed to the doctor in person and strictly private; but here again was lese majesty, this slipping of private affairs, no matter how urgent, into this holy mail bag marked "Beeston—Mighty."

Now it happened that there was an iniquitous thrust at the very foundation of the house of Beeston in that same mail bag. Recently one of the cloud of books from the presses of the Beeston book concern had attracted the all-seeing eye of the master, not because of its contents, which had to do with house flies, but because of its particularly neat appearance. In line with his policy of paternal overlord, Beeston had instructed that the young man who had put that book to press should be given an extra quarter's pay for his pains; and—what was the young man's name? The name came in this batch of cables. It was Beeston—James Beeston, who had been made superlatively happy by the unexpected largess for doing something he had already been well paid for. This James Beeston was an inoffensive clerk. It was not his fault that he had been born to the name of Beeston. At any rate he was proud of the fact that he was not related to the tyrant by blood.

The young secretary who had laid the cables before the master shut the cabin door with more than usual caution when he emerged gray-faced; and, in spite of the fact that the well-padded deck about the royal suite prevented the possibility of a footfall's disturbing the mental processes of the owner, he tiptoed his way aft to his own sanctum and with the utmost stealth motioned his stenographer to approach. As he sat down, prepared to dictate replies, he said "Ouch!" apparently apropos of nothing; but the

floury-faced stenographer understood that this was simply another occasion when the owner had exploded when he was not supposed to be loaded, and that the cable secretary had been badly singed. So the stenographer only stirred his mop of yellow hair reflectively with his pencil, and waited for his overlord, the secretary, to begin.

"Discharge him! There is only one Beeston connected with the Beeston Publishing Company."

At the inauspicious instant this momentous line, at ten cents the word, was slipping across the Atlantic to hit the inoffensive and somewhat distended James Beeston between the eyes, the little doctor took his courage in his teeth, his private cablegram in his hand, and approached the sacred cabin door. He asked Hopkinson, the master's valet, if he could have a word with the Major.

"Concerning what?" asked the moon-faced Hopkinson, who was more than a valet—something of a chamberlain, in fact.

"Private," said the doctor in a lack-luster whisper.

"Private!" exclaimed Hopkinson; and he eyed the physician narrowly. However, he had a contempt for this particular sawbones; and if the physician wished to put his head in a noose and tie the knot himself, Hopkinson had no serious objection. Besides, at this particular moment his master was raving over the impudence of that other Beeston, and needed diversion. So he tiptoed away and back again, nodded to the doctor whose courage was beginning to ooze through the tightly caulked deck. The cablegram he held fluttering in his hand contained only two words—"November Ten." It was unsigned, evidently for purposes of economy, for the deep-sea toll hits the ordinary purse hard. The doctor, however, could read the missing signature and in another moment he was on the carpet before that awful accusing eyebrow, dribbling like a fox terrier who had come for a good licking as the best way out of a bad bargain. He was only human, said the doctor; and the young lady—a very estimable young lady indeed, sir—well, last spring when the yacht Mighty had put in at Bar Harbor they had decided that the wisest thing ——

The white bristles of the awful eyebrow were slowly converging to an impaling point.

He, the doctor, had been given a week's holiday, if the Major remembered, yes, sir. Married? The question had emerged from the tight Beeston lips with the suddenness of a stray shot from a Gatling gun. And now—the doctor fumbled with his foundling cablegram—if matters could be arranged satisfactorily, a very—a —— On the tenth of November, his wife expected ——

"Why? Why? Why?"

That horrible face took on the aspect of a hesitating torpedo.

It was useless, of course, to explain why. A man, especially a young and personable man, does do these things; and it is natural for him to wish to be on hand at this exciting moment. Evidently, too, the great absentee publisher understood that for once his eternal "Why?" was a blank cartridge. The gouty foot of Major Beeston sought the button in the carpet. The buzzer buzzed; and Hopkinson at the keyhole straightened up and entered as softly as an undertaker. Major Beeston indicated, with a wagging thumb, the young physician who was about to become a father in the face of his sworn duty; and with his pudgy fingers telegraphed to the funereal Hopkinson that the object of his unexploded wrath was to be made away with. The well-trained Hopkinson indicated with a crook of his finger that the doctor was to follow him, which the latter did feebly and with a sudden horrible realization of domestic responsibilities. Here was he, unfrocked, about to become a parent, and three thousand miles of ocean separated him from his destiny. Hopkinson led him to a safe distance, then tiptoed again to the sacred door and thrust his head in.

"Overboard?" asked Hopkinson, forgetting the "sir" in his elation.

"Overboard," repeated the Major, heaving a sigh as he thought of the ingratitude of man and Nature.

A Harsh Accusing Bell From the Inside of the Infernal Thing Screamed at Him

It was thus that Major Beeston lost his physician; and it was because of this totally unforeseen event that Charlin, his most capable secretary—a ten-thousand-dollar man—went ashore at nine o'clock that evening in a state of great perturbation and sought out Guzman de Rivas, chevalier, knight of the green crescent, officer of the red star, fellow of a dozen learned societies on the Continent and in England, physician to His Majesty, the King. The delayed explosion, which the poor doctor had seen impending, had come. Major Carmichael Beeston was flat on his back; and the pain under his third rib was giving him awful visions.

It was unusual for the King's Physician to be called out for such a purpose at such an hour. However, the diplomatic Charlin was paid ten thousand a year for accomplishing the unusual, and in a jiffy he had the august learned man in the captain's gig, and they were puttering out to the anchorage, where the yacht Mighty lay all agleam in the moonlight. The secretary in a deft manner sought to impress Guzman de Rivas with the weightiness of his errand; but Guzman de Rivas had delivered queens, and he was not disturbed by the prospect of thumping a mere American millionaire.

They brought him to the sacred cabin without the usual formalities of such an audience. The owner of the Mighty had survived the first phlegm of the occasion; still he bent on the King's Physician a beetling stare, impaled him with that eyebrow.

"I am Guzman de ——"

The King's Physician was about to tell who he was, as was his custom. It was a little ceremony that was pleasant to the ear and soothing to the conventions, as he knew conventions.

"You are a physician summoned to do my bidding," interrupted Major Beeston, letting Hopkinson help him from his couch to his chair, a chair which the King's Physician had unwittingly preëmpted and must needs be waved out of. "You will prescribe digitalis in doses of——"

"Pardon," said the physician; and gesticulating gracefully he proceeded in English, which he handled in a very precise though halting manner: "I have no—I have yet no acquaintance—with your malady. If you wish me to attend you I must beg the privilege of an examination. Else, señor ——"

The master shot a venomous look at the tall figure before him.

"Why?"

The suddenness of the expletive caused even the image-like Hopkinson to start in his shoes.

Guzman de Rivas was regarding the face before him with a professional eye. He was a fellow in the learned societies, because he had, in a large measure, reduced the science of diagnosis to one of physiognomy; he possessed a mental gallery of faces. This face before him now, for all the choler that had risen to mask its true hue, belonged to a very definite series. Guzman de Rivas did not answer at once. He was noting a curious effect of the flesh, an effect almost luminous, which he had never before seen so strongly developed. He reached out and took the hand of the other and found the pulse. Then he turned to Hopkinson and said: "You will prepare your master. It will be brief."

Hopkinson stood his ground, looking alternately at his master and this man. Major Beeston looked at the hand that touched his wrist and smiled his famous dry smile.

"I have lived with myself," he said absently as though to the corner of the cabin to which he shifted his eyes, "upward of sixty years. The greatest diagnostician in the world cannot tell me more about myself than I know. I have no doubt, sir," he said silkily, raising his eyes to the somewhat disturbing look of this Spaniard, "that your skill makes you notable in your little world, doctor. I understand," he went on, squeezing out another smile, "that you have recently delivered the Queen herself! My own physician has just left me, because of his abnormal interest in the same branch of your profession. In this instance," he said, still smiling, "I have summoned you to serve me in the guise of an apothecary's clerk. I am the diagnostician. It is wholly unnecessary for you to fumble with and thump me like a dispensary patient. I should be very much pleased to have you prescribe as I direct, or"—he waved his fat hand airily—"you have the alternative of withdrawing," he concluded.

Guzman de Rivas buttoned his military coat to the chin and bowed.

"I am desolated to perceive that I have been a source of irritation to you, señor," he said gravely; and, turning on his heel, he walked quickly across the cabin and through the doorway. Beeston whistled through his nostrils, and indicated to Hopkinson with his thumb to see the King's Physician overboard.

"Your master," said the King's Physician at the ladder, "is dying."

The mask of the valet gave no sign.

"Nay, not this night," hurriedly added the King's Physician, "not this month, not this year. He dies slowly. Some day he will look out of his eyes—and see nothing. There is an American physician in the town. The name is Sarny. It is desirable that you summon him now."

The King's Physician went over the side and off into the night. Hopkinson stood at the rail a moment. Then the chamberlain of this strange household started off a second boat after the first. Then the chamberlain walked back to the sacred cabin and entered softly. For many years now he had been the very finger tips of his master. He had never taken the liberty of sitting down in his master's presence before to-night. To-night Hopkinson sat down and drew up a chair. He repeated what the King's Physician had told him. His only evidence of a disturbed spirit was his sitting down in his master's presence.

"Some day," intoned Major Beeston, "these eyes shall see not!" And then: "Did he think to come aboard and bulldoze me with his whiskers?"

Hopkinson, trained in all things, took his master's pulse; the diversion had acted like a sedative. Shortly Sarny, the American physician, came aboard; and when he looked at the face with its telltale grayish pallor he did not see the subtle light. But instead he saw the features, caricatured the world over in the flippant press, of Major Carmichael Beeston, man of millions. He saw a soft snap for himself as a member of this ship's company if he could but catch the interest of the great man. So he set out to amuse Beeston; and before long he had the great man chuckling and smashing his knee with his flat hand, an unheard-of thing in Major Beeston!

"You should take a long rest, Major Beeston," said the American doctor. "You should drop the cares of business."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the American millionaire; and, quieting down to a chuckle, he regarded this little whipper-snapper who had the supreme gall to prescribe relaxation from business for *him*—for *him*, of all men on the face of the earth. "I would give a million dollars," he said, still chuckling, "to any man who could take my mind off my business for a single hour. Leave me now," he added suddenly. "Come to-morrow at four. I like you, doctor. Really, you have no idea how much you amuse me."

"One Million Dollars for One Hour of Leisure!"

The next day at four the doctor was waiting for his promised audience. This time he was done up in new clothing, because he had learned that old Beeston was a stickler on dress. As he waited one hour, two hours, three hours, he became impatient; but he held his ground. Soon after the bugle call for dinner the smug Hopkinson came up to him and said:

"I will carry your message to him now. He is disengaged a few minutes before dinner."

The forward starboard port of the sacred cabin stood ajar. As Hopkinson entered and closed the door behind him the harsh, strident voice of the master suddenly froze the blood of the American doctor:

"What! Sarny? That clown! Pay him his fee and overboard with him! Isn't anything sacred to that son of a camel-driver?"

Doctor Sarny, ruefully regarding the fine raiment in which he had clothed himself for this occasion of occasions, permitted himself to accept the hospitality of the captain's gig ashore. Once ashore, he went straight to a newspaper office where he had a friend.

"Beeston, out there," he said, indicating the yacht Mighty riding at anchor in the twilight, "Beeston, out there, told me last night that he would give a million dollars to any one who could make him forget business for an hour."

That night, sandwiched in among miles on miles of electric impulses, most of them signed "Beeston," there came one whose destination was "News Syndicate, New York." It ran as follows:

Beeston says he will give million dollars cash to man who can make him forget business for one hour.

A succession of electric impulses slipped over the slithery bed of the Atlantic, and a sensitive needle ticking off dots and dashes whispered into the ear of a humdrum cable operator in lower Broadway that one million dollars in cold hard cash awaited the man who could distract a colossus of affairs for one hour from the cares of business. A relay, containing nothing more sentient than mere copper wire wound with silk, snipped the foolish thing off the wire at the right and impressed it on the wire that disappeared on the left. In Park Row an operator tapped off the words on a typewriter, as they chirruped birdlike from his sounder-box; and a yellow piece of paper shortly was in the hands of an editor.

"One million dollars for one hour of leisure!" said this man, who was trained to think in headlines, as he turned to an assistant. "Give me," said he, "an eight-column line across the first page. Give me a four-column cut of the beast, a two-column hanger-head, and a two-column, double-leaded introduction on the first page. You can slop over on the second page as much as you want to. One million dollars for an hour of leisure! Better take the second page entire, Mr. Clock."

In the offices of the big metropolitan dailies there are a hundred out-of-town correspondents who pay unheard-of sums for the simple privilege of reading the news of the day before the paper goes to press.

Every man has his telegraph operator; every man has his private wire. The apex of this particular pyramid starts in far-off Barcelona, Spain, with a disgruntled physician who has spent more money on clothes for an occasion than the occasion in the end warranted. It broadens into a sweeping base in the office of "News Syndicate, New York." It expands in Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Kansas City, San Francisco. Like an endless chain diverging from its nuclei, it fastens on each center of intelligence and projects itself fanlike until, in the uttermost hamlet, the telegraph whispers coldly: "One million dollars for one hour of leisure! How much can you carry?"

"How much can we carry of One Million Dollars for One Hour of Leisure? All you've got. Rush!"

The submarine telegraph that ticks off its dots and dashes over the slithery bed of the broad Atlantic wakes up in the midst of cold night and whispers from west to east: "One Million Dollars for One Hour of Leisure! Rush!"

London, Paris, Berlin, Rome—there is something about one million dollars that is cosmopolitan. It does not need an interpreter in any language. Newsboys are crying raucously, posters are blazoning in the Boulevard des Italiens, on The Strand, in Unter den Linden, in Park Row—"One Million Dollars for One Hour of Leisure! Extra! Extra!"

Meantime, the yacht Mighty weighs anchor in the harbor of Barcelona; on the wharf an American physician in better clothes than he can afford cries: "A son of a camel-driver, eh? Ha! Ha!" and Major Beeston, bending an ear to the rhythmic purr of the engines beneath his pillow, rises on an elbow and says:

"At sea again! Hopkinson, tell me once more what that bewhiskered Don told you. Remember, I want tone, inflection, everything! Did he say: 'Not this night, not this month, not this year?' Eh? Easy now, Hopkinson!"

II

THE Mighty put in at Nice—and departed, full speed astern! Then her skipper made the tactical error of attempting to provision by wireless at Pisa. The provisions were in wait for her when she arrived outside; so was a mysterious legion of all nationalities, every member with a pet scheme of his own for alleviating the cares of the man of business for one little hour—the price, one million dollars!

It was well then for the ticket of Captain Forward of the Mighty that he had qualified in more sciences and arts than trigonometry and the languages before he put on the gold chevrons for this craft. The old Major was asleep—so there was no milk spilt as yet. Forward, enjoining secrecy on every member of the crew as far up as Hopkinson—he did not dare tamper with Hopkinson—put out to sea again as soon as he smelled the wind, and called for his provisions by wireless.

"Suspect everything!" enjoined the sagacious captain of the Mighty, when the barge bearing hampers and bags and crates and boxes came alongside in the early morning light. It was hard when a man was so put to it that he was forced to lighter aboard his very food by stealth. It was well that the captain's injunction to suspect everything was adhered to to the letter, for one crate of oranges attracting attention by an abnormal bulge was found to house an intrepid Italian nobleman, who fought like a wildcat before they could nail him fast in his cradle again and toss the thing back to the barge. After that even the bags of pecans and barrels of flour and sugar were subjected to the rigorous test of the Hindu sword trick; but fortunately none of this merchandise bled.

As the graceful Mighty, now a fugitive from the very light of day, turned tail and skirted along the coast of the Riviera again—the land of soft breezes and fragrant flowers which the doughty old Major always affected during the fashionable season—the wireless receivers ticked incessantly with voices of seductive temptation. For days at a time this magnificent ship, white as snow, conspicuous as the gay moon that rode overhead, ran this way and that like some harried wild creature, seeking cover in vain. The air seemed crowded with sprites tugging at the flimsy flying pennants to stay the Mighty in her course. To the harassed mind of Captain Forward the glorious Mediterranean seemed suddenly shrunken in size to an inland river, with myriads of importunate lunatics keeping pace with her along each shore at a dead run. He damned the day that Hertzian waves were first tamed to follow the rotundity of the earth; yet every hour, day and night, in the wireless house the relay of operators were doomed to sit with the clicking receivers glued to their ears, because every moment "Beeston—New York" was trying its utmost to pry a hole through the thick air to reach "Beeston—Mighty."

For three days now not a word had come through east or west, because the infernal trap sprung by a renegade American physician in Barcelona, who had spent more money on clothes than the occasion warranted, had caught the yacht Mighty in a wireless pocket where it was open to the bombardment of the world. Presidents, kings, nations might be crumbling in other latitudes, the very foundations of the sacred house of Beeston, New York, might be in process of gurgitation by treacherous quicksands, but the ship's company of the yacht Mighty knew it not for the din in their ears.

Finally they reached the Straits. If they could get out into the Atlantic beyond the range of their two-hundred-mile wireless plant, they might have a chance to think—and to say something to ships in their zone. The Straits presented difficulties; because here the narrow rivulet, to which the great sea seemed to have shrunk, narrowed down to a hairline. But Forward sneaked through it between the dusk and the daylight, and at last they were in the entrance to the Western Ocean.

The Mighty nosed about the Bay of Biscay, steaming along on the three legs of triangles and the four sides of squares. Her wireless apparatus was unhooked now; for she had, in the last few hours, picked up a friendly ship or two far enough offshore to be sane on the subject of that million dollars, and old Beeston had put through a query or two in code, to be relayed from ship to ship and to Beeston, New York, asking how the land lay, and getting a spare word or two in return. Now the Mighty was running without wireless ears, with all the stealth of a privateer running without lights. On the first still day Beeston had instructed Forward to have the crew over the side with paint pots, and to see to it that the Mighty got a new drab dress. All over the coast of Europe they were looking for the white Mighty. The white Mighty with her beautiful steam turbines had shown her heels to a dozen scouts since she cleared Gibraltar.

"You Should Take a Long Rest, Major Beeston. You Should Drop the Cares of Business"

Beeston, New York, strange to say, had not been swallowed by an earthquake nor yet blown up by dynamite. Books at the rate of uncounted signatures each day were continuing to come off the presses; binding machines were eating glue as voraciously as ever; and hot irons were stamping gold-leaf as merrily as if the whole world were not trying to sequester one million dollars of the cash capital of the gigantic concern.

But Beeston—Beeston, Mighty—was not happy. He was sick. Not sick at heart, but sick at stomach, with a rising nausea he could not still. He had started fires before in his line; but always he had managed his back fires so cleverly that no one was singed but those intended for the burning.

But now the very deck on which he trod with his heavy, gouty gait seemed to blister him to the crown of his head. Southampton was shut to him; Plymouth was shut to him; Cherbourg, Bremerhaven, Dieppe—the whole coast of Europe and of the isles contiguous thereto was an armed frontier bristling with enemies. As for the coast of his native land—he shuddered!

During all his years of growth into the fierce institution which he was become in the eyes of the world he had perfected a system of defense, of privacy, which he considered invulnerable. A caller was passed from hand to hand through different strata of his menials, each station refining the object of the visit down and down and down, until finally it became a kernel, the germ of the idea that had brought the caller to the office. The germ of the idea, if it were

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The Fire and the Fire Alarm

The Fight in Ohio Considered—By Samuel G. Blythe

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY
Theodore E. Burton, U. S. Senator From Ohio, Whose Term Expires Next March

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY
Former Senator and Mrs. Foraker, With Their Youngest Son

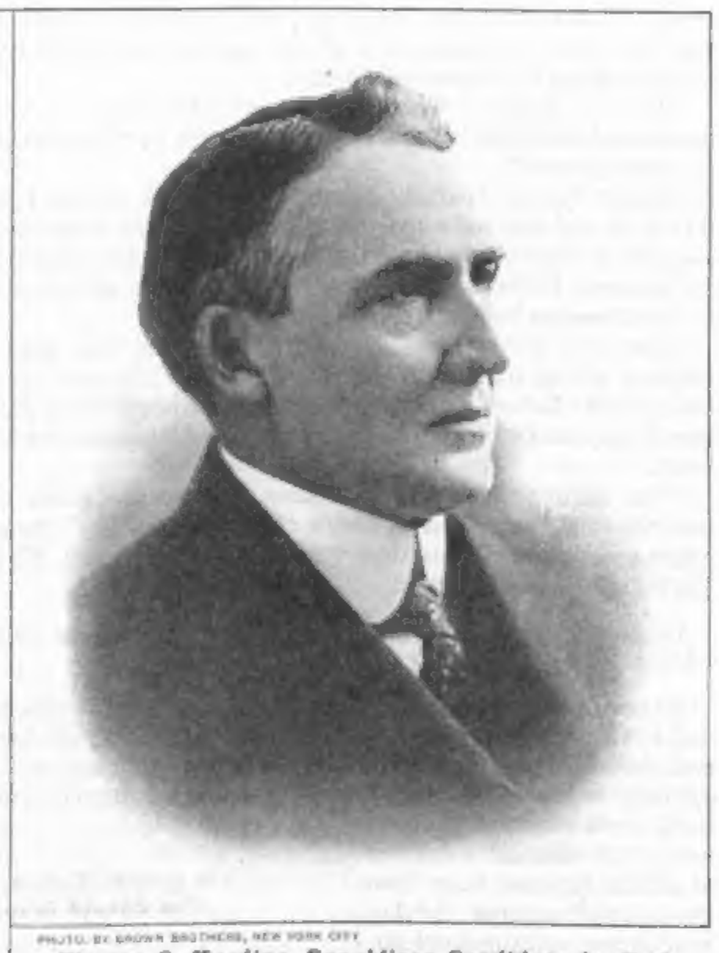

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY
Warren G. Harding, Republican Candidate for U. S. Senator From Ohio

Oh, fireman save my child!
She cries in accents wild.
The fireman tries as best he can—
Up the ladder he runs, up the ladder he ran;
The fireman tries as best he can,
But—
The child is bigger than the fire-m-a-n-n! —*Old Ballad.*

IT WOULD seem that the Honorable Joseph Benson Foraker is singularly gifted. Speaking politically, he combines within himself not only the fire but the fire alarm. He is now engaged in burning various issues in the hustings, applying the torch and then ringing in three sixes as a general alarm; so that all—including himself—may be saved from the disastrous effects of the conflagration.

Years ago they named him Fire-Alarm Foraker, and the apparatus is still in working order, albeit the former senator is considerably older than he was when he earned the title. It appears to be quite a blaze. He is burning with indignation over affronts that have been put on him and on his party, and the opposition is heated in a similar manner. Some of these flames will be extinguished on August eleventh, when the primaries will be held; but until that time probably the incineration will continue.

As this is written three Republicans, one Progressive and at least four Democrats are hopscotching up and down Ohio in anxious endeavors to impress on the people their fitnesses for the toga that will be dropped from the scholarly shoulders of Theodore E. Burton next March. And when you come to consider that of these eight eager candidates five are self-confessed orators, and self-winding, you will have some small understanding of what the direct election of United States senators by the people entails—in that imperial commonwealth, at any rate.

No Place for a Scholar

THERE are some eighty-eight counties in Ohio, and a large section of the population of each county is made up of politicians. Politics is a continuous game out there. Now that the direct primaries have added to the angles of it, because of petition and other features, the average citizen of that state gets little rest. Probably it is just as well, for the average citizen is extremely political himself, and takes his pleasure in making and unmaking candidates, just as he, every so often, tries being a candidate himself. And, in addition to the senatorial contest, there are state offices to be filled, including a governorship; twenty-one members of the National House of Representatives to be elected; a state legislature and many county officers. Therefore it will be observed that the atmosphere is not only reasonably political but the attitude of the people must be the same.

Theodore Burton is a student and a scholar. Also, he is a disappointed man. He went from the National House of Representatives to the Senate, and when he reached the Senate he discovered he was not so big a man over there as he had been in the House. Also, he found a new sort of Senate—not a Senate into which a student and a scholar fitted particularly well, but a Senate where new men were fighting against the restrictions of old methods. He decided not to run to succeed himself. A primary was involved and a bitter fight, and he quit.

There are numerous stories of combinations that were made before or after Burton announced this decision, but those stories concern skirmishes—plays for position—and are not essential. The important fact is that when the thing had settled down, and previous and subsequent announcements of determinations had crystallized, there were eight senatorial candidates in the field, representing three parties—Republican, Progressive and Democratic.

PHOTO. BY C. W. SCHEER, ELYRIA, OHIO
A. L. Garford, Progressive Candidate for U. S. Senator From Ohio

The most interesting of these candidates is Foraker, and round his fight the whole politics of it revolves, for his candidacy must be looked at in three lights—his own and the effect of it; the Progressive view of it and what it means to that party; and the aid and comfort it extends to the Democrats. If Foraker had kept out there would have been a neighborly scramble between men not much known nationally, and three of these would have gone to the polls in November and had it out on such issues as they could make stick to themselves or could make themselves stick to.

Mr. Foraker and the Standard Oil Episode

WHEN Foraker came in the whole situation changed, for here was a man of national repute whose candidacy identified his wing of his party with the very essence of standpattism, to say nothing of the personal questions involved, and gave the Progressives the leverage they needed—or thought they did. Also, it extended considerable hope to the Democratic aspirants, and, all in all, made a situation that is as politically piquant as it is humanly interesting.

The basis of that situation is this: Foraker, a man of great ability and eloquence, had long represented Ohio in public office. He had been governor and senator. He was known from one end of the country to the other as a political orator. He had been identified with the extreme standpat wing of the Republican party, and is yet. He has courage, experience and brains; but toward the last of his public life he appeared in the Standard Oil letters that were published, as a beneficiary of that Trust while he was in politics.

Foraker has an explanation for that appearance in his disclosed correspondence. He makes that explanation nightly. He says it all came about through an effort he made to buy a newspaper in Columbus, which is plausible. Without going into the merits of this contention or other similar contentions and charges, it may be said that Foraker's candidacy did not seem as expedient to other leaders of the Republican party in Ohio as it did to himself and does, and that it furnished his opponents with valuable campaign material.

The fact is, the Republican leaders in Ohio—the Old Guard—were afraid of just what has happened, and did not want Foraker to run. However, the days are over when a party leader, or a number of them, can order a

man not to run for an office, or see to it that he does not run by defeating him in convention. The party leaders could do nothing but express their disapproval; for any man who is not ineligible by statute, and who can secure a petition containing the names of two per cent of the qualified voters of the party to which he allies himself, and files his petition and application in due form, can get on the ballot for the primaries—and all the leaders in the state cannot stop him. Foraker secured his petition. Instead of the two per cent, or between eight and nine thousand names required, he had a great many thousand names more on his petition, and he went into the race.

Meantime the Progressives had decided on Arthur L. Garford, of Elyria, as their candidate, and his petition was circulated; and the requisite number of names, with some thousands over for good measure, was filed at the proper time. Also the Progressives, steadily building up their organization, filed petitions and accomplished party organizations in some seventy-six of the eighty-eight counties in the state, whereas they had county organizations in less than ten counties two years ago. They nominated men for state officers and for Congress to contend in the primaries, and thus secured places on the general election ballot of November.

The coming of Foraker into the contest gave the Progressives something big and well defined to shoot at. Foraker is directly opposed—both in theory and in practice—to all the tenets of the Progressive party, unless perchance he may have liberalized himself somewhat in this campaign. I have not read his speeches.

That, however, is of no consequence. Whether he has liberalized himself or not, he has given the Progressives what they needed, which was a definite point of attack. Thus the Progressive campaign is built round Foraker. He is the man they are shooting at. They think if Foraker is successful in getting the Republican nomination they will have a fine chance to elect Garford; and the same situation gives hope to the Democrats.

The Standpatters Cheerful

THE Republican leaders are not opposed to Foraker personally. What they fear is the result of his candidacy. They are afraid of his record, and various things have happened that may work in various ways before the primaries. One is the appearance of Warren G. Harding in the race. Harding has been lieutenant-governor of the state, and was defeated for governor by Judson Harmon in 1910 by about one hundred thousand votes.

The curious thing about his candidacy is that he is a close friend of Foraker, and always has been. He has always been a strong Foraker man and naturally would be found supporting Foraker instead of opposing him. This has caused some of the politicians in the state to think that perhaps Foraker will drop out at the proper time and leave Harding to contest for the nomination with Ralph D. Cole, a former member of Congress. Foraker's friends deny this; but whether he drops out or not the Harding feature of the campaign presents an interesting political angle.

Thus, the leading Republican candidate is Foraker, the sole Progressive candidate is Garford, and the leading Democrat is Attorney-General Timothy S. Hogan. Hogan's candidacy has caused another situation that is not being mentioned openly in the state, but is important and far-reaching. There is a quiet politico-religious war in the state. The Guardians of Liberty, an anti-Catholic organization, is opposed to Hogan, who is a Roman Catholic; and, it is claimed, the forces of that Church—exemplified, for example, in the Knights of Columbus—have come to his defense.

This, I am told, is a revival of the old A. P. A. movement and is well organized, though no public discussion of it prevails. The claim is made that in recent municipal elections these politico-religious lines were drawn and that the results show there is an active though underground fight in progress. It is claimed that the fight will first show in the primaries; and that if Hogan is nominated it will go into the campaign preceding the general election with increased virulence.

Two other phases of the situation add to its interest. Notwithstanding the activity and loyalty of the leaders in the Progressive movement, there was considerable apathy among the followers. The Republican leaders said they knew that a large number of the rank and file of the Bull Moose partisans were coming back to the old party. Progressive leaders ardently denied this; but the fact is, there was not much enthusiasm until Colonel Roosevelt returned from South America. The return of the Colonel, as one politician expressed it, was like turning on the electricity. It revitalized the whole affair, and where there was no particular interest there now is a great deal, and the Progressives are preparing for a good, strong fight.

The Republican leaders, on the other hand, seem well satisfied with that side of it. As this is written it is not the plan of the Republicans to make any concessions to the Progressives when the state and other tickets are nominated, notwithstanding numerous Get-Together movements and dinners and meetings that have been and are being held. The Republicans figure that, if they can defeat the Progressives in this election, that will be about all for the Progressives; while if the Progressives get some of the offices it will then be time enough to do something besides talk about getting together—something practical and not conversational.

The plan at this time is to make a straight-out fight and see what happens. The Republican leaders claim that a far greater number of the Bull Moosers have returned than the Progressives admit; but that is a matter which must be left to the event of the primaries and the succeeding elections. The main fact is that, since Roosevelt returned, the Progressives, who were somewhat subdued except as to leadership, are now chirked up and ready to go to bat.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

James A. Garfield, Progressive Candidate for Governor of Ohio

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Governor James Cox of Ohio Candidate for Renomination

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Frank B. Willis of Ohio, Republican Candidate for Governor

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

J. J. Whitacre, Contesting With Governor Cox for the Democratic Nomination

Here you have the situation, then: Foraker, standpat Republican, out for the Senatorship as a standpatter regardless of whatever smell of Standard Oil there may be about him; the Republican leaders, secretly fearful of the result his candidacy may have on the party or what is left of it, but unable to do anything to stop his campaign; Foraker's personal friend and former strong supporter, Harding, a candidate against him and, it is claimed in some quarters, with a working agreement with Foraker; Ralph Cole, going on his own hook as a protectionist—and all beating the tom-tom daily and nightly.

Then come the Progressives with Garford, of Elyria, building their fight round the Foraker candidacy—as well they may, for Foraker not only exemplifies politically everything the Progressives oppose but he is the bitter enemy of their national leader, Roosevelt.

The Significance of the Penrose Victory

AFTER that there is the string of Democrats, headed by Hogan, against whom there is a beneath-surface but none the less well-organized Guardians of Liberty fight which is being fostered by various persons who want to get results for themselves and their candidates thereby, and who may not be directly associated therewith.

Hence, it is reasonably apparent that there is to be some politics in Ohio between this time and the primaries on August eleventh, and considerably more than some after the primaries, when the nominations are made, and at the elections in November. It would not be much of a situation nationally if Foraker were not in it; but with Foraker in it, and fighting for standpattism as well as against his own record, there is a nation-wide interest, just as there was in Pennsylvania when Penrose was a candidate in the primaries.

The victory of Penrose gave Foraker a great deal of encouragement. He thinks that shows a return of the old-line Republicans to their former allegiance, and he is to give them a chance to return in Ohio; for if there is anything in politics that Penrose stands for and Foraker does not, that thing escapes my memory at the present time. As statesmen they seem to be about identical, except that Foraker is more of an orator than Penrose, albeit Penrose can talk when he wants to, and talk well.

Years ago, when Foraker was a young man with black hair and a black mustache, he was named Fire-Alarm Foraker, and he has always lived up to the title. He is an orator of the rally-boys-rally kind, who has the faculty of impressing his enthusiasm on his hearers. He is an intense

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BRED IN THE PURPLE

The Noblesse Was Known in Every Port in the World

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

A GREAT many people who were born in Kentucky live in Cincinnati," said Captain Alger, gazing out through his open cabin doorway at the smooth reaches of the South Pacific.

He had said nothing for an hour, while the big Astral swung her powerful length toward the equator. I tried to find the clew to his abrupt statement by a mere "Yes?"

"I was reading some old papers last night," he acknowledged. "You know the company doesn't allow its skippers to talk to the women passengers. So I was reading." He put out a firm brown hand and pulled a clipping out of a pigeonhole in the big mahogany desk. "I found this," he continued. "It rather brought back old times—when I was a kid."

I took the little bit of paper and read this:

Thirty thousand dollars will be paid for any information leading to the recovery of a bay mare marked with five white diamonds on the coronet of the right hind hoof and a bluish white spot over the left eye. This mare is the mother of Alden I, and was last heard of in Franklin, Pennsylvania, hauling a peddler's cart. So far as known, she is fifteen and a half hands, slightly lame, and weighs eleven hundred and fifty pounds. She is now thirteen years old. Address K. B., Care of New York News.

"What about it?" I demanded. "Thirty thousand is a big price to pay for an old mare that is drawing a vegetable wagon." Captain Alger nodded.

"But, you see, she is the mother of Alden I, and he's trotted a mile in 2.04 several times; and his daughter Aldess beat that mark. I wonder how that mare ever got lost! She was bred in the purple, and yet she's pulling some broken-down cart along a dusty road, with a drowsy lout on the seat."

He was very quiet for a moment, crinkling his eyelids. A girl with golden-brown eyebrows stopped and nodded to us. Her linen frock showed the strong, firm lines of perfect health. When she had gone on, without any other greeting but a frank smile, Alger glanced at me.

"She's well-bred and has money, and everybody looks out for her," he said slowly. "I was born in a horse country. Thoroughbred horses and thoroughbred women!"

"Funny you should have gone to sea!" I answered, idly enough. He ignored my banality.

"And when I was a kid I used to hear about lost horses just like this poor mare that gave birth to a champion and vanished. I expect there are plenty of people like that—only nobody offers a thirty-thousand-dollar reward to find 'em and put 'em back where they belong." He considered this for some time before continuing: "I should think it would be as much fun to recover people bred in the purple as it would be to spend a fortune getting a thoroughbred mare out of the hands of a peddler. I know Ferguson—you remember that eccentric millionaire?—made it his hobby."

"And it was an expensive one, from all I've heard," was my response.

Alger shook his head gently.

"All hobbies are expensive. Pictures, houses and palaces, steam yachts, dry fly-fishing and matching pearls make up a list that will tax any man's purse; but when you go to hunting up people who are bred in the purple you naturally expect to spend money. Ferguson could afford it. And—it paid."

I was suddenly interested.

"I believe I recall that you were master of his big yacht once?" I suggested.

"Yes; I was," Captain Alger replied. "It was through him I got into this line. Ferguson was a queer chap. He was always asking about people's forbears and digging most impudently into their histories.

"'You can never tell, captain,' he would say, 'when you may run into somebody hereditarily magnificent!'"

"I always understood that he was a plebeian himself," I returned.

Alger thoughtfully filled his pipe and lit it before he responded.

"He was what's known as a child of the common people, to be sure. His father was an ironworker and his mother washed heavy red flannel underwear for other workmen, and wore herself out hanging it up on cotton clotheslines; but there was something about Ferguson that hinted of what horsemen call blood. I have an idea he dimly hoped there was. Possibly that slender inkling that he himself was really a gentleman by breeding stirred him to his odd quest for lost people. In my years of association with him I got to know him pretty well. He actually confided in me at times."

Alger fingered the clipping about the mare again and puffed huge clouds of smoke into the still air.

"Now a piece in the paper like this would have started him right off. He used to tell me about the many highborn children who had vanished. 'If one could only get hold of them!' he would say. 'Think of finding a lost son of Napoleon!'

"There's where I always angered him. I contended that Napoleon was from the peasantry. You remember Ferguson—with his eyeglasses and his trick of snapping his fingers? Well, when I'd say that he would lose his pince-nez and fire a volley from his thumb and middle finger. He claimed that Napoleon, if all was known, would be found to be the descendant of some Cæsar or other. He honestly believed that nobody ever did anything without ancestry behind him."

"Didn't he follow his theory out to the limit?" I asked. "I understood he married one of his pick-ups."

"He did," Alger admitted. "Now that the affair is past and Ferguson gone, I don't think I would be violating any confidences if I should tell you about that. I puzzle over it considerable. Maybe you can help me to the solution of as strange a problem as ever presented itself." The captain looked at me with clear eyes. "You see, it never was made perfectly plain that Ferguson's theory was right. He may have been outrageously in error. I'll just leave it to you."

"Oh, I heard about the end ——" I broke in.

"Part of it, of course," he returned; "but something happened—there was a question brought up that—well, it all comes down to this: Was Ferguson right in asserting that blood will tell?"

You know the man made a fortune before he was past his thirties. How he made it and his brutal fashion of kicking obstacles out of his way are common knowledge. Let us skip that. When I first became acquainted with him he had built the big steam schooner yacht—the Noblesse. He was looking for a skipper and by great good luck I landed the job. I was a youngster; but I was bred to the sea in the old-fashioned style, and he liked that.

"Alger," said he, "I understand all your people have been masters of ships. That's what I want—a man whose people have always made good as sailors and seamen. I go a great deal on a man's heredity."

You see the idea was in his head then. On the first voyage—to Gibraltar—he made it plainer.

"I've owned good horses," he informed me. "Blood always tells! And if it means so much in a horse, why not in a man?"

I think it was a year later when he brought a small boy aboard at San Francisco and told me he was going to adopt the kid.

"His mother was of fine family," he told me, "and his father was a prince."

I looked the child over and I confess I didn't see much to attract any one; but Ferguson cleaned him up, hired a tutor for him and watched him like a hawk.

"I'll get him back into his own class," he used to say. "With his breeding he ought to prove a wonder!"

Of course the kid vanished at the first port. Ferguson was almost inconsolable. He acted as though the crust of the earth had been broken through. He mourned for that miserable child like a father. At the end of two weeks he came to me and said: "I went at that wrong. It wasn't the boy's fault; but he's given me an idea. Let other people collect masterpieces of painting and art, and crockery and rugs; I'm going to collect children bred in the purple."

"You can't leave 'em to a museum," I said.

"The world will be my museum," says Ferguson.

I fancy we spent the next three years following out his hobby. He picked up kids in every part of the world and from all nations. Some of them he knew all about. Now and again he would come aboard with a miserable ragamuffin he had scratched out of the gutter. Those were the ones he was proud of. He would point out their fine points.

"Breeding!" he'd boast. "I once picked a two-fifteen trotter out

She Was an Imp of About Seven Years, With All of What Ferguson Called Points

of a livery stable just by points. Never did find out who she was; but she made two-fifteen and was always good for the last eighth in fourteen."

I couldn't tell you what he did with all the motley outfit of boys and girls. I know he sent some of 'em to school in England and some were educated in the States; and he lavished money in developing what he called their points. As a matter of fact, two of your big opera singers owe everything to Ferguson. He picked up both those girls at Triest and promptly shipped them to Vienna, with maids and instructors. He never saw either of them again; but he left 'em plenty of money and used to read their letters aloud to me evenings. "My daughters," he called 'em.

And the boys! They were the terror of my life; but he never seemed to lose patience—adopted 'em and saw that they had every chance in life. I understand most of them made good. "My sons," he proudly termed them.

Once in a great while Ferguson would get quite confidential. You comprehend that we were always on the go. He was restless. The Noblesse was known in every port in the world. Yet he never made many acquaintances and I fancy he had to talk to some one. On one of these occasions I put it to him point-blank:

"Why don't you get married and look after kids of your own?"

He snapped his fingers and stared into the binnacle.

"After all, captain," he said in a half-whisper, "a child ought to have the best of parents. Now I ——"

He didn't say any more; but I caught his meaning, I think. Do you get it? He didn't think it just fair for a child to have a grandmother that died hanging out red flannel underwear on a tenement roof. He seemed to intimate this by muttering:

"They wrung things out by hand in those days."

It was in San Francisco that he found Eugenia Brastow. She was an imp of about seven years, with all of what Ferguson called points. Naturally I didn't see much to her except a pair of big brown eyes, a mop of silky hair, and slim ankles. Her clothes were the limit—evidently bought in a Chinese store and sewed on one of those one-dollar, chain-stitch hand machines; but Ferguson was wild over her. He paid an excellent dame a hundred a month to look after her and mother her while the Noblesse sailed for Aden. There he decided that nothing would do for the girl but a little school in England, near Bristol; and thither we proceeded.

"I'll adopt her and in ten years she will be the peer of any woman in the United Kingdom," says he.

Now Eugenia had a mind of her own, and when she was crossed the language she used was not choice. The old lady that had charge of her used to weep openly in the saloon; but Ferguson was betting on his knowledge of points and swore triumphantly that the little fiend was bred in the purple. He took both the governess and the kid to the school, and we sailed away for New York.

On that voyage he told me how he found her. It seemed he had been strolling about one of the streets in The Mission and came on this little rat.

"The first thing that attracted my attention was the way she kept aloof from the others," he said. "And they seemed to think she was better than they, though God knows I couldn't find a soul who claimed her except as a boarder from some asylum. At that place they couldn't tell me a thing."

Later he told me that she unmistakably bore the features of an impoverished but noble family.

"I would recognize those characteristics anywhere!" he boasted.

I am quite certain he spent a great deal of money in searching her title to these supposedly aristocratic beauties; but if he found out anything he never told. And I know that for the next eight years he never set eyes on her, though he kept daily track of her welfare and spent enormous sums in cable tolls. When she had the measles the Noblesse was a floating inferno, and when he received the first picture of her in long clothes there was champagne for'ad.

One fine morning in Santa Barbara Channel, Ferguson came to me and gave orders to coal for a voyage across the Pacific. We had got our mail in San Francisco and I understood from his manner that something extraordinary had happened. So I asked no questions, but stocked the Noblesse for three months just as soon as we got into San Pedro. Ferguson was as nervous as a rat in a trap and for the first time interfered with my management of the vessel; but we got away and in due time arrived in Hongkong.

You could have recognized the girl that came aboard even if you had seen her first as a little out-at-the-elbows orphan. We manned the gangway for her. It was Eugenia Brastow, coming up the steps like a princess.

She was in that lovely stage where a woman doesn't know the world is going round. I believe that at the poles the revolution of the earth is negligible. She stepped on our white deck and glanced about her.

"My dear Eugenia!" said Ferguson in a queer, husky voice. The old lady toddled behind her.

Eugenia nodded, with a bright smile.

"Then you did get my letter," she said sweetly.

"All of them!" Ferguson returned.

For an instant she hesitated, and then she swam up to him and kissed him on both cheeks. "You're not a minute older!" she said in her modulated voice.

"Oh!" he answered, red to his hair. "You've grown!"

"All the way up!" she retorted. She lifted her light skirt above her slim ankles. "See? I'm just into long clothes!" The old lady seemed to be rather shocked. She made inarticulate noises indicative of reproof. Eugenia turned and laughed at her. "Oh, you needn't fuss, aunty!" she chimed. "I'm at home now."

No One Was Hurt; But it Was a Narrow Squeak

The words appeared to give Ferguson a terrific setback. He mumbled his mustache and had nothing to say. The girl lifted her eyes to his—great, dark, longing eyes.

"And that's true—isn't it?" she whispered.

"Of course this is your home!" he responded with an effort. "I've been waiting eight years for you to come."

"You're not a bit hospitable," she pouted, blushing delightfully.

Without another word Ferguson extracted from his pocket a small brass key and led the way down into the saloon. Through the open skylight I could see him unlock the great stern cabin and motion to her to go in. I even heard her little murmur of pleasure. I'll bet the old man had spent a fortune on fixing up that room.

We sailed an hour later. My orders were to make for San Francisco. Ferguson came on the bridge in the evening and for the first time displayed temper.

"These old women!" he ejaculated. "Meddlers! . . . Quite respectable, of course; but it's entirely out of the question!"

Naturally I was curious. Yet I had learned not to hurry my employer. I simply went about my work until he was ready to talk. At last he burst out:

"I'll leave you to speak to her. Tell her it's preposterous!"

"Tell whom?" I demanded.

"That old woman. I thought she would understand."

"Understand what?" I went on.

Ferguson made an abrupt gesture.

"She'll tell you," he muttered, and went below.

Presently arrived the what shall I call her?—governess?—chaperon?—anyway, the old lady who had been Eugenia's companion all those years since Ferguson had picked up the waif in The Mission.

She came on the bridge as one who has a duty to perform. She wasted little time in preliminaries.

"Mr. Ferguson never adopted Eugenia," she told me, bobbing her ancient and respectable head. "And for him to take her sailing across the seas this way is improper."

"But you are along!" I protested.

"He should adopt her or ——" She stopped and simpered. I confess I was heartily provoked.

"Or what?" I demanded.

"Marry her," she said.

"If you knew Mr. Ferguson as well as I do you would never even suggest it," I informed her. "He has always looked on her as a daughter."

I am not easily startled, but that old lady made me jump when she said calmly:

"Eugenia expects him to marry her."

"Preposterous!" I exclaimed; but she couldn't see it that way.

"I have instructed her that he would marry her," she said, folding her hands primly. "I am astonished that Mr. Ferguson doesn't see the propriety of it. I should never have assumed the responsibility of the young girl's education unless I had been certain he would give her his name. It is only right!"

She was quite immovable, that elderly and decent dame; she bore heavily on the need of obeying the Laws of Society as she termed it. And when she went below she left me with a strong notion that I must talk to Mr. Ferguson about it.

As a matter of fact, he came up for his evening cigar and mentioned the chaperon's queer manners.

"She seems to think that I am in the wrong someway," he murmured. "Of course, Eugenia is most charming. I am proud of having given her a chance. . . . She should marry well."

"The old lady told me she expected you to marry the girl," I remarked.

Ferguson nearly fell over the rail. "Me?" he gasped. Then he was silent. He snapped his fingers and stared into the dusk.

I couldn't even guess what he was thinking about; but I'll bet the idea had never entered his head. Anyway, before he said a word more the girl herself came up, aflush with excitement. She was in a shy kind of evening gown—just a hint of her white bosom showing.

"It is true that you're going to marry me—isn't it?" she said swiftly. "Aunty says you don't want to!"

"Good heavens!" was all Ferguson said; and he clenched his fingers on the teak rail of the bridge.

"I've studied so hard!" Eugenia went on. "I've learned simply everything I could. I kept up my music just for you." Then, when he made no reply, she dropped her head. "Are you disappointed in me?"

There was the disk of the moon rising from the eastern horizon and its light showed her beautifully. I saw Ferguson

(Continued on Page 35)

A GERMAN MIRACLE

A Bavarian Train With Mail Car and Letter Box at the Rear End

By WILL PAYNE

YOU come into Berlin, say, on a good through train owned and operated by the Prussian Government. Your train departed on the minute and it arrives on the minute. Almost invariably you can be sure of that in Germany. Its speed compares quite favorably with that of the best trains in the United States. You were not killed on the way; neither did you have your leg broken.

And on that point I may remark parenthetically that the railroads of Europe excel those of the United States. They run fast trains and they do not wreck them often. The fastest Prussian trains, running over one hundred miles, average fifty-five miles an hour, which equals the speed of the best American trains for like distances.

The safety of travel in Germany is sometimes cited as proof of the superiority of government over private ownership; but, in fact, the English roads, which are all privately owned just as ours are, run faster than the German and with as great safety. The distance of two hundred miles from London to Liverpool is regularly made at fifty-six miles an hour, the four hundred miles from London to Edinburgh at fifty-four miles an hour. And the privately owned roads of France run faster trains than are to be found in Germany for like distances, with as low a mortality record; in fact, the worst wrecks in France have occurred on the slower government-owned lines. So evidently government ownership has nothing to do with this matter of safety.

Whether the fault lies in the directors' room or with the personnel, the broad fact is that we wreck trains because we are careless, while Europe avoids wrecks by being careful. As our railroads are always pointing out, the heavy rail mortality in this country is largely due to trespassing. Over five thousand persons walking or standing on railroad tracks, where they have no business to be, are killed by trains in this country every year. This does not include those killed while crossing the tracks on a highway.

The general carelessness of life which that fact connotes is the underlying cause of railroad wrecks in the United States. The latest German statistics I have show six passengers killed during the year without fault on their part and ninety-one killed as a result of their own careless action. Germany's ninety-seven compares with a hundred and twelve on the privately owned roads of England. On the other hand, nearly a hundred more German than English employees were killed. So we may dismiss safety as having no relation to government ownership and return to the statement that German travel, on the good trains, is fast, punctual and safe.

You arrive in Berlin on your through train with that fact in mind; and if you happen to have a capacious bag full of railroad statistics, as I had, you dig up a little book and learn that the Prussian state railroads receive from passengers, on the average, less than nine-tenths of a cent a mile, while the railroads of the United States receive from passengers, on the average, more than one and nine-tenths cents a mile, or considerably over twice as much.

Low Fares and Scant Comfort

AND if you have any acquaintance with railroad affairs in this country you know our roads declare they make no profit on their passenger business. On the other hand, Prussian state railroads are decidedly profitable—at least quite as profitable as railroads in the United States.

Of late years they have steadily earned rather better than six per cent on the entire capital investment, and usually over seven per cent. Net earnings have been sufficient to pay interest on the railroad debt, to cover the cost of many additions and betterments, and leave a substantial surplus—latterly in the neighborhood of fifty million dollars a year—for the public treasury; in fact, since the railroads were taken over by the state three-quarters of a billion dollars has been turned into the public treasury, representing surplus earnings after paying interest on the railroad debt and making many betterments. All this with an average passenger rate much less than half that which our railroads declare to be unprofitable. It looks miraculous; but an hour's investigation will throw considerable light on its workings.

The first and easiest step, by way of investigating, is to go back to your railroad station—say that in Friedrichstrasse, for they are all about alike. A ticket that costs two cents gives you access to the trainshed, where you may loaf about as long as you like, taking care not to lose your ticket; for, as in all European railroad stations, you need a ticket to get out as well as one to get in.

You will see long passenger trains pulling in and pulling out at short intervals. Considering that this is only one of several stations in the German capital the number of passengers handled will probably surprise you. Resorting to your bag of figures you learn that passenger traffic in Prussia-Hesse is more than five times as dense as in the United States—that is, the railroads carry more than five times as many passengers for each mile of road. You will remember, then, that Germany has about ten times as many people to the acre as this country has.

It needs no argument to demonstrate that the more dense the passenger traffic is—the more passengers to a mile of road—the more cheaply it can be handled. It is more economical to work any plant to its full capacity than to a third or a quarter of its capacity. Even if you take a comparatively thickly settled part of the United States—say New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland—you find that the Prussian roads, with substantially the same mileage as in the states named, carry more than twice as many passengers to a mile of road.

Therefore, the fact of a very dense passenger traffic helps a little to explain the miracle; but in the course of an hour you will have noticed that many of these trains are composed almost entirely of cars marked third class and fourth class. You may see eight or ten fourth-class cars in succession.

Examining a fourth-class car more particularly, you find that it is about forty feet long and divided into three compartments of equal size. The interior is severely plain, with unadorned wooden partitions between the compartments; and across either end of each compartment is a severely plain wooden bench. Above each bench is an official sign, which reads—as to the two end compartments—Nine Seats; Eleven Standing Places. The sign in the middle compartment, which has two little doors giving to the compartments at each end, says: Eight Seats; Twelve Standing Places. In fine, when the car has its quota of passengers, twenty-six are seated on the wooden benches and thirty-four are standing, without even a strap to hang to.

The newer fourth-class cars have a fair amount of window space. There are older ones with little windows that resemble those apertures in barns from which a horse may get a peep at the landscape while feeding. Though the through trains make good time, the local ones move with decided deliberation. The cars are clean; but an ordinary box freight car in the United States, when new and clean, could be converted into one of these fourth-class carriages at very small expense. Nothing would be necessary except to run two pine partitions through it, dividing it into three equal spaces, and put in six plank benches and some windows. Of course there are no end platforms or vestibules, and no communication between one car and another.

Diving into the bag once more you discover that forty-five per cent of all passengers on Prussian railroads go fourth class. What our railroads might be able to do in the way of passenger rates if they were permitted to carry nearly half their passengers in box cars, with seats for less than half the passengers when the cars were full, and at freight-train speed, I do not know; and the point is of no consequence, for the service would not be tolerated here.

You will notice also that the third-class cars are about as numerous as the fourth-class; these two classes, in fact, will compose about three-quarters of all the equipment you see. The third-class cars differ from the fourth-class mainly in that the compartments are smaller and there is a seat on a wooden bench for every passenger. The European habit of taking one's belongings into the car is duly considered and every once in a while a third-class compartment is marked: For Travelers With Dogs. As I discovered no signs referring to horses and cattle, I inferred perhaps unwarrantably that the larger domestic animals must go by freight. Over forty per cent of the passengers on the Prussian-Hessian roads go third class. I believe no candid traveler will deny that third-class accommodations are decidedly inferior to anything in the United States.

The Methods of the Seat Hogs

SO WE find that over eighty-five per cent of all the passenger business on the Prussian state railroads gets a service that would be considered a sore affliction in any part of the United States with which I am acquainted; in fact, only ten per cent of the passengers go second class that is, get accommodations that may fairly be compared with those given passengers on our railroads.

Whether their second class is equal to our first class is a much-debated point. The answer seems to depend largely on the traveler's agility and ruthlessness. For the Amazonian lady who hit me in the small of the back with her suitcase as I was about to climb into a second-class compartment, then trampled me under foot so as to get to the window seat, and planted the suitcase beside her to assure herself ample room, I should say that German second class was probably very comfortable.

Another day the only second-class place the porter could find for me was in a compartment with eight places, seven of which were already claimed by persons or baggage. On one side were two women of such ample proportions that they spilled over into the third place, the remainder of which I occupied; while another lean man had the fourth seat by the window. We took turns in putting our shoulders back against the cushions; for, after the two feminine shoulders were accommodated, there was not room for two more.

The lady next me wore a very large black hat. The long spring seat gave alarmingly under her weight. When she was down I could look out of the corridor window. When she was up her hat blotted out the view; so I saw the upper Rhine Valley as in a jerky, intermittent moving-picture show—now a picture, now a blank. Also, as she went down I kept sliding into the hollow and scrambling back.

On our side of the compartment second class was not comfortable; but on the other side it was quite so. The two gentlemen on that side, as we soon discovered, had claimed all four places by skillfully disposing their baggage over them. After the train started they put some of the bags up in the rack and had all the room they needed. There seems to be nothing to prevent anybody from bringing in the family bedding and preëmpting an entire compartment with it. A rubber bag that one could fold up and carry in his pocket, then inflate so as to claim a seat, would probably find a large sale among European travelers. It would be in less demand in this country, where seat-hogs commonly use their feet for the purpose of preëmpting space that does not belong to them.

Of the general excellence of German first-class travel there is no doubt; but only one per cent of all the Prussian passenger traffic is first class. Travel of that class is merely

a little postscript. When you compare the Prussian charge for passenger service that is at all comparable with ours—taking into account the far greater density of passenger traffic there and the fact that they exact payment for the carriage of checked baggage—there is nothing miraculous about their fares. And there is no point in comparing their third-class and fourth-class fares with ours, because we have no comparable service.

There is no question, moreover, that every state-owned railroad in Europe makes its best relative showing on passenger rates. The reason is obvious. Passenger rates are a direct tax. Every traveler knows exactly what he pays for the journey, and if he pays a low fare he will be better pleased than if he pays a high one. Freight rates, on the contrary, are an indirect tax. Ultimately, of course, they fall on the consumers of all the goods that are carried by rail; but not one consumer out of five thousand knows exactly what freight rate he is paying.

Say he lives in Illinois. If he travels to the Atlantic Coast or the Pacific Coast he knows to a penny what the journey costs; but when he buys a ton of anthracite coal from Pennsylvania or a dozen oranges from California he has no idea what part of the cost of the coal or the oranges represents cost of transportation. And the whole history of taxation shows that, broadly speaking, a high indirect tax will be borne with less complaint than a lower direct tax.

It is probably impossible on any railroad to make a precise division between the cost of carrying passengers and the cost of carrying freight. The same plant is used for both services and the same managerial and other overhead charges apply to both; but passenger service requires comparatively expensive equipment, stations fitted up with waiting rooms, lavatories, and so on. The trains are run at higher speed. On a well-managed road they are hardly ever filled to full capacity, for that would involve decided discomfort if a few more than the full quota of passengers presented themselves at the station.

Freight and Passenger Rates Compared

IT SEEMS, as a rough generalization, that the cost of carrying the average passenger one mile is at least as great as that of carrying the average ton of freight a mile. And on all privately owned railroads of America and Europe the charge for carrying a passenger a mile is about as great as for carrying a ton of freight one mile. In the United States and Canada, indeed, it is more than twice as great; but on all the state-owned railroads of Europe the charge for carrying a passenger one mile is much less than the charge for carrying a ton of freight a mile.

To be sure, freight traffic conditions differ. Perhaps the most exact comparison may be found in France, where part of the roads are state owned and part privately owned. There, on the state-owned roads, the charge for carrying a ton of freight a mile is greater by about fifty per cent than for carrying a passenger a mile; while on the privately owned roads the passenger-mile rate and the ton-mile rate are nearly the same.

In the United States the charge for carrying a passenger a mile is nearly two and a half times greater than for carrying a ton of freight a mile; while on the Prussian-Hessian state roads the freight-mile rate is nearly fifty per cent higher than the passenger-mile rate. These figures must be taken with due allowance for the fact that both freight and passenger conditions in Germany are decidedly different from those in the United States; yet, for all that, the claim that German state railroads, though carrying passengers at a very low average rate, make their profits from relatively high freight rates seems very well founded.

Probably in every country—but in the United States beyond all question freight rates are far more important to the public than passenger rates. We spend, in this country, three times as much for the transportation of freight as for the transportation of passengers. An important part of our passenger traffic comes under the head of luxuries. It is decidedly from among the well-to-do, for example, that the Pullman Company gets its twenty to twenty-five million passengers a year. From the point of view of national economics it is immaterial whether those people pay two cents a mile or three; but the poorest family pays for freight. A great part of all the goods consumed in this country bears a freight charge. If our roads were permitted to raise freight rates seventeen per cent they could afford to cut passenger rates in half, provided they got the same volume of traffic in both classes.

This naturally brings us up to the question whether Prussian freight rates, on a fair comparison, are higher than those in this country, and if so, how much higher. It is an exceedingly intricate and difficult question, because it is almost impossible to find a broad comparison that will stand on all fours.

You can begin with the average charge for carrying one ton of freight one mile. In the United States that is three-quarters of a cent in round numbers, while in Prussia it is one cent and a quarter. So you may conclude that Prussian freight rates are higher than ours by more than fifty per cent; but a little further investigation disposes of that facile conclusion, because the freight service rendered by the Prussian roads, taken as a whole, is not comparable with our freight service, as a whole.

For example, our railroads haul about five hundred million tons of soft coal a year. That is nearly equal to the total tonnage of all freight on the German railroads, and it goes at a very low rate—often only three or four mills a ton a mile. Now a considerable part of the coal traffic of Germany does not go by rail at all, but by water. Prussia has spent about a hundred and fifty million dollars in building canals and improving rivers for purposes of navigation. On the maintenance of these inland waterways it spends over four million dollars a year; and, with the exception of light tolls on the canals, this water transportation plant is open to the use of anybody free of charge.

Receipts from canal tolls fall far short of meeting the annual maintenance charge, to say nothing of interest on the capital expenditure. So a considerable part of the heavy, long-haul traffic, for which our railroads make very low rates, goes by water in Germany; in fact, measured by ton-miles, the water traffic is about one-third that of the railroads, while the inland water traffic in the United States is utterly insignificant in comparison with that borne by rail.

In short, a low-rate traffic, which forms a very important part of our rail-freight business, is only an inconsiderable part of the German rail-freight business; and as the services are not comparable you get nowhere by comparing rates in the lump.

In Making a Shipment Over a German Road You Must Pay, in Addition to the Freight Rate, a Terminal Charge Covering the Cost of Handling the Goods

Again, the Prussian freight business includes five million tons or so of fast freight that would mainly go by express in this country; and the further you look, the more points of dissimilarity you find.

Nothing like a scientific making of freight rates has ever been known in this country. Traffic managers have never sat down with a bundle of statistics and figured out how much it would cost to move a certain class of goods a mile, and made a rate accordingly. Practically always they have charged what the traffic would bear and been roundly denounced for doing so.

Now, the Prussian freight rates begin by being beautifully scientific and logical. There is a table of normal rates based on so much a ton a mile, according to the distance, the mile rate for a long haul being less than for a short one. Also, if the shipment amounts to five tons the rate a ton is somewhat lower than if it amounts to less than five tons. If the shipment is ten tons or over, the rate is less than for a five-ton shipment. You can find the table in a report made by our consul-general at Berlin if you are sufficiently interested. There is the rate for slow or ordinary freight, and the rate for fast freight is just twice the ordinary rate. It all looks, at first glance, as though you could sit down and figure out the charge for a given shipment with little trouble; but, having constructed their scientific rates, the German railroad managers ran into the same conditions that caused our managers to charge what the traffic would bear, and the same conditions led to precisely the same results there as here.

Discrimination Favoring Exporters

FOR example, our railroads commonly make lower rates on goods for export than on the same goods hauled the same distance for domestic consumption. The German railroads do the same thing. It is urged that this is a discrimination in favor of the foreign consumer and against the domestic consumer. The railroad answer is that any country's goods for export must meet the competition of all other countries having like goods to sell. Frequently they can meet this competition only when the cost of transportation is cut to the minimum. If Germany or the United States does not cut the cost of transportation to the minimum England or Belgium will capture the foreign market and the German or American goods will not move at all.

One of the greatest freight-rate complaints in this country has been over the long-and-short haul across the Rocky Mountains. On transcontinental shipments going through to the Pacific Coast our roads make a rate that enables them to meet water competition; but to points five hundred or more miles east of the Pacific Coast, where there is no water competition, they charge a higher rate than for the longer through haul to the Coast. Their contention is that if they did not make the low rate for Coast business they would not get the business, while if they made a proportionately low rate on all business they would be bankrupt; and so far the Interstate Commerce Commission has upheld this view of the matter.

In just the same way German state-owned roads make a rate on Russian grain for export that is little more than half the rate on German grain carried the same distance for domestic consumption. German farmers complain that this discriminates against them and in favor of Russia. The state, as owner of the railroad, replies that unless it made a very low rate on this Russian grain for export the grain would not move over German lines at all, as there is another outlet over Russian railroads. Again, in order to

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Third-Class Compartments of a German Train

THE WAYS OF A MAN

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"You're the Guy Who Got Us Into All That Trouble, Eh?"

"YOU can't get away from it!" declared Ballard, gazing with resentment out of the car window.

I could discern nothing to fret over—a bleak stretch of grazing country dotted with catclaw and cactus, a few forlorn cows, and some buzzards wheeling in quest of carrion. Far beyond, three shaggy mountains reared their grim heads to a sparkling sun.

Ballard pointed up into the air—an aëroplane was speeding, from heaven knows where, toward the north.

"And look across there!" he added. "No—more to the right."

On a spur, a crane was hoisting ballast for a new roadbed across a valley, and swarms of dark-skinned laborers were carrying ties, drilling holes and pounding with hammers. The ruthless hand of Progress was reaching out to the uttermost corners.

"Well, what about it? It looks good to me. That's civilization."

"I knew you'd say that," lamented Ballard. "But what's left? The good old days are gone. It's the mechanical age. Everything is machine-made—the clothes we wear and the food we eat, and our literature and pictures and songs. Machines do our bookkeeping. Dash it! They fashion most of our ideas, too, to my notion."

Ballard tossed his novel on the seat in disgust, and then I discovered what ailed him. It was a copy of Count Clarence of Candelabra, and the cover showed a strapping youth in uniform, ablaze with gold braid and decorations, kissing the hand of Princess Monia. There was no mistaking the princess, for she had her crown on.

"Pshaw! What're you getting hot under the collar about? You mean there's no more romance?"

"Yes," he answered stoutly; "I do. And it's a pity. What're you grinning at? When a man gets to a point where it's nothing but money, money, money—he's in a bad way. Sentiment is hooted at. The homely virtues are as dead as a doornail. Everything is reckoned in dollars—sense don't count. How's that! Pretty rotten—what? But it's a fact; nothing ever happens any more except in the way of business."

Now I had been diligently reading a newspaper and chuckling over the wealth of strange daily happenings in this wonderful country of ours.

"On the contrary," I maintained, "more curious things actually occur in the United States every day of the year than are crowded into forty Count Clarences—or the whole Arabian Nights, for that matter. Romance? Look round you, man! There's so much it's bewildering. You rub elbows with it every hour and turn away."

He gave an exasperating sniff, running a derisive finger over the scare heads flung across the front page of The News.

"Of course if you mean war and strikes and riots—'Battleships sail for Vera Cruz!' 'Twenty-two killed in clash between militia and striking miners!'—but that just goes to prove what I've been saying. That's business; those things are bound up with money; they're the logical results of the age of machinery. I'm talking about real romance."

"Sure, Mike!" I replied, joyously accepting the challenge. "We'll just glance through this sheet, then, for something with a dash of romance in it. How's this? 'Italian immigrant buys Brooklyn Bridge from friendly stranger for nine perfectly good dollars.' Or here: 'African chief charters ship at Boston to transport black race from America.'"

"Business!" grunted Ballard. "He got that bridge cheap. And the chief's probably a retired Pullman porter going in for philanthropy, like Carnegie and the others."

"All right! Listen, then: 'Coxey's army of hobos starts on hike for Washington. When the sheriff announces he'll put them to work half of them desert.' Perhaps this is business too: 'Baby falls from train near Montreal going sixty miles an hour. Only cracks a smile!' Don't believe it? Here's another: 'California woman sues for divorce because husband stove in rib hugging her. He will run for Congress on Suffragette ticket!'"

"Oh, rats! They're kidding us. You know as well as I do that those are lies."

An affable gentleman across the aisle, in a black alpaca suit and snub-nosed tan shoes, who had his feet cocked up on the opposite seat and was chewing gum, took occasion to observe:

"I don't know about that, brother. No, sir, I don't. Excuse me buttin' in, but I agree with your friend. The more you nose round, the easier you'll believe most anything. Gosh! Some queer things are pulled. It's just about gotten so with me I'll believe anything I hear until they turn out to be fakes—except when a fellow's trying to sell me something. That's different. Say, what's your business?"

Before we could gratify his kindly interest our train drew into a station. There was a crowd of men and women on the platform, and they were doing the mob scene better than the supes in Robespierre—groaning dismally as they surged up and down, and yelling threats. Ballard stuck his head out to spy the *raison d'être*, as the society editors have it.

"They're after some one!" he cried excitedly. "By Jove, I'd hate to be him! Look at 'em, will you? Where is he, I wonder? Can you see him?"

The mob made a concerted rush along the platform toward one of the coaches and I saw that this was no mere demonstration. There is a wide chasm between the hostility of organized antagonism and a contagious outburst of popular passion. A jeering crowd may laugh next minute—rage in the mass will drive to lengths of cruelty that the individuals would shudder to perpetrate. These howling men and women meant business—it was a lynching mob.

The object of their execration was not visible. Apparently he had eluded them, for back they came, arms tossing, upturned faces wild as they searched the windows.

"Where is he? Hi, there he goes! No—look! Look! Kill him! Kill him!"

They made another onslaught on the car steps. The conductor barred the way, red in the face and resolute.

"He's not in there, boys!" he shouted. "Not a soul has got on."

Evidently they believed him, for they swept beyond to a row of adobe huts occupied by Mexican section hands. These they searched swiftly, only to emerge empty-handed. They gathered for conference.

And then a woman stepped out in front and addressed them. She wore a faded brown dress and was tall and supple, and black of hair; quite young, for we could see her face distinctly. It was white, but calm—a dreadful calm of anger almost holy. Her eyes flashing like rapiers, she stood with her bare head thrown back, arms motionless at her sides. What she said I could not catch, but her voice thrilled like Brunhild's battle cry.

The crowd listened to her intently and broke into frenzied shouting. Another woman, with her hat awry over one ear and stains of tears on her cheeks, shrilled something and they stampeded toward some coal bunkers to hunt; but the one who had fired them with her appeal came alongside our coach alone. She stationed herself below the screened window of the smoking compartment and addressed some one inside.

"I don't know whether you're in there or not," she said in a level tone; "but if you are, I want you to know that I'd rather have you live and suffer for this than die. Death is too merciful for some crimes!"

She paused, as though expectant of a sign; then, in the same quiet, emotionless voice, she laid on the hidden malefactor a curse to wither the soul. There was not a blasphemous word in it; but Peter the Hermit himself, in the height of his religious frenzy, never lashed so stingingly.

Balked at the coal bunkers the crowd was returning. She went to meet them.

"He's hiding him out!" they yelped. "He's hiding him out! We'll find him!"

Knowing what this portended the conductor signaled frantically to the engineer and the train started. He swung on to the rear steps just as the foremost of the crowd gained them. One of the leaders grabbed at the iron rail and was promptly kicked on the knuckles. He let go with a sharp cry of pain. A shower of stones and sticks and bottles rattled against the coach, but we were now under way and getting up speed. A coupling pin crashed through a window, sending glass in all directions, but nobody was hurt.

The conductor dusted his trousers, settled his cap and remarked, with a wry grin:

"Doggone 'em! They were like to mess me up. What did they want, anyhow?"

With the train beyond reach, the rioters turned their attention to a further search of the depot. We could see them swarming through the baggage room, the women clawing at the backs of the men to be in the forefront.

"How about it, Ballard?" I asked.

"That looked like the goods," he admitted grudgingly; "but I'll bet business is at the bottom of the rumpus. Why, sure—maybe it's moving pictures."

II

A MILE beyond the station we passed a number of tents and half a score of shacks constructed crudely of lumber. Efforts had been made to fence the land, which appeared to be divided into quarter sections. In one place an irrigation ditch was being dug, but there was no sign of water to feed it.

"Say," said the man in the alpaca suit, when we had left Windy City far behind and were comfortably established in the smoker. "Weren't they peeved, though? When a whole crowd gets mad it sure throws a scare into me. They ain't reasonable."

"But who were they chasing?" The conductor was brushing evidences of the recent confusion from his clothes. "I never saw him the whole time."

"Search me! They've been having a heap of trouble lately round Windy. You know that land company which got hold of the old Diamond Bar Range?"

"Sure!" said the conductor.

"Well, they cut it up and sold it in the Middle West and up North for fruit farms."

"That's a good one!" put in Ballard.

"Ain't that the truth? Anyhow, they done sold it—ran excursions down here last fall when the rains had been heavy, and showed 'em that piece of irrigated land over beyond the Pecos—you know the strip, Gus?"

"Sure!" said the conductor.

"Well, the suckers bit and come down here in the spring to farm it. It wasn't the same land they'd seen, of course, but it had cost 'em twelve dollars an acre; so they just naturally had to pitch in and farm it."

"There hasn't been a drop of rain in four months," remarked the conductor.

The other assented.

"You could raise a crop of feathers on the palm of your hand," said he, rolling a cigarette, "as easy as those folks could grow fruit. Why, that land's as bare as a Chihuahua pup! And they can't find water."

"Gee, what a graft!"

"Ain't that the truth? But they're born every minute! This St. Louis bunch must've unloaded eighty thousand acres."

The conductor smoothed his blond locks in front of the glass and straightened his tie. He said:

"And they're like to starve to death—some of those people. A lot of 'em had just enough to get here and buy a little flour and bacon."

"That's the truth! I sold 'em a world of seed, but the house wouldn't deliver. Gosh! I'm glad now."

One of my feet, straying under the seat to extinguish a cigar butt, touched something soft and I jerked it hastily away. The object gave like flesh. Nobody remarked the involuntary movement and after a while I pushed my toe under again. This time it came unmistakably in contact with a human body.

"They'd ought to hang some of these land sharks!" continued the seed salesman. "I've got a sneaking respect for a gambler or a guy who rigs the stock market. He's got to be smart and it's dog eat dog. And a self-respecting highway robber, or a clever second-story man, now—they take a chance on their fool lives; but these fellows who snitch it off of widows and stenographers and clerks, and innocent folks like them, take all they've saved and a lien on their future—gosh!—boiling alive is the least they should do to 'em!"

The object under my feet recoiled.

"Gentlemen," I said briskly, "would you care to see the person that mob tried to lynch?"

They gaped at me, and Ballard said:

"Quit your jollying!"

"Here he is!" said I; and I pointed under the seat.

III

THEY helped me haul him out by the legs from under the seat. He came with passive reluctance, offering scarcely more resistance to pressure than a jellyfish; and when we released our hold he collapsed in a limp heap on the floor.

"So," said the conductor through his nose, "you're the guy who got us into all that trouble, eh?"

"Has she gone?" inquired the object.

"Who gone?"

"That girl."

He brushed a hand slowly across his forehead and shuddered. The conductor questioned us with his eyes.

"Scared bughouse!" he said. "He's wandering in his dome. What girl are you talking about, pardner?"

For answer the man on the floor blinked at him and muttered something unintelligible.

"Where's my hat?" he asked, groping under the seat.

The conductor recovered the battered headpiece.

"What's your name?" Apparently the other did not hear. He dusted his clothes and buttoned his collar, which had sprung loose. "You ain't the guy who sold these people, by any chance, are you? You don't happen to be A. E. Wissell—A. E. Wissell, of St. Louis?"

"Yes, sir. That's my name."

The conductor held out his hat to him held it out like one moving a mess with a pair of tongs. He knocked down seventy dollars a month in the way of cash fares, but he had for the land shark the contempt of a hardy freebooter for a pickpocket.

"Well, then, where's your ticket?" he barked.

Wissell stuck a smooth, plump white hand into his coat pocket and pulled out a wallet. It was bulging with bills. He cautiously turned his back in order to extract one, which endeared him to us.

"Give me one to Bisbee. And, say, is the stateroom taken? Well, when he comes in I want to engage it."

Nobody said anything while the conductor punched his slip and made change. The seed salesman never removed his gaze from Wissell; his silent scrutiny bristled with dislike. Ballard and I stared out of the window at the lordly valley, flanked on the left by snow-capped El Toro.

Having carefully counted his change the land agent sat down next the seed salesman. That worthy man promptly got up and squeezed in between Ballard and myself.

"I hate," he announced calmly, "to ride with my back to the engine."

Wissell looked at him in a frightened, uncomprehending way, but showed no resentment. He edged over into a corner, shrinking as far back as he could get. Shaken and nervous, he kept darting quick glances of apprehension all about—at us, at the door, out of window—while he clasped his hands on his paunch and twiddled his thumbs.

About thirty years of age he looked, and they had been years of soft ease. He was large and of comfortable girth. His recent escape had left him pallid, but now a delicate pink crept back to his cheeks. The eyes were brown and prominent, there were bluish rings under them. His nose was aggressive, and made his mouth, which was curved like a Cupid's bow, appear ludicrously small; and there was a deep cleft in his chin. Despite severe manhandling and contact with a dirty floor Wissell gave an impression of self-care carried to sleekness.

We rode along in an uncomfortable silence. Shortly the voice of the seed salesman was raised in recitation.

"We repeat," he said evenly, to no one in particular, "here our people live happy and contented, delighted with the balmy climate peculiar to this locality, with its mountain breezes. They are delighted with the wonderful bounty of Nature—the marvelous productivity of the soil and the great variety of valuable products that can be grown on this land. No greater promise of success and happiness ever prevailed anywhere. The magnificence of our ——"

Wissell stirred, licked his red lips and observed mildly:

"I guess that's a shot at me."

The seed salesman answered truculently:

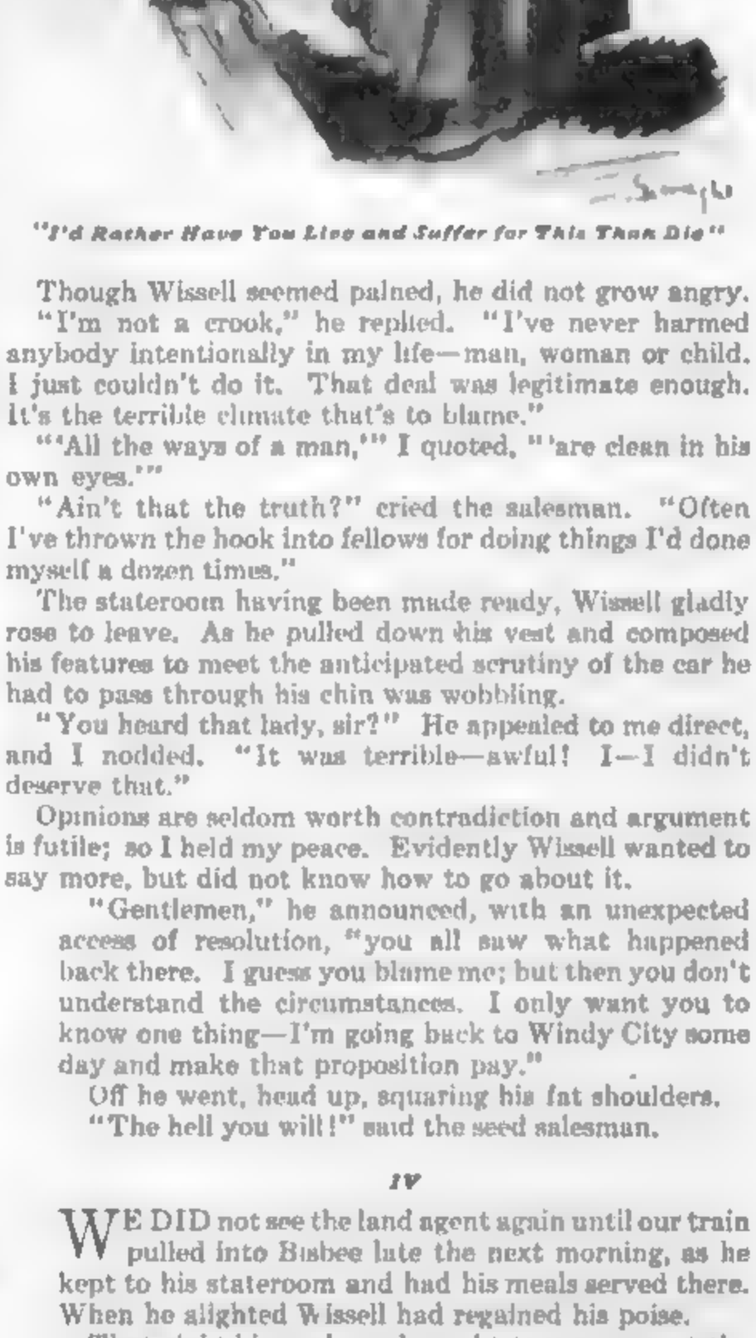
"I got some of your literature."

"Well, they can't blame us if it don't rain, can they? The land's worth every cent they paid for it if they'll just set to and raise the stuff."

As the only adequate rejoinder to this contention the seed salesman said "Hell!" and spat out the window.

"You can't," continued Wissell, with a slight tremor, "put your finger on a single item in any of our contracts that shows misrepresentation."

"No!" came like the snap of a whip. "I'll bet you can't. You fellows are too smooth to get caught up with."



"I'd Rather Have You Live and Suffer for This Than Die"

Though Wissell seemed pained, he did not grow angry.

"I'm not a crook," he replied. "I've never harmed anybody intentionally in my life—man, woman or child. I just couldn't do it. That deal was legitimate enough. It's the terrible climate that's to blame."

"'All the ways of a man,'" I quoted, "'are clean in his own eyes.'"

"Ain't that the truth?" cried the salesman. "Often I've thrown the hook into fellows for doing things I'd done myself a dozen times."

The stateroom having been made ready, Wissell gladly rose to leave. As he pulled down his vest and composed his features to meet the anticipated scrutiny of the car he had to pass through his chin was wobbling.

"You heard that lady, sir?" He appealed to me direct, and I nodded. "It was terrible—awful! I—I didn't deserve that."

Opinions are seldom worth contradiction and argument is futile; so I held my peace. Evidently Wissell wanted to say more, but did not know how to go about it.

"Gentlemen," he announced, with an unexpected access of resolution, "you all saw what happened back there. I guess you blame me; but then you don't understand the circumstances. I only want you to know one thing—I'm going back to Windy City some day and make that proposition pay."

Off he went, head up, squaring his fat shoulders.

"The hell you will!" said the seed salesman.

IV

WE DID not see the land agent again until our train pulled into Bisbee late the next morning, as he kept to his stateroom and had his meals served there. When he alighted Wissell had regained his poise.

That night his card was brought to my room at the hotel, and shortly he followed it without the formality of knocking. He came in like an old friend and drew a chair close to me; and, because it is my weakness to be sorry for worthless individuals, I did not kick him out. It was apparent even to my untrained eye that he had been trying manfully to forget his experiences and had arrived at the stage of self-pity.

"You heard what she said yesterday?" he began in a stage whisper. "You must have, because you were right there and you said you did. Wasn't it terrible? Wasn't it the cruelest thing you ever heard? To think —— Oh, it wasn't fair."

To divert him, I shoved forward the cigars. He pushed them away.

"And I thought mighty well of that girl. We'd got on fine together. Why couldn't she have come to me quietly and like a lady? Perhaps I could have got her money back if she wasn't satisfied."

"Who is she?"

"Mary Adams, her name is—a school-teacher. As fine a little lady as ever lived—and she had to go and curse me! You heard her. Wasn't it horrible?"

(Continued on Page 45)

"He's Not in There, Boys! Not a Soul Has Got On"

THE CUSTARD NINE

The Angel Pulls Off a Baseball Game

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"Criddle, You Got to Git On Mo' Coaches! I Loves to Ride Settin' Down"

VIRGIL CUSTARD was broke. Things never seemed to take place with Virgil unless he started broke—and finished likewise. Between start and finish, unforeseen happenings blundered among his affairs, which kept the Popeyed Parson hustling.

No uninitiated profane person could imagine the variegated activities necessary to the manipulation of a live-wire Coffin Club. Big Bull the boiler-maker was a profane. In the bright lexicon of secret societies "profane" does not signify a steamboat mate, but merely an outsider, a stray sheep, a nonmember. *Omnia humanitas* in two parts divided is—profanes, for Virgil to work on and gather into the fold; and members, for the Reverend Baltimore Criddle to work on after they are gathered. A dollar down, a dollar a month, and first-class funerals guaranteed, with duly elected pallbearers, all sounds sweet and simple—except for the complications.

Virgil Custard paced skittishly adown the shady side of Washington Street, with the sheen of a passionate necktie and the shine of a twirling cane. His dinky straw hat, tilted backward, permitted the July sunshine to frolic on his specs, huge and round like the rims of a spokeless wheel.

"Parson," the nappy-headed boy made bold to whisper—"Parson, is de Custards gwine to play in Greenville?"

"Sholy! I'm takin' 'em on my excussion."

"How much does you ax fer tickets?"

"Boys, one dollar."

The Grand Custodian sauntered on, swinging his cane and stirring a dilettante jingle of silver in his pocket. Languid prosperity tinkled with every movement. Dollars jingle for any hand that keeps them moving; those in Virgil's pocket made just as pleasant music as though they belonged to him, instead of being derived from twenty-three tickets sold for the Coffin Club's excursion. Reverend Baltimore Criddle and Perkins, his high-yellow treasurer, were lying in wait at the Club for Virgil to turn over the cash. "All cash goes to Criddle!"—so readeth the constitution and likewise the by-laws.

Virgil dallied beside a shop window and gazed on a striped parasol which he had promised unto Luella Dorkins when she should accompany him to Greenville as sponsor for the Custards.

Virgil jingled the money that he did not own and yearned over the parasol that he could not get. There were other necessities, trifles most prodigally pledged on the christening of the Custards—three baseballs; six bats; a catcher's mask; a chest protector, and fifteen excursion tickets.

"I got to obtain dem articles."

Virgil stroked his chin and pondered on Big Bull, captain of the team—two hundred and forty pounds of muscle and mean nigger. It would be far less hazardous to meet Luella, who had only her tongue. Bull was apt to tote a baseball bat. First come, first dodged—which chanced to be the woman. She buzzed from door to door like a bumblebee—popping in and buzzing out. Virgil knew for whom she was looking and to step aside was human. He ducked into the Shining Light Restaurant which had convenient exits at the rear.

Two draymen and Turkey-Egg Sam lounged at a table; the vicinity of three unticketed profanes lubricated Virgil's tongue.

"Better git yo' tickets fer my excussion. Seats fer eve'ybody!"

Old Tom Woodall snickered.

"Yo' excussion? Eve'ything don't belong to you jes' 'cause dem niggers named deir baseball team de Custard Nine."

"I puts up good money fer bats an' things, an' gives 'em fifteen tickets. When I pulls off a baseball game I does it right."

Turkey-Egg sat up.

"Bet five dollars you gits de stuffin' beat out o' de Custards!"

This tickled Virgil.

"Huh! It's a cinch. Big Bull kin beat dem niggers by hisse'f—jes' grab a telephone pole an' knock a b'iler over de center-fielder's head; home run eve'y time. Git yo' tickets an' see it did. Free ice water; seats fer eve'ybody; brass band." Virgil produced his tickets.

"What you chargin' fer 'em?" A nibble from the drayman.

"Two dollars per each."

"I'll wait until de train leaves ——"

"Better not. It'll leave you standin' dere widout no ticket. 'Twarn't but three hundred printed; I done sold one hundred an' ninety-one myse'f."

"Perkins sells 'em for a dollar an' a half."

"Dey mus' be second-handed tickets," Virgil answered; but the mere suggestion bothered him.

"Criddle's givin' 'em away!" Sandy Russell stuck in some lip.

"Only two or three, to delegates what's votin' fer him at de Gran' Lodge. I ain't got but two lef'."

"Gimme one o' dem." Woodall rolled two silver dollars across the table, while Turkey-Egg Sam acquired the last remaining ticket.

"Dat cleans me out. Sold twenty-five dis evenin'."

More silver rattled into Virgil's pocket, making exactly fifty dollars, as the Reverend Baltimore Criddle opened the latticework door.

"Hurry up, Virgil; le's have a settlement."

The Grand Organizer was too busy for extended conversation, and withdrew less unctuously than usual.

"Huh!" remarked Tom Woodall. "Ef Criddle wuz doin' de payin' out he wouldn't be in no sech hurry. He'd 'vestigate."

"Is Criddle quit payin' at de graveside?" Sandy Russell inquired.

"Sholy!" Tom was a chronic knocker. "He jes' done dat once or twice to start dese niggers tumblin' over deirselves to jine."

"But he 'quires a dollar down an' a dollar a month jes' de same."

"Dat's de onliest part what's cash!"

Virgil did not stop to argue; he had no more tickets to sell and never tarried. He soft-footed like a cat to the street and peeped out; then struck diagonally across toward a neighborhood not infested with Luella.

Three unspeaking negroes hung determinedly round the front of the Club. If Virgil had been looking ahead instead of backward he would have sighted them sooner. One was Big Bull; the other two did not matter. Virgil could guess what Big Bull was fixing to say and did not want to hear it. So he took the sidetrack up the hill from Washington Street and dived into the alley, which ought to have landed him safely at the rear door of the Club. Virgil's feet pattered; the silver rattled. Two men rose up from behind a pile of boxes; then everything stopped. There was no use trying to run from Rabbit, the printer's devil, who played left field. Rabbit's running mate was a lanky third-baseman named Jake. The silver in Virgil's pocket settled down with a clatter.

"What you gents want?"

Rabbit obeyed instructions.

"Hold him, Jake, whilst I fetch de cap'n."

Jake seemed a perfectly competent holder, with an undershot jaw and a reputation for slugging. He turned Virgil like a wheelbarrow and trundled him to the mouth of the alley, where the holding took place. When Bull arrived five Custards went into conference with their namesake. Bull did the conferring, Virgil being a silent conferee.

"Talk sudden, Virgil! Is you gwine to buy dem things right now or is you ain't?"

Bull was unmitigatedly black; he had no neck at all and the bat trembled in his hand. Virgil's teeth chattered.

"What things?"

"Three baseballs, a catcher's mask, six bats an' one o' dem chest protesters."

"What does dey cost?"

Virgil was not seeking financial information; he wanted to raise an argument in which he could outtalk those wrathy negroes. Big Bull shut him off.

"Don't make no diffunce; us wants 'em; an' us wants dem tickets right now!"

"I ain't got no money."

The Rabbit had long ears.

"I heerd plenty money rattlin'." He tapped Virgil's flank and the jingle told the tale.

"Come wid us!"

Big Bull jerked one arm and Jake the other. Knowing their business, nobody said a word until they got to Clarke's. Bull acted square; all he did was the ordering. All that Virgil did was the paying, to the tune of sixteen simoleons.

"Now den, Virgil, cough up dem fifteen excussion tickets!"

"Ain't got no tickets."

"Thirty dollars will do jes' as well."

"Ain't got dat, I tell you."

Bull shook him.

"Yes you is; here's four dollars more'n ernuff."

When Bull let him go Virgil had four dollars left and a compliment from the captain:

"Dat's de way fer a gent'mun to projuce what he promises."

Providence, which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, ordained that the printer's boy should remain with the fool who had been stripped. To him Virgil complained:

"Rabbit, dem niggers is put me in bad; dat money belonged to Criddle. I ain't got no money to turn over; neither de tickets."

He was a simple little Rabbit and he spoke his silly mind:

"Whyn't you git some mo' tickets printed?"

Virgil failed to see how this would benefit him, being ignorant of certain short cuts in the excursion trade. He might have learned more from Rabbit, but the Reverend Baltimore Criddle intervened:

"Come 'long, Virgil; we's tired o' waitin' fer you to settle up."

The Popeyed Parson had marched up Washington Street because he could not help it—and marched down again for the same reason. Going and coming he did a lot of thinking. It was a dogfall whether Virgil felt sicker or somewhat relieved. He had sidestepped Luella's clamor and dodged the willow bat that Bull had meditated bending over his head. Now he had a debate on his hands against Criddle and Perkins. Nobody could put up much of an argument with four dollars.

"What I needs is forty-six dollars," he muttered as Criddle shoved him into the sepulchral precincts of the Coffin Club.

It was late in the afternoon. A dim light flickered through the grimy window, playing grotesque tricks with a

black-draped coffin on the table. Mysterious gleams flitted across headless and open-faced burial clothes; a frisky ray touched up the widow's veil, showed box after box of ghastly gloves, and danced along the glittering fringe of baldrics to be worn by duly elected pallbearers. Directly in the path of light stood a banner with that high device: "Criddle pays at the graveside!"

Perkins sat at his desk with stacks of blue tickets and piles of money before him. Three breathless members ranged themselves behind and watched the Grand Treasurer checking up the excursion.

"Dar's Criddle now." Perkins nodded. "You better consult him about free passes."

Pudgy little Tobias turned respectfully.

"Rev'ren', me an' brudder Bozey war sent as a committee from de duly 'lected pallbearers. We thinks we oughter have free passes."

Criddle rubbed his fat hands together, like two oily slabs of porpoise skin.

"Brudders, my dearly b'loved brudders, I sho would be glad to 'commodate you, but de good book is dead agin it."

"Good book don't say nothin' 'bout excussions to Greenville."

"'Almost thou persuadest me.'" The Criddle smile was profound. "Dey didn't know 'bout Greenville in dem days. Greenville is done growed up since."

"Den how come?" inquired Tobias.

"I will be a lamp unto yo' feet an' a light unto yo' path. It's jes' dis way: You-all 'members when Jonah hankered to go on de steamboat excussion? He never sent no c'mittee to git free passes. Not much; fer Jonah wuz a prophet an' knowed dat wuz agin de constitootion an' likewise de by-laws. When he got fixed to travel de good book particular' specify: 'And so he paid de fare dereof an' went.'"

Criddle knocked a home run and Tobias never protested the decision.

"Dat kivers our case, Tobe," old man Bozey nodded. "But, Rev'ren', we 'lowed to git sumpin', bein's we's de duly 'lected pallbearers fer dis munt. 'Tain't nobody sick, is dey?"

Criddle shook his head.

"Nobody sick at de present; but Sis Betty Fitler is complainin'."

Tobias had wandered over and was trying on the official gloves. Discouragedly he turned.

"Sis Betty! Sis Betty! Dat ole 'ooman ain't gwine to give nobody no chance to march behind her!"

Criddle patted Tobias on the back.

"Be hopeful, brudder, be hopeful. 'We all do fade as a leaf.' Dis is only de secon' day o' July. If you don' git to peerade dis munt I'll re'lect you munt after next. September's a heap mo' sickly dan what July is."

Gascue and Tobias ceased their repinings; back talk availed not against Criddle, flanked by the Scriptures. They stood aside and listened to Brother Patton's troubles. Perkins wheeled regretfully and stated the case:

"Rev'ren', Brother Patton took out five tickets to sell and turned in six dollars. He say he lost two tickets."

Commiseration lay thick on the Criddle countenance.

"Dat's bad; dat's mighty bilious! I sho would hate to see Brudder Patton git into de same kind o' 'tanglement what started Brudder Wigmore to de pen'tentiary. He wuz sellin' tickets and forgot to turn over de money. Judge never forgot to give him three years in de pen—fer britches o' trust."

"Britches o' trust!" old Bozey agreed solemnly. "Wigmo' sho did look like a mean nigger."

This settled it with Brother Patton, who promptly produced—from another pocket.

"I jes' wanted to know how 'twuz. Here's fo' dollars what belongs to my wife."

Perkins checked it off his list, while Brother Patton shuffled toward the door. Tobias and Unk Gascue Bozey remained to see what else was going to happen, Coffin Club privileges being a liberal education. Virgil Custard had no wife to dig up forty-six dollars under compulsion, and "britches o' trust" did not sound good. His time had come. Criddle was carelessly pacing the floor when Perkins looked up.

"All right, Virgil; let's square you with the book." Though Perkins indicated a chair, the Grand Custodian remained standing. "How did you come out with your twenty-five tickets?"

Perkins held his pencil poised, ready to enter the amount of Virgil's sale.

"Ain't sold none. I been tryin' to injuce new members "

Criddle whirled.

"You quit foolin' wid new members an' sell tickets."

"Never sold nary one dis day." Virgil stuck to it.

Criddle's coattails flapped jerkily rather than with those easy undulations that bespoke perfect peace within the Criddle mind. It was Criddle's third time up; so far he had batted a thousand. With both hands in his pockets he glared at the younger negro.

"I seed you sell one to old Tom Woodall!"

"He give it back. Gwine to buy his'n on de train. Rev'ren', I'm 'bleeged to injuce some new members an' git a little money."

"You sell tickets; dat udder part is all right."

"De eatin' part ain't all right an' de sleepin' part ain't all right. Nary cent to spend in Greenville! I needs some new shoes an' some pants, an' ——"

Perkins listened, then reached up.

"Never mind that talk. Turn back the twenty-five tickets."

Nobody was spry enough to catch Virgil in a lie. Chasing him from one to another furnished plenty of exercise. Swiftly he met this emergency.

"Here dey." But those tickets were not in his trousers pockets or in any other pocket; Virgil searched them all and looked mightily astonished until the smile broke out. "Dar now! I lef' dem tickets at home in my udder pants!"

"Udder pants!" Criddle snorted. "Udder pants! You ain't got no mo' pants!"

Perkins glanced at Criddle and rose.

"I'll step round with you an' git 'em."

"Come 'long!" Virgil started. "I lives way out in Jonestown."

"Jonestown? That's three miles from here." Perkins sat down again.

"Den hold yo' hosses until to-morrer an' I'll fetch 'em."

The treasurer shook his head.

"Can't do it; we got to make a clean repote and settle up eve'y night. Hurry up and get back—quick!"

Virgil had nothing to do but go out and nothing to do when he got out. Criddle squeezed into his big armchair and twirled his thumbs.

"Perkins, us better watch Virgil; can't trust him wid money—no more'n you kin trust a mink in de henroost."

"Bound to trust him some; he kin sell mo' tickets dan bofe of us put togedder."

Criddle nodded.

"Sho kin; mighty fine ticket seller ef 'twarn't fer dem sticky fingers."

When Virgil departed to get those twenty-five tickets, which he did not have, Criddle and Perkins perfected their arrangements. An engine, five coaches and a baggage car cost three hundred and fifty dollars, cash down, or the engine would not turn a wheel. Perkins shoved that much money to one corner of his desk and checked up the one hundred and seventy-five tickets that it represented. Then Perkins went on figuring.

"Virgil turned in for one hundred and sixty-eight, you turned in for forty-three, and I sold twenty-seven—two hundred and thirty-eight in all. Here's that four hundred and seventy-six dollars. We got thirty-seven tickets left and Virgil is comin' with twenty-five."

Criddle had been watching the calculation with a shade of anxiety. He settled back in his chair.

"Dat accounts fer all three hundred."

Everything checked out to a gnat's heel—on the face of the books. Criddle never mentioned those extra tickets printed for his personal sale and Perkins discreetly kept private matters to himself.

"Look here, Criddle," the treasurer suggested casually, "maybe that train won't hold all these niggers."

"Sixty kin sit down in each one o' dem coaches."

"That makes three hundred; but suppose two or three more would come? We promised a seat fer eve'ybody."

Criddle radiated sweet assurance.

"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you. Niggers don't go on excussions fer to set down. Dey loves to ramble an' drink free ice water."

"Now the next thing fer me to do"—this from Perkins without turning his head—"is to take up these tickets on the train and keep 'em straight."

"Needn't bother 'bout dat," Criddle said quickly; "I attends to de conductor part."

"Leave it to me," Perkins unselfishly insisted; "that's mighty hard work."

"I'm used to conductorin'." Criddle's vest and shirt showed white against his somber clothes in the gloom of the Coffin Club. Two white eyes, like marbles, rolled at Perkins and suspected. "I'll collect dem tickets myself!"

Ordinarily Criddle's decision went; but Perkins knew his own necessities. The Grand Treasurer rose.

"I'll jes' take this three hundred an' fifty down an' pay the railroad."

Criddle also rose, as he always did at the bait of cash.

"Give it to me; I'll go pay."

Perkins wouldn't let go of the money; so they went together, as one man. Criddle kept talking:

"Only sixty-two more tickets to sell. I'll make Virgil git a hustle on himself to-morrer."

Virgil Custard did not tarry until the morrow, but got a hustle on himself at once. He stepped out of the Club and sniffed a time or two, like a predatory hound compelled to catch the rabbit. Virgil kept on sniffing at every door and poking into every hole until he struck a trail and followed it to the poolroom.

"Listen to me, Rabbit! Dem tickets is been sellin' so rapid an' reg'lar dat we got to have some mo' printed. How much do dey cost?"

"'Bout a dollar a hundred."

"Dat makes twenty-five fer a quarter."

(Concluded on Page 29

"Is You Gwine to Buy Dem Things Right Now or Is You Ain't?"

"Udder Pants! You Ain't Got No Mo' Pants!"

SICK 'EM

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THIS is just between I and you. I don't want it to go no further. In the first place a feller that's had rotten luck as long as Red is entitled to the credit when his club fin'lly comes through and cops. In the second place if I was to tell the newspapers or the public that I was the one that really done it they'd laugh at me. They'd say: "How could you of did it when you was sittin' on the bench all summer?"

But you know I wouldn't lie to you, Jake, and you know I don't care nothin' about the honor or that bunk.

The little old World's Serious check is honor enough for me. So let 'em say that it was Red's managin' and them two guys' pitchin' that won for us, and let it go at that. I'm just tellin' you this to get it offen my chest.

Well, you must of read about Lefty Smith last fall, after we'd grabbed him. He's a wop and Smith ain't his real name, but it's the one he's went under ever since he started pitchin'. I heard his right name oncet, but I ain't got time to tell it to you to-day. It's longer'n Eppa Rixey. Anyway, the papers was full o' what him and Fogarty had did at Fort Wayne; how they'd worked a hundred games between 'em and copped the Central League pennant, and how all the scouts had went after 'em.

It Was Like as Though All the Ferryboats in East River Had Got Into Trouble at Once

Pat had stopped off there when we was goin' West one trip and had saw 'em both work, and they'd looked so good to him that he'd advised Red to buy the both o' them. Well, Red told the big boss and he bought Smitty; paid five thousand for him, they say. They wanted even more for Fogarty; so we just put in a draft for him. But pretty near all the other clubs done the same and the Cubs got him.

Red thought Smitty'd fit in nice with our bunch. We needed all the pitchers we could get after what the Feds done to us. Most o' these guys with all the toutin' turns out to be dubs; but Smitty had a whale of a record, full o' no-hit games and shut-outs. He'd whiffed more guys than Rube Waddell or Johnson, and had tooken part in fifty games. Besides, he had some pitchin' sense, which is more'n you can say for most o' them bushers. Fogarty's record was just as good as Smitty's; but, o' course we wasn't so much interested in him. We figured from what Smitty'd did and from what Pat said about him that he'd come right through from the jump and show enough to make Red stick him in there in his reg'lar turn.

Well, we got down South and had a chancet to look him over. You could spot him right off the reel for a wop, but he was a handsome devil, big as a house, and with black eyes and black hair.

He didn't show nothin' for a couple o' weeks, but nobody lost no sleep over that; we thought he was takin' it easy and was one o' them careful birds that comes slow. Along in the third week we had some practice games between ourselves and Red starts Smitty agin the second club in one o' them. Say, he had a fast one like Waddell's and a cross fire like Sallee's! But he seemed to be afraid he'd show too much. He'd begin an innin' by puttin' more stuff on the ball than I ever seen, but after he'd threw two or three he'd ease up and lob 'em over. Them goofs couldn't see 'em when he was tryin'; but, say, they hit 'em acrost the state line when he let up. That didn't bother us none, neither, for we figured that he had the stuff when he wanted to use it, and when he got in shape he'd burn up the league.

We played a few games with them Southern clubs and Smitty kept on the same way. Maybe he'd pitch hard to one guy in a innin', but then he'd quit workin' and just float 'em up there like a balloon. Red told him one day to cut loose and see if he could go the route. He might just as well of told him to shave himself with a dish o' prunes. He went right along the way he'd been doin', pitchin' like a bear cat oncet in a while and sloppin' 'em over the rest o' the time. We was playin' the Richmond Club and they scored eleven runs, but Red wouldn't take him out.

After the game Red give him a bawlin' and ast him what was the matter. He said, Nothin'; he was doin' the best he knowed how. Red says: "You ain't doin' no such a thing. You've got the stuff, but you won't let go of it. Are you lazy or what?" Smitty didn't say a word. Then Red ast him if he wasn't in shape, and he said, Yes, he guessed he was. "Well," says Red, "you'll have to cut out the monkey business or I'll put the rollers under you!"

We stopped off in Washin'ton for a couple of exhibition games and broke even with 'em. Then we went home and tackled the Athaletics in the spring serious. Alexander trimmed 'em and they licked Mayer. Red sent Smitty at 'em in the third game and he was worse'n ever. I thought he'd be massacreed.

For two innin's they couldn't touch him and then he pulled the old stuff. Cy Young could of run to the plate as fast as the balls this bird throwed. It was just like hittin' fungoes for them Athaletics. A slow ball's all right in its place, but it's got to be mixed up with somethin' else. The way Smitty mixed 'em up was to throw one slow, and then one slower, and then one slower yet. Along in the fourth, before Red took him out, you could of went on one o' them street cars from the hotel to the ball park in St. Louis between the time he let go o' the pill and when one o' them Mackmen kissed it. Pat was crazy. He says:

"I'd give my glove to know what's the matter with him. He was the best pitcher in the world when I looked him over, and now he couldn't hold a job with a high school. He must of been full o' dope at Fort Wayne."

Meantime I got a hold o' one o' the Chi papers and seen where they was pannin' Fogarty. They said he seemed to be as fast as Johnson and to have a lot o' stuff, but he didn't show no more ambish than a horse car. I read the piece to Smitty.

"Your old sidekick don't seem to be cuttin' up much," I says.

"He ain't no sidekick o' mine," Smitty says.

"You and him was together at Fort Wayne, wasn't you?" says I.

"Yes," says Smitty; "and he's a false alarm."

I thought I'd bruise him.

"He ain't got nothin' on you," I says.

But he took it just as calm as though I'd told him his collar was dirty. Then I says:

"You and Fogarty must of pawned your pepper when you left Fort Wayne. Or maybe you can't get along without your Hoosier hops. Somethin's wrong. You couldn't of won all them games if you worked there like you're doin' here. What's the matter?"

"Matter with who?" he says.

"Both o' you—you and Fogarty," I says.

"They's nothin' the matter with me," says Smitty. "I'm all right; but that slob never had no business tryin' to pitch."

"How did he win them games?" I ast.

"I guess they felt sorry for him," says Smitty.

"They'll be feelin' sorry for you if you don't go and get some ginger," says I.

The season opened and we started off like we always do, playin' 'em off their feet and lookin' like champs. Alexander and Rixey was better'n I'd ever saw 'em, and the boys was all hittin'. It was a rotten day when Cravath or Magee or Luderus, or some o' them, didn't pole a couple out o' the park. We didn't get excited about it, though. We'd been May champions too often. We was wonderin' when the Old Jinx was goin' to hit us in the eye, and whether we'd get smashed up in a railroad wreck or have a epidemic o' lepersy. The papers was sayin' that we was up to our old tricks and that we'd blow higher'n a kite when the annual cyclone struck us.

Red had started Smitty just oncet. That was agin the Boston bunch, and he'd tooken him out in the first innin' so's we could finish the game that day. The first ball he throwed made a noise like a cannon when it hit Bill's glove. The rest o' them never got that far. One was all he had the strength to pitch. The first seven guys that come up was expresses—they didn't stop at first or second base. Paskert ast Red to send him a taxi. Smitty fin'lly was invited to the bench and sat there blinkin' while Red sprung a monologue.

"You're layin' down on me," says Red, "and it's goin' to cost you a month's pay. If you're playin' for your release you're wastin' time. I'd get rid o' you if I could, but nobody'll take you. I've ast for waivers and I know what I'm talkin' about. You're wished on to us for the summer, but you ain't goin' to do no more pitchin'. I wouldn't even let you work in battin' practice, 'cause the fellers couldn't see a real pitcher's stuff after lookin' at your'n. You can help the clubhouse boy, and you can hustle out the canvas when it rains, and you can stand and hold the bottle while the real ball players is gettin' rubbed. And you can stick round after the games and hang up the undershirts.

"We'd ought to sue the Fort Wayne club for swindlin' us! I'd like to manage a team in that league if fellers like you can win a pennant there. I'd give the ground keeper a dollar a day extra to do the pitchin' for me, and I'd go in myself when he was too busy. They give you a salary for playin' ball, but they pinch a man for stealin' a loaf o' bread! If you're the best pitcher in the Central League the rest o' them is paralytics. If we'd spent five thousand for the middle of a doughnut we'd have a better chancet o' realizin' on our investment. If pepper was worth a million dollars a ounce you'd be rated at ten cents!"

"Can I go in and dress?" says Smitty.

"I doubt it," says Red. "You better take somebody along to help you." Well, that might of been the end o' the bird if he was with any club but our'n. Red had the waivers all right, but couldn't make no deal that'd bring us within four thousand bucks of even. Still, we wasn't gettin' no service out of him and was payin' him salary all the time.

She Was a Lot More Interestin' Than the National Pastime

So Red was just about to sell him to a old-clo'es man when the old hoodoo hit us. Alexander strained his souper and Rixey got a pair o' busted fingers, all in the same serious. We was left with one fair pitcher and a gang o' kids that'd

never saw no big-league games till last spring. The bust-up didn't surprise nobody. We figured that we'd been lucky to go till the first o' June without none o' the boys gettin' killed. It was the same old gag with us: Right up near the top and happy for a couple o' months. Then, Blooie!—and the club all shot to pieces.

It wouldn't of been sensible to turn even a rotten pitcher loose at that stage. We had to keep a hold of all o' them, so's when some got their bumps they'd be plenty to take their place. That's how Smitty happened to hang on. Red didn't start him, but he let him finish for some o' the others that wasn't much better. And he kept lookin' worse all the while.

Well, it was the second week in June when Red sent me from Cincy to Dayton to look at a big spitter.

"I ain't strong for the Central League after what they handed me," he says; "but maybe this guy's better'n most o' them, and you can see where we're up agin it. We got to get somebody or we'll go to the bottom so fast they'll pinch us for speedin'. If he's got anything at all and looks like as if he was alive we can use him; but if he's a dope, like this other boob, we don't need him. I don't want to run no lodgin' house for vagrants."

So I beat it over there and seen a double-header between the home club and Evansville. The guy I was sent after worked one game and had about as much action as a soft drink. I voted No! before he'd went two innin's. Evansville had a lefthander who knowed how to pitch, but they told me he'd been in the league six years; and, besides, he was a little feller.

Well, I spotted old Jack Barnett on the Evansville bench, so I waited to shake hands with him when the game was over. You know him and me broke in together at Utica. I found out while we rode downtown that he'd been with the Fort Wayne Club the last year and was traded to Evansville durin' the winter. I'd sort o' lost track of old Jack 'cause he hadn't been playin' enough in recent years to get his name in the book.

"I see your club's still lucky," he says. "We all thought you had a grand chancet till them two fellers got hurt."

"Yes," I says, "but we're gone now. The young guys we got ought to of been dressmakers instead o' pitchers." Then I happened to think o' Smitty. "Maybe you can tell me somethin'," says I. "How did this here Smitty ever win all them games for you?"

Barnett started to laugh.

"What's the matter?" he ast. "Ain't the big wop worth five thousand?"

"He ain't worth a cigar coupon," I says. "He's a big, lazy tramp."

Barnett kept on laughin'.

"I knowed what'd come off," he says. "I told the fellers what'd happen. I bet Punch Knoll fifty bucks that Smitty wouldn't last the season. You guys can talk about McGraw and Mack, and them other big-league managers, all you want to, but it's us fellers down here in the sticks that knows how to get the work out of a man."

I ast him what he meant.

"Well," he says, "we had Smitty two years ago and he was a bum. He was sloppin' along with us like he's doin' with you now. At that time the Grand Rapids Club had Fogarty, the guy the Cubs got now. Fogarty's a big right-hander, with a spitter and a good hook and just as good a fast ball as Smitty. He's a big, handsome brute, too, and maybe he don't know it! Up to Grand Rapids he was doin' nothin' but look pretty and draw his pay. He was just as valuable to them as Smitty was to us; but we used to have all kinds o' fun with 'em both, kiddin' 'em about their looks. We'd say to Smitty: 'You'd be the handsomest guy in this league if it wasn't for Fogarty.' And we'd pull the same stuff on Fogarty when we was playin' Grand Rapids. And the both o' them would get as sore as a boil. I never seen nothin' like it.

"At the schedule meetin' a year ago last winter, our club and Grand Rapids pulled off a trade, Bill Peck comin' to us for Joe Hammond and Bull Harper, a couple of infielders. Jack Burke, our manager, told the owner o' the Grand Rapids Club that it didn't look fair, givin' up two men for one. So he says: 'All right; I'll throw in Fogarty and then you'll have the two handsomest ball players in the business.' Jack thought he was jokin'; but, sure enough, he turned Fogarty over to us.

"We started in on the pair o' them right off the reel, tryin' to make their life miserable. When Smitty was round we'd talk about Fogarty's pretty red hair; and when Fogarty was with us we'd be wishin' we had big black eyes like Smitty's. I done the most of it, but I didn't have no idea what'd happen.

"Well, to make it short, Smitty come up to Jack a week before the season opened and ast if he could pitch the first game. Jack pretty near dropped dead, 'cause it'd been all he could do the year before to get him to put on his uniform. Mind you, we all knowed then that Smitty had the stuff if he'd only use it. Burke told him he'd think it over and was wonderin' whether to turn him down or not, when up come Fogarty and ast the same thing. Burke decided to take a chancet, so he had the two o' them toss a coin, and Smitty won the toss. He opened up for us and shut Terre Haute out with two hits. And the next day Fogarty worked and shut 'em out again, but give 'em one more hit than Smitty. They was nothin' to it after that. We kept up the good work, gettin' 'em madder and madder at each other. And the madder they got the harder they worked. Either one o' them would of pitched every day if Burke had of let 'em. While Fogarty was workin' Smitty'd slide up and down the bench cussin' to himself and pullin' his head off for the other club. And Fogarty'd do the same thing when Smitty was in there.

"Both o' them was strong for the skirts; and, o' course, a pair o' fine-lookin' slobs like them could cop one out in every town. We took up that end of it, too, tellin' Smitty that Fogarty's Marie was prettier than his Julia, and that kind o' stuff.

"You know what they done for us. We'd of finished about sixth without 'em. I never seen such pitchin' in my life, and I never seen two fellers hate each other the way them two done. When you guys bought Smitty and didn't get Fogarty I called the turn. Some o' the boys figured they both might of got the habit o' workin' and might keep it up when they was separated; but I knowed different. And that's why I made the bet with Punch Knoll. Looks like I'll win it easy, don't it?"

"Looks like it," I says. "Alexander and Rixey'd both ought to be ready again in a month and then Smitty'll lose his home sure. And we'll be absolutely last by that time."

We was goin' to Chi that night and I didn't see no use o' stickin' in Dayton when I hadn't had no orders to look at no one else but that one guy. Besides, Barnett told me they wasn't nobody else on neither club worth lampin'. I'd of liked to of listened to some more o' the stuff about the two jealous cats, but I had to beat it back to Cincy.

Well, on the way I done some thinkin'; but I was afraid to spring anything on Red for fear he'd laugh at me. We've all knew o' cases where jealousy'd helped a ball club, and a lot more cases where it'd hurt 'em; but I hadn't never heard o' no case like this here one.

"Well, Boys, I'm Glad to See You So Friendly and Lookin' So Fresh"

We got to Chi and the Cubs proceeded to murder us. Red was desp'rate and so was the rest o' the gang. We dropped the first three and didn't have no hopes o' winnin' the fourth unless Hank lost his mind and pitched the bat boy agin us.

I hadn't never saw Fogarty. He'd been left to home when the Cubs come East in May. But I spotted him the first day out there to the Cubs' park. He sure was a nice-lookin' devil and big enough to pitch every afternoon and twicet on Sundays. He wasn't doin' no pitchin' for them, though. They was lucky enough to have their reg'lars in shape and wasn't obliged to fill up the box score with ornaments.

Well, I went up to Schulte durin' battin' practice and ast him what was the matter with Fogarty.

"Nothin' at all," says Frank. "I don't figure they can be nothin' the matter with a guy that draws his pay for sittin' on the bench and lookin' beautiful. I wisht I could get away with it."

"Don't he work none?" I ast.

"He pitches to the batters about oncet in two weeks," says Frank. "He does it when Hank can get his consent. And on the days he pitches to us I manage to hide somewheres till the practice is over."

"Why?" I ast.

"'Cause," says Frank, "I figure that, barrin' accidents, I got many happy years before me. If he was to happen to put all his stuff on the ball oncet and hit me in the head, they wouldn't be nobody to drive the mules on my peach ranch in Georgia."

"He's got a lot o' stuff, then?" I says.

"Yes," says Frank; "and he's savin' it up for someth n'—maybe to give it away for a birthday present. All he does now is sit and wait for everybody to look away from him, so's he can pull out his pocket mirror and enjoy himself."

This dope fit in perfect with what Jack Barnett had been tellin' me. I made up my mind right there that the thing was worth tryin'; but it took all the nerve I had to spring it on Red. My chancet soon come. He was put off the field in the second innin' and I got myself chased right afterward. He was sittin' in the clubhouse with his head in his hands when I come in.

"Red," I says, "we couldn't be worse off'n we are, could we?" He didn't pay no attention. "We'd be better off if we had somebody that could pitch, wouldn't we?" I says.

"What are you drivin' at?" he ast.

"I want you to try a experiment," I says. "It may not do no good, and then again it might. It might pull us through O. K. if you was willin' to take a chancet."

"Shoot," says Red. "I'll try anything oncet."

"Do you think you could get Fogarty offen the Cubs?" I says.

"Could I get him?" says Red. "Sure I could get him! They just give me notice that they'd ast waivers. But what do I want with Fogarty? He's another one just like this Smitty we got. I give him the oncet over to-day on their bench, and if they's anybody in the world that's lazier'n Smitty, he's him. Don't you think we're carryin' enough excess baggage?"

Then I told him what Barnett'd told me, only I made it even stronger. At first he called me a nut, and it took me pretty near till the game was over to coax him into it. He'd just gave up when the gang come in.

"How bad did they trim us?" ast Red.

"I don't know," says Magee; "but I know I chased back to that fence a hundred and sixteen times."

"Better go see Hank," says I to Red.

I had to pretty near drag him to get him out o' the clubhouse. Hank was just goin' in their door.

"Wait a minute, Hank," I says. "Red wants to see you."

"Just heard you was askin' waivers on Fogarty," says Red. "What do want for him?"

"I guess you can get him for the waiver price," says Hank; "but you'll have to see the boss."

So me and Red went up to the office and sprung it on 'em. They seemed surprised, but said Red could have him. So Red wired home and got the deal O. K.'d. And Fogarty went with us to St. Louis.

Before we got on the train, Red told me I'd have to do the funny work. I said I'd tackle it, and then I went to Pat and explained the thing to him and ast for help. He was willin' and we fixed it up that I was to room with Fogarty and Pat with Smitty.

Smitty was in his berth, gettin' his beauty sleep, when Fogarty clumb aboard that night. So they didn't see each other till next mornin'. Smitty nailed me comin' out o' the Union Station in St. Louis.

"What's that guy doin' with us?" he says.

"Who do you mean?" I says.

"That big, ugly Mick," says he.

"Ugly!" I says. "If I was you I wouldn't call him ugly. He's a big, handsome boy, and he looks handsomer'n ever alongside a homely wop like you."

He never said a word. He turned away from me like as if I'd ast him for a hundred bucks. Red told me afterward that he come and sat with him in the dinin' room at the hotel and ast if Fogarty was goin' to be with us.

"Sure!" says Red. "I thought it was about time we was gettin' a pitcher."

"A pitcher!" says Smitty. "If they sold him to you for a pitcher you got cheated. He's only a swell-headed pup that don't think about nothin' but the part in his hair."

"Well," says Red, "if I had hair as pretty as his'n I'd be proud of it too."

That shut up Smitty and he left the table without finishin' his Java; but he come to Red in the lobby an hour later and ast if he could work that afternoon! It took Red five minutes to come to. He hadn't had no such request as that from nobody for pretty near three weeks, and Smitty was the last guy on earth he expected it from. You can bet he give his consent.

When our grips come I went to my room to take a nap and a shave; but I didn't get no nap. My new roomy, Fogarty, followed me in and begin talkin' right away.

"What kind o' burg is Philly?" he says.

"Swell!" says I. "You can get anything you want there."

"How about the female population?" he ast. "Lots o' good lookers?"

"Well," I says, "I guess there's plenty o' pretty girls; but I'm a married man and I ain't got no time for 'em. If you're after information on that subject you better ast Smitty."

"Smitty!" he says. "What does he know about girls?"

"He must know how to grab 'em," says I. "All the real dolls in the burg is bugs over him."

"They must be a fine bunch!" says Fogarty. "It must be they never seen nobody."

"Well," I says, "they ain't looked at nobody since they seen him."

"I can't figure it out," he says.

"That's easy," says I. "In the first place he's a fine-lookin' boy, and in the second place he's a swell pitcher."

"Where do you get that stuff?" says Fogarty. "Don't you think I know nothin'? If he's fine-lookin' I'm a snake. And if he's a swell pitcher, why don't they never start him?"

"He's had a sore arm," I says; "but he's all O. K. now and Red's goin' to work him to-day."

He left the room right after that and I didn't see no more of him till we got out to the park; but Red tipped me that he'd came to him and ast if he could work the game. Red told him he was goin' to start Smitty.

"Good night!" says Fogarty. "They'll get a hundred runs."

But, say, I never seen such a change in a man as they was in Smitty that afternoon. He warmed up with Pat first and was so fast that Pat couldn't hardly keep his glove on. Then Red took him a while and was so pleased that he forgot to get sore when he catched one right on the meat hand.

Well, he didn't shut 'em out—he hadn't had no real work for a long time and he was hog wild; but, say, they couldn't hit him with a shovel! Two blows was what they got, an' we licked 'em, five to two. It was the first game we'd win since we left home; and all through it Fogarty was frothin' at the mouth. Every little while he'd say: "He can't keep it up—the lucky bum! He's slippin'. Better let me warm up!" But Red didn't pay no attention to him.

Maybe you think we didn't feel good in that clubhouse—'specially me and Pat and Red! We was the only ones in on the secret. We'd decided not to ask no help from the other boys for fear they'd make it too raw. I felt the best of anybody, 'cause it was my scheme and I'd been scared that it wouldn't work. It made me look good to myself and to Red too. Before we was dressed, Fogarty'd drew Red aside and got him to promise to pitch him next day.

I wasn't sure yet that success was goin' to be permanent. Still, it was up to I and Pat to go through with our end of it, and my job was to stick close to Fogarty all that evenin' and keep goadin' him. I braced him outside o' the hotel after supper and ast him to take a walk.

"Grand game Smitty pitched to-day!" I says.

"What was grand about it?" says he. "Who couldn't beat that bunch? He'd ought to of been ashamed of himself for lettin' 'em score."

"He only give 'em two hits," says I.

"Sure!" says Fogarty. "And how was they goin' to get hits when he didn't throw nothin' near the plate?"

"Well," I says, "I don't see no harm in a few walks so long's a feller can get 'em over when he has to. It's pretty hard for a guy with all that smoke to control it right along."

"Yes," he says; "but I claim it takes a lucky bird to give eight bases on balls and get away with the ball game. It don't show no pitchin' on his part; all it shows is that the other club'd ought to try some easier game than baseball. All they had to do was go up there without their bats and they'd of trimmed us; but they didn't even make him pitch. It looked to me like as if their manager'd offered a prize to the one that could miss 'em the furthest. They looked like a vaudeville team rehearsin' a club-swingin' act. At that, Smitty's got a big advantage over most pitchers. He's so dam' homely that it scares a feller to look at him."

"If that's a advantage," I says, "nobody'd never even bunt one safe off o' you."

"You're kiddin' me now," he says. "I ain't stuck on my looks, but they wouldn't be no sense in me pretendin' that I didn't have him beat. I and him was together in the Central, y'know; and I was one o' the most pop'lar if not the pop'larest feller that ever played ball in Fort Wayne. It takes the skirts to judge if a man's good-lookin' or not; and I'm here to tell you without no boastin' that I could of married any dame in that burg. So far's Smitty was concerned, he couldn't get no girl to look at him."

"Fort Wayne girls ain't like the ones in Philly, then," says I.

"Girls is the same everywheres," says Fogarty. "You can't never make me believe that they'd chase him, unless it's out o' curiosity. You'll often see a crowd round a monkey cage, but it ain't 'cause the monkeys is handsome."

"Some girls likes them big, dark fellers," I says.

"Yes," he says, "and some people likes the smell o' garlic."

"I s'pose we'll get a lickin' to-morrow," I says. "Red ain't got nobody left to work, outside of a few bushers."

"This busher right here works to-morrow," says Fogarty; "and you can bet a month's pay that he won't give no eight bases on balls."

"Maybe you won't be in there long enough," I says.

"I'll be in there just nine innin's," says he; "and at the end o' that time the St. Louis Club won't have nothin' to show they been in a ball game."

"All you need to do," says I, "is to work as good as Smitty done to-day; but that's too much to look for from most bushers."

That stung him.

"They ain't no homely wop got nothin' on me!" he says. "If I can't do no better'n he done I'll quit pitchin' and peddle bananas, which is what he'd ought to be doin'."

Well, I kept him goin' till bedtime and all the next forenoon. He was out to the park and dressed before anybody, and he warmed up enough for three games. Red ast him oncet if he wasn't workin' too hard.

"Not me," he says. "I ain't delicate like some o' these here pitchers. Work's my middle name and you'll find it out before I get through."

Say, they wasn't no kick comin' on the way he done the job! One o' the St. Louis guys got as far as second base and was so surprised that Bill caught him off o' there flat-footed. Three little singles he give 'em and not a man did he walk. Bill told me afterward that it was fast one, fast, one, fast one, and hardly three hooks or spitters all through the game. Bill said them fast ones stung right through his big mitt like he'd been barehanded.

And Smitty, on the bench, acted just like Fogarty'd did the day before. He called them St. Louis hitters everything he could think of. When the big Turk whiffed the hull side in the seventh Smitty was so sore he kicked a hole in the ball bag and throwed away his chew.

The rest o' the bunch couldn't help noticin' the way he acted, and I seen where they'd be wise to the whole game before long.

That night Pat took Smitty to a bunch o' nickel shows and entertained him with conversation about Fogarty's grand performance. The result was that the wop got Red out o' bed at seven the next mornin' and ast him whether he could pitch the game. Red stalled him, 'cause he didn't know then how strong the both o' them was—him and Fogarty.

Anyway, it rained, so Smitty'd had two days' rest before we played again, and Red sent him in to wind up the serious. Gavvy saved St. Louis another whitewashin' by droppin' a fly ball with a guy on; but that run was all they got. Fogarty's game wasn't a bit better'n this second one o' Smitty's, and I kept rubbin' that into Fogarty all the way back to Philly.

They ain't no use goin' on and tellin' you about all the rest o' the games they pitched. They was both beat a few times, but it wasn't 'cause they didn't try. Every pitcher with a arm and a glove'd cop more'n two-thirds of his games if he'd work as hard as these babies done. Some o' the papers come out and said that Red was overworkin' 'em, but the reporters that wrote that didn't know what they was talkin' about. It was all Red could do to keep either o' them on the bench. If they'd of had their way about it they'd of both been out there in the middle o' the diamond every day, fightin' for possession o' the ball.

When Red sent Mayer or one o' the other boys in, the pair o' them'd sit on the bench growlin' and makin' remarks about each other. The minute the feller in there workin' showed any signs o' weakenin', Fogarty and Smitty'd both jump up and race down to the bull pen. And when Red got ready to take the guy out and sent for one or the other o' the two handsome birds the one he didn't pick would slam his glove on the ground and start kickin' it. Everybody on the ball club kept at 'em on the bench; but Red, figurin' they might get suspicious, give orders that nobody but I and Pat was to ride 'em in private.

We was right up on the Giants' heels by the first of August. Then Rixey and Alexander joined us, but all they was ast to do was fill in when Red could persuade Fogarty and Smitty to take a rest. We was about the only club that was beatin' New York, or else we'd of had the flag cinched long before we did. We was runnin' through the rest o' the league like soup through a sieve.

One day Smitty held the Brooklyn Club to six hits in a double-header and beat 'em both games. Fogarty ast me a hundred times in the next few days when we was goin' to have another double-header. And a week before it come off he made Red promise to let him tackle it alone. It was agin the Cubs and he beat 'em clean as a whistle; but they got a couple more hits than Brooklyn'd made agin Smitty. So the big Turk was just as discontented as though he hadn't did nothin' at all. You ought to of heard Hank rave, though! He couldn't figure how Red could get so much work out of a guy who'd been on his bench two or three months and hadn't did nothin' but sleep.

But you know what they done. What I set out to tell you was how I and Pat kept 'em goin'. We soon found out that they wasn't only jealous of each other's looks and their pitchin'. Neither one o' them would let the other have anything on him at all. If I'd make a remark about what a classy necktie Smitty was wearin', Fogarty'd go out and buy the loudest one he could find. If Pat mentioned to Smitty that Fogarty always kept his shoes shined up nice, Smitty'd sneak away to a shine parlor and make the boy work his fool head off for a hour. They just naturally hated each other and acted like a pair o' grand opery stars or a couple o' schoolgirls that was both tryin' to be teacher's pet.

I and Pat would get together and figure out different things to rile 'em up with. Pat was singin' The River Shannon in the clubhouse one day. Fogarty was standin' right by me.

"Pat's got a good voice," he says.

"Fair," says I; "but the best singer on the club is Smitty." (Continued on Page 33)

"If Pepper Was Worth a Million Dollars a Ounce You'd be Rated at Ten Cents!"

THE FAKERS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XXXV

THERE had been dispatches in the Washington papers about Hicks and his marriage and he had sent on pictures of himself and his bride, with typewritten life stories of each. The Washington papers not only had printed portions of the highly eulogistic articles sent in by Hicks, but had reprinted some of the comments from the opposition papers in his state. So Hicks and his bride were well advertised when they arrived, and he was extremely gratified to find a little knot of idlers at the station as they came through the gates. The local papers had sent snapshot men, and Hicks and Mrs. Hicks posed for them. The idlers and curiosity seekers applauded them, and Hicks made a brief speech, while his bride stood radiantly beside him, for she loved applause as much as he did.

The correspondents for the papers in Hicks' home state were there, and they sent back chaffing dispatches about his arrival. The story got round on Newspaper Row, and one or two of the New York papers carried a paragraph or two about this new world-maker who had come out of the West. The Washington papers were sedate about it. They told the story and let it go at that. Washington papers rarely josh statesmen, for reasons of their own, which possibly are not unconnected with the fact that Congress legislates for Washington and fixes the tax rate.

The hotel question had been settled rather decisively on the train.

"I suppose," Hicks had said to his wife after they were comfortably settled in the drawing room she insisted upon when Hicks had proposed a section, "I suppose it wouldn't do to go to Mrs. Lake's?"

"Certainly not," Mrs. Hicks replied.

"Well, then, my dear, where shall we go? You know about the Washington hotels better than I do."

"I prefer the Palace."

"The Palace! But, my dear, the Palace is ——"

"I prefer the Palace," she repeated, with an air of finality that warned Hicks there was to be no further discussion of the matter. So after the reception at the station they went to the Palace.

Mrs. Hicks accompanied her husband to the desk and stood beside him as he registered "Hon. T. Marmaduke Hicks and wife, Rextown."

"What will you require, Mr. Hicks?" asked the clerk.

Mrs. Hicks replied: "A suite—two bedrooms, parlor and bath," she said calmly.

Hicks gasped. That meant at least twenty dollars a day without meals.

"My dear ——" he began.

"I should like to examine several suites," interrupted Mrs. Hicks, speaking to the clerk but looking steadily at her husband. "We shall be here for some time."

She selected one on the fifth floor, and soon was ordering bellboys, porters, maids and housekeepers about as if she owned the hotel. Hicks sat gloomily in the parlor. There seemed nothing for him to say and he said nothing. Finally he telephoned up to the Capitol and asked for Senator Paxton. That statesman was in New York, Madden told him, after he had offered his congratulations, but would be back in the morning.

Mrs. Hicks dressed for dinner with elaborate care. She thought Hicks should wear his evening clothes, but Hicks protested he couldn't afford to. He said he was a new senator, the friend and tribune of the people, and he must not begin throwing on undemocratic style as soon as he landed in the city. He told Mrs. Hicks they would have to move to a plainer place. She smiled and said nothing. She did not press the evening clothes matter and Hicks compromised by putting on his long coat. She was radiant when she went to dinner and attracted much attention.

The Hickses sat in the long corridor where others were sitting, paraded back and forth a few times and were universally observed. The hotel people passed the word that this was Senator Hicks and his bride, and some of the women and many of the men introduced themselves. Mrs. Hicks was charming. She let it be known she was no stranger in Washington, that her former husband had held a diplomatic post, and inasmuch as Hicks had spread himself in his information to the press on her high family connections, especially on the De Mountfort end, and some of this had been printed, she had little difficulty in making the desired impression. Hicks' colleague, Senator Jackson, a Republican of the old school who had been in the Senate for years, called to pay his respects and to make arrangements about the swearing in of Hicks. He was extremely polite and cordial.

The Only Things She Cared for Were His Title of Senator and His Money

Senator Jackson presented Hicks' credentials, which were found to be in order, and in due time Hicks was sworn in. He was escorted to the Vice-President's desk in the Senate chamber by Senator Jackson, who stood gravely by while Hicks took the oath, which was administered by the Vice-President. Mrs. Hicks was in the gallery, most becomingly attired, and Hicks, who had been shown the seat assigned to him, which was in the rear row on the Democratic side, went back and sat down. He wore his long coat and had spent half an hour polishing his hair. His black tie flowed over his heaving bosom, and he was a proud and a happy man. He felt a certain sense of injury, however, inasmuch as his swearing in had created no consternation in the Senate chamber, and had been absolutely devoid of features useful for advertising purposes.

Most of the Democratic senators and a few of the Republicans came over and shook hands with him, Senator Jackson making the introductions. Hicks was glad to learn that none of them remembered him, and was relieved to find that Senator Paxton was not among their number. Paxton did not arrive at the Senate until about two o'clock. He came straight to Hicks' seat.

"Welcome to our midst, Tommie," he said. "I didn't think you could put it over so soon."

"The people," Hicks replied, "are mighty and must prevail."

"Well, they haven't had much to say about it in this instance, but that will come later, I assume. Come down to the old room. I want to have a talk with you."

"All right," said Hicks, "but I have a little writing to do. May I use your stenographer? I haven't been assigned to a room yet."

"Certainly," Paxton answered. "Come along."

They reached the room where Hicks had formerly worked. "I'll be in presently," said Hicks; "I want to get this dispatch off early."

"Dispatch?" asked Paxton. "What dispatch?"

"Why, senator, you don't think I intend to allow the good people of Rextown to go uninformed of the full details of the ceremony of my swearing in, do you?"

"Of course not," chuckled Paxton. "I hadn't thought of that. Go ahead and I'll wait for you."

Hicks dictated a long and glowing account of his swearing in. He described the crowded and enthusiastic galleries; the loud applause that greeted him as he walked down the center aisle arm in arm with Senator Jackson; the impressiveness with which the Vice-President administered the oath; his own feeling of consecration as he took it; the hope for the people that lay in the event, which was full of significance for the toiling masses. He closed with a tribute to the grace and beauty of Mrs. Hicks, who was the most admired of all the flowers of Washington society filling the galleries on this momentous occasion. He told the stenographer to send this to the Rextown Chronicle, and then went into Senator Paxton's private office.

Paxton looked admiringly at the young man who stood before him. He recalled his first meeting with him, his interest in him, his satiric suggestion to him that he go out and play the friend-of-the-people game, and its amazing result.

"Tommie," he said, "you are a peach!"

"Also," Hicks replied, "I am a United States senator."

"The terms are synonymous; but now that you have landed, what is on your mind?"

"Nothing, except to stay landed. I've got to keep in the limelight here in order to have a chance in the primaries. I am going to pull off some things round here that will make them all take notice."

"For example?"

"Well, I have heard that it is the custom—absurd, of course—for new senators to remain silent for a time."

"Ordinarily that is true," Paxton replied, his eye twinkling, "but not in an exceptional case like yours. It would be a positive injury to the cause of the people if you sat quiet in your seat when there is so much you can say—so very much."

"That is the way it appears to me. I shall make my first set speech within a few days—as soon as I can get the advance notices properly distributed."

"Right," commented Paxton gravely. "Give notice that on a certain day you will submit some remarks to the Senate after the conclusion of the business of the morning hour."

"And then?"

"Then get up and let her rip. Once you get the floor you can hold it indefinitely—just as long as you can talk."

"I can talk for quite a period."

"Well, go as far as you like. What will your topic be?"

"The rights of the people, the downtrodden, oppressed people."

"I had suspected as much. Would you object to telling me what you intend to say, senator?"

Paxton emphasized the "senator." Hicks laughed.

"No, senator," he replied. "I may as well begin the work of enlightening you now as later. You understand, of course, that I am determined to bring the light to you, as an unregenerate reactionary, as well as to your associates in the Senate?"

"That, I take it, is your mission. Go ahead."

Hicks rose and assumed his best oratorical manner. Paxton settled himself in his chair and listened gravely.

"I shall call the attention of the Senate," began Hicks sonorously, "to the distressing situation that exists, wherein the dominant party in our Government, represented by yourself, has fastened on the people and is slowly crushing them to despair and death because of its wicked and corrupt alliance with the special interests. I shall point out the many phases of this corruption. I shall make it clear that the hope of the people lies not alone in the triumph of the Democratic party, but in the triumph of such Democrats as myself.

"I shall hold myself to be the true representative of all that is best in the extension of popular rule, and shall disavow for all time any possible alliances with the forces of darkness that are operating here, and that have strangled the Republican party and made it subservient to their malicious and malignant purposes."

"Fine!" applauded Paxton as Hicks paused. "Go ahead."

"I shall attack in unmeasured terms the money devil, the iniquities of Wall Street, the hoarding of gold by the vested interests to crush the poor farmer and laboring man and deprive him of his enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I shall denounce the criminal rich. I shall expose to public scorn those plutocrats who are fattening on the body politic. I shall mention by name many of our millionaires, and show how impossible it is for them to have obtained their money honestly. I shall denounce trusts, corporations, illegal combinations for sapping the lifeblood of the farmer and the workingman. I shall paint in darkest colors the greed and corruption of the men who unscrupulously control our governmental destinies.

"I shall demand the release of the control of our Treasury by the gamblers in Wall Street, and the extension of our governmental credit so that every man may have an opportunity with every other man to amass a competence. I shall demand more money, the fullest extension of popular government, the abolition of special privileges, the curbing of trusts and corporations, and I shall tell the Senate the actual facts about the distressed condition of the poor but honest people, who are held in darkness by these criminal combinations working in concert with the corrupt Republican party."

"Three cheers!" shouted Paxton.

"I shall bring tears to the eyes of even the most stolid of the senators when I paint the woes and distresses of the great, uncomplaining common people, whose champion I am; shall inveigh against the follies and extravagances of the day; shall attack the idle rich and their palaces and their unearned increment; shall explain my own honesty of purpose and purity of motive, and shall offer to lead the Senate to a day of better things; shall ask the Senate to turn its face toward the morning, drive the money-changers from the temple, free us, the common people, from the bondage that enslaves us, release us from the fell clutches of the money demon, and give us the right to live, to rear our children and enjoy the advantages of our country, so liberally bestowed on us by a munificent Nature and so greedily usurped by cunning and unscrupulous and criminal millionaires."

"Bully!" said Paxton, clapping his hands. "Bully! That's the stuff. I hope you will not long delay in calling the attention of the Senate to these pressing matters."

"It shall be done forthwith," said Hicks.

Paxton roared with laughter. "And I was conceited enough to think I could give you some points on the friend-of-the-people game!" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Hicks Was Active in Such Society as She Could Push Into

XXXVI

THAT afternoon when Hicks returned to the Palace Hotel, Mrs. Hicks, who had spent the greater part of the day over her wardrobe and on her complexion, greeted him effusively.

"Sit down, Marmaduke," she said, "and let's have a chat. You know, of course, dear, I must have some new gowns."

"Some new gowns!" exclaimed Hicks. "Why, Alys, haven't you gowns enough?"

"Oh my, no! My position here demands a replenishment of my wardrobe that must be made at once. It is imperative. My round of social duties will soon begin and I haven't a thing fit to wear. I am your wife, you know, Marmaduke, and I must maintain your position."

Hicks was uneasy, but he tried to seem complacent.

"Well," he said, "I suppose you know best, my dear. There are undoubtedly good dressmakers in Washington."

"In Washington!" Mrs. Hicks raised her elaborate eyebrows. "Oh, la la! I shall go to New York for my gowns."

"Go to New York?" repeated Hicks in amazement. "What's the matter with Washington, I'd like to know?"

"The question isn't open to argument, Marmaduke dear," she said sweetly. "I have always bought my gowns in New York or in Paris; and now that I have need of especially handsome ones I shall not even consider getting them anywhere else."

"When are you going?" asked Hicks nervously.

"To-morrow afternoon."

"To-morrow afternoon! Why, Alys, I intend to make my first speech in the Senate on Friday and I want you to hear it."

"Oh," she answered lightly, "you will make plenty of speeches during the years we are to be here, and I can applaud those. This other matter is most important."

Hicks was stunned. His wife placed gowns above his first speech in the Senate!

"Better wait until next week," he urged.

"Impossible! The season is waning, and I want to take my rightful place as soon as possible. It's all for you," she added, smiling radiantly at him.

Hicks tried again to induce her to change her mind, but she was obdurate. "Very well," he conceded finally, "but I must confess I do not place the importance on this you do. However, probably you know best." Then, trying to be sentimental, he added: "You will return to me as soon as you can, won't you, darling? I shall miss you dreadfully."

"Why, Marmaduke, of course I shall. Will you see about my ticket and a stateroom on the four-o'clock train?"

"A stateroom? Your ticket?" repeated Hicks dully.

"Certainly. And I shall require some money, say two hundred and fifty dollars, for my expenses. Please have that ready for me to-morrow. Now excuse me, won't you, dearest. I must dress for dinner."

She bent over, touched his cheek with her lips and went into her room, closing the door behind her.

Hicks sat where she left him for some time thinking. It came over him that perhaps there was an angle to matrimony on which he had not fully informed himself before he entered that holy state. But Mrs. Hicks was charming at dinner that night, and Hicks concluded that everything would come out all right.

Next day he gave notice in the Senate that on the following afternoon, at the conclusion of the morning business, he would submit some remarks to the Senate on the general state of the Union. There was an undercurrent of laughter as Hicks made his announcement, which he did, not from his seat, but after he had walked to the head of the center aisle, had posed there for a moment, and had rolled out "M-r-r-r. P-r-r-eso-dunt!" to get recognition from the chair. The older senators looked curiously at him as he stood there, wrapped in a long coat, with his polished hair reflecting the softened lights that straggled through the stained-glass ceiling, the flowing ends of his tie elaborately disposed on his bosom and his whole pose extremely histrionic. The Democratic leader grimaced as if in pain. The men in the press gallery made note of the occurrence, and the word was passed that next day young Hicks was to put on a show.

Paxton hurried over to Hicks' seat. "That's right," he said. "Don't wait. Give it to them red-hot. They will all be here to listen."

Paxton spent the rest of the afternoon going from one desk to another advising all senators to be in their seats next day, as he could guarantee them a performance that would interest them. Hicks sat in solitary state in his rear-row seat, after he had disposed himself in what he considered a statesmanlike attitude, and tried to give the impression he was thinking great thoughts to be expounded to the Senate.

He left at three o'clock to escort Mrs. Hicks to the train. He handed her two hundred and fifty dollars, which she took as if they belonged to her, Hicks noticed, to his great alarm, thanked him casually, and ordered up the porter for her hand luggage.

"The green cars run past the station," suggested Hicks, as they came down in the elevator.

Apparently she did not hear him, for she went directly to the carriage man's desk and said: "A taxicab, please."

Hicks followed meekly. The porter put the bags in the cab, the starter helped Mrs. Hicks in with elaborate politeness, and stood with his hand on the cab door smiling expectantly, while the porter lined up beside him and smiled expectantly also.

"Go ahead," ordered Hicks impatiently.

Mrs. Hicks did not turn her head, nor did she apparently move her lips, but she said sharply to Hicks: "Give them their tips."

Hicks went into his pocket in an embarrassed fashion and gave each man a quarter. The starter then inquired politely: "Where to, please?"

"Union Station," Hicks replied gruffly.

"Take Senator and Mrs. Hicks to the Union Station, driver," said the starter grandly, and Hicks relaxed and bowed graciously to the uniformed man.

Mrs. Hicks discussed certain persons she had observed in the hotel, talking incessantly until the station was reached. There Hicks paid the driver, gave him a quarter also, and started to pick up the bags and carry them in himself. Mrs. Hicks pushed his hand away and beckoned to a station porter. Then she led Hicks into the station.

"I hope your speech will be a great success, Marmaduke," she said, brushing his cheek with her lips, and he stood watching her, filled with admiration for her grace and attractiveness, as she walked down the platform to her car.

"Well," Hicks thought, "she'll have to pay that porter's tip herself anyhow."

He remained until the train was pulling out. As he turned to go a red-capped negro touched him on the arm, bowed and said: "The lady said you'd pay me, boss."

Hicks whistled, reflected Mrs. Hicks was not there to see, and grudgingly gave the boy a dime. Then he went out and took a street-car back to the hotel. He bought an afternoon paper, and after he had read the headlines on the first page, had glanced at the congressional news, and had observed particularly a paragraph that said Senator Hicks was to address the Senate next afternoon, he turned to the notes of social doings.

The fourth item in the column read:

Mrs. T. Marmaduke Hicks, wife of Senator Hicks, is at the Hotel Superbious in New York for a few days. Mrs. Hicks, who is a bride and a most charming addition to congressional society, and who has lived abroad for the greater part of her life, especially in France, where she is a social favorite, will introduce to Washington society a number of artists and musicians whom she met on the Continent. Mrs. Hicks has in contemplation a literary morning at the Palace Hotel, where Pierre Chatrand, the noted Parisian littérateur, will read from his own works

The paper dropped from his hand. His wife going to the Hotel Superbious instead of the Dwighton—the Hotel Superbious which she had considered noisy and vulgar! He wondered why, and quaked a little at the thought of what her entertainment there would cost. He was so sure she would go to the Dwighton he hadn't asked her plans. Moreover, he had not heard of the proposed literary mornings. Those, he supposed, would cost something. Evidently Mrs. Hicks intended to live up to her station. He knew his wife must have sent that information to the paper herself, whereupon he had his first suspicion of the fact that Mrs. T. Marmaduke Hicks was even cleverer than her husband at the husband's own particular game of publicity.

There wasn't a new idea or a new expression in the speech Hicks proposed to deliver, but he thought it well to supply the papers with advance copies of his remarks. He sent for his stenographer, who was an expert typewriter, and dictated the speech direct to the machine. A dozen copies were made. Then Hicks wrote the introduction for it, saying:

"The dignified and austere Senate of the United States was made aware this afternoon that a new force had entered within the precincts of that body. Senator T. Marmaduke Hicks, although a young member, made one of the greatest speeches ever heard in that forum where great speeches are the rule. He chose for his theme the rights of the people, and for three hours the entire membership of the Senate hung breathless on his impassioned utterances, while the crowded galleries broke into peals of thunderous applause. Senator Hicks was eloquent, witty, logical, effective. His speech stamped him as a factor to be reckoned with in the future affairs of the Senate and immediately placed him on a par with, if not above, the great orators

and debaters of that distinguished assemblage. At the conclusion of his speech Senator Hicks was warmly congratulated by his colleagues, who unanimously predicted a brilliant career for him, while the galleries cheered the eloquent and earnest young orator to the echo."

The stenographer delivered copies of the speech to the correspondents of the big papers in Hicks' state, including a copy of the introduction with each, and to the New York and Chicago papers. These were marked "For release for the papers of Friday afternoon," which precluded the sending in of the introduction that night by the correspondents, who were all there next afternoon when Hicks rose to talk. So was nearly the entire Senate membership. Hicks was somewhat chagrined that the bare announcement he was to speak did not fill the galleries, which contained only the usual number of idlers and tourists; but he felt that after he had talked this once there never would be a time when the announcement of a speech by him would not jam the galleries.

He had moved round to a seat on the center aisle at the end of the next to the last row on the Democratic side. He was elaborately prepared. Although he could talk the stuff he intended to talk by the hour without note or reference of any kind, he had his stenographer lug in half a dozen big law books, which were piled ostentatiously on his desk, and had displayed a lot of papers, documents, pamphlets and other properties, in order to give evidence of great and studious preparation.

The morning business came to an end. The presiding officer looked expectantly at Hicks. The senators turned in their chairs. The messenger in the press gallery stuck his head through the door and shouted to the waiting correspondents in the correspondents' workroom outside: "Hicks is up!" and the correspondents came trooping in.

Hicks rose. He was self-possessed. The white button of the purity league in his buttonhole was the only relief to his somber attire. His flowing tie was black. His black hair was glossy, his smile complacent, his manner confident. He made a pretext of arranging his books and papers, stepped out into the aisle, glanced patronizingly round at the interested senators, let his eyes dwell for a moment on the crowded press gallery, thought with much satisfaction the reporters were all on hand for this momentous event, and began:

"M-r-r-r. Pr-r-eso-dunt!" he rolled out. "Though I am aware that it may seem presumptuous for a senator who has so recently come among you to seek expression on the floor thus early, I am constrained to ask the forbearance of this distinguished body because the message I bring to them is of such immediate and pressing moment, and because it seems to me I have been especially commissioned by the people to deliver it to you."

"This is going to be even better than your advance notices led me to expect," whispered the Republican leader to Senator Paxton.

Paxton grinned and nodded. Hicks took another step forward, threw up his hands as if invoking the aid of heaven, and continued:

"Meek and lowly as I am, I am the humble instrument through which this message is to be communicated. I voice to you the protest of the people, the great, patriotic, hard-working, honest, God-fearing people; the people who are the backbone of our institutions as they are the support and mainstay of our Republic, the people who have so long been despised and downtrodden by the forces of greed and power and arrogance and crime and corruption, the people who now are coming into their own, and who look to me to hold aloft their standard, to fight the fight for them and to keep the faith."

Hicks made an impressive rhetorical pause. He looked at the press gallery. Most of the reporters there were writing busily. He felt a great content. He imagined his speech would be printed in every paper in the land that afternoon and next morning, and he stretched out his arms again and pleaded the cause of the dear people, assailed the Republican party, denounced trusts and corporations, told of the iniquities of Wall Street and the money devil, flayed the special interests, denounced in unmeasured terms all who were opposed to the fullest extension of popular government, and displayed his entire box of tricks.

He closed with an impassioned tribute to the plain people, the farmers who are the wealth producers and the laboring men who make capital of value. He pleaded for them, wept for them, exalted them, and, for his peroration, solemnly warned the Senate that unless cognizance was taken of the abuses that had been and were being heaped upon the common people, there would be an uprising that would sweep the forces of capitalistic and corrupt government from their intrenched position, a revolution of ballots—bloodless he prayed, but a revolution none the less—that would sink to oblivion all those who now so arrogantly refuse to consider the cry for succor from the people who form the underlying basic strength of this greatest country on which the sun ever shone.

Hicks talked for more than two hours. He could have talked a week had he wished to. The senators listened, chuckled, walked out and came back. The galleries filled. The reporters hurried joshing descriptive stories over the wires. Hicks, confident that he was making a profound impression, ran his voice up and down over its entire elocutionary gamut. He made dramatic pauses. He pounded his desk. He turned and shook an accusing finger at the grinning Republicans. He stamped back and forth in the aisle. He ranted, roared, and, when he was detailing the woes of the people, he had great difficulty in repressing his tears and let his voice break artistically.

As he finished he sank into his seat and bowed his head. There was a spattering of applause in the galleries. The senator in charge of the Indian bill instantly called up that measure, and the routine of the Senate began again. But the Republican senators, almost to a man, came over to Hicks and congratulated him, wrung his hand, exclaimed at the marvelous eloquence he had displayed, and told him he had set an oratorical mark high above any previous one made in the Senate. The Democrats were perfunctory in their congratulations, except a few of the radicals. These told Hicks he had started well, but didn't seem particularly enthusiastic, much to his surprise. He set that down to jealousy. He waited until there was no possible chance for any further congratulations, stood about the Senate chamber for a time, went into the cloak-room to see if perchance some senator might not be there who desired to felicitate him, and then went to his office and sent for the Washington afternoon papers.

These papers printed portions of the speech and said little about it, except to comment on the fact it was an unusual performance both in manner and matter. He went into his hotel well content, and sent a telegram to his wife at the Hotel Superbious, giving the details of this triumph. He posed about the hotel that night, grabbed every hand that was offered him, and listened with pleased smiles to the extravagant praise lavished on him.

He sent down for the New York papers early next morning, and his face reddened and his heart beat rapidly when he saw what they had done to him. There wasn't a paper in the lot that didn't have a column story about the speech on the front page, and every story was a josh. One paper printed his own introduction verbatim and headed it in big black letters, "By Senator T. Marmaduke Hicks."

It was sickening. He began the preparation of a statement to the public, claiming that these attacks on him in the monopolistic New York papers were due to his well-known advocacy of the rights of the people and the equally well-known subserviency of the press to the gamblers of Wall Street and the corrupt corporations and trusts.

After he had worked on this half an hour he had another idea, and stopped his denunciation of the New York papers. He wrote a dozen telegrams to himself from various parts of the country complimenting him highly on his speech, signed fake names to them and put them in his pocket. He intended to hand these to his stenographer when he reached his office, and to tell him to make many duplicate copies of them and send them to the chaffing correspondents, with a note stating that notwithstanding the apparent attempts of the press to belittle him, the people, the real common people, were with him, as these telegrams, of which he sent accurate copies, showed. Also he thought of several letters, or extracts from letters, he might concoct in the same way, and probably have the entire lot inserted in the Congressional Record so that he might send them out under a frank.

This congenial labor restored him to a more contented frame of mind.

"Those New York boys were a little rough on you this morning, Hicks," said Senator Paxton to him; "but don't mind that. New York isn't the whole country, although New York thinks it is, and that stuff will go great when it is franked out to the lads in the country districts. You'll have to get used to these attacks by the servile minions of a capitalistic press."

"Sure," Hicks replied, with a jauntiness he did not feel, "I can work that capitalistic New York press business to good effect out home."

Paxton looked at Hicks with admiration.

"My boy," he said, "if you ever begin to take yourself as seriously within as you appear to take yourself without, heaven help you."

At a Quarter Before Eleven Her Door Opened and She Came Out

XXXVII

MRS. HICKS, reading the ridicule of her husband in the New York papers at the Hotel Superbious, was concerned. She had no delusions as to his character or characteristics. The only things about him she cared for more than casually were his title of senator and his money. She had taken a gambler's chance on his return to the Senate by election and hoped he had as much

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 25, 1914

The Currency of Credit

"THE largest mercantile failure in the history of the United States" disturbed nobody and produced only a faint and transitory reflection in the big security markets. The reason was that the concern, broadly speaking, owed nobody in particular and everybody in general. It had outstanding more than thirty million dollars of paper; but this paper was scattered among a great number of banks—"several thousand" the first reports said. Each bank held so little that any probable loss would be negligible.

It is only within recent years that any such currency of credit has prevailed. Twenty years ago a concern's credit was an affair between itself and its bank or those from whom it purchased goods. Now it is almost a public affair. If a New York wholesale house has credit at all, that credit is as current at a country bank in Nebraska as at one on lower Broadway.

The Claflin organization exemplified another business revolution. In the old days contact with the public was relegated to the retail trade, which was the humblest sister in the commercial family. The important branches—from which alone large profits and renown might be extracted—consisted in making goods and distributing them among middlemen. Now it is direct touch with the buying public that counts most.

Genuine good will on the part of the buying public is the rock bottom of merchandising. To achieve that manufacturers and distributors, whose goods pass into individual and family consumption, work more and more. The Claflin Company was less known and less profitable than some of the retail shops it controlled. Business grows democratic in spite of concentration.

The Menace of the Owen Bill

SENATOR OWEN'S bill to regulate stock exchanges looks in the direction of making a vast inquisitorial, bureaucratic tyranny of the Post-Office Department. The idea is to set up a standard for the conduct of stock exchanges that suits the notions of Congress; then to crush exchanges which fail to conform to that standard by excluding from the mails all business originating on them. There is hardly a business or personal relationship that could not be brought under the thumb of the Federal Government on the same principle.

More public harm flows from distilleries than from stock exchanges. Why not close the distilleries—without bothering about a constitutional amendment—by excluding them from the mails? Some labor unions and some corporate employers stand convicted by public opinion of unconscionable practices. There is exactly as much reason for excluding them from the mails as for excluding stock exchanges. In several states the local pure-food laws are inadequate and badly enforced. Let Washington set up a national standard and compel observance of it by its control of the mails.

Accept the principle of the Owen Bill, and it may be only a question of time when a citizen must shape his entire conduct in conformity with the notions of the majority at Washington. That statement is not so fanciful as the reader may deem it. If a measure is at all feasible, to carry it through Congress is much easier than to carry it through forty-eight state legislatures. And when it has been carried through a state legislature it can be enforced only by due process of law, which involves trouble, expense and a full hearing of the accused before a jury of his peers; while exercising the power to exclude from the mails requires nothing but the scratch of an official pen. There would be a great temptation to resort more and more to the easy, expeditious method.

To correct people's morals and business practices, however, is no part of the legitimate purpose of the Post-Office Department. Fraud committed by use of the mails is the main valid reason for exclusion from the mails. The Owen Bill would start the Post Office on the road toward being a great, prying, tyrannous, bureaucratic busybody.

Where the Schools Fail

THE recipe told what quantities of certain ingredients should be used to produce ten gallons of spraying mixture; but ten gallons was more than she needed. After working laboriously for fifteen minutes, and covering three sheets of notepaper with figures, she got the problem down to this blind alley: What is two-thirds of three-fourths?

The three men present had reached middle life with some degree of success. With more or less warrant they considered themselves rather capable fellows. Any one of them would have been astonished by the statement that he was uneducated. They took the problem in hand, and the nearest they got to a solution was the confident statement by one of them that if two-thirds were reducible to a decimal he could tell the answer.

Of course the woman and the men had been taught how to find two-thirds of three-fourths, but had long since forgotten the method. Scarcely anything a child learns at school is remembered ten years later, unless later experience renews the school acquaintance. Three-fourths of the grammar, two-thirds of the arithmetic and history, and like proportions of all else that is taught between kindergarten and high school vanish utterly from the pupil's mind within a few years in nine cases out of ten. Only that teaching remains which future experience renews.

Probably, then, we try to teach too many things. Some fifty large employers were recently asked wherein public-school training was deficient, as shown by their own experience with new employees coming directly from school. Their replies included the following: Reading; writing; arithmetic; geography; spelling; punctuation; pronunciation; concentration; application; ability to conserve properly; ability to follow directions.

Very likely these employers expected too much; but their replies fairly raise the question whether public-school education does not try—futilely—to furnish young minds rather elaborately instead of addressing itself mostly to training them so that they can furnish themselves.

Black, White or Gray?

IT IS easy to be conservative and easy to be radical; but to be liberal is a rare art. We are scolded in about equal degree for basely pandering to the vicious multitude and for being a servile tool of the ruthless plutocracy.

Either set of extreme critics sees the hand of Satan in any opposition to its theories. To admit any virtue or intelligence on the other side is what neither of them can endure in the least.

For both of them the world is painted pure white on one side and jet black on the other; and, though they passionately disagree as to which side is white and which black, they agree in denouncing as a fool or a villain the misguided man who says the world is gray.

In a large way, probably, they are quite right. The passionate, narrow, bigoted opinion seems to have the greatest power of penetration. Very likely the clash of one-eyed partisanship makes for progress. Probably the due meed for the liberal mind is a kick from both sides and a certain inner satisfaction.

The Omissions of History

THEY are making a social survey of Jerusalem this summer; so presently we shall know, for the first time, what sort of town Jerusalem really is. History is a very modern invention—quite the latest of the arts. Prior to the eighteenth century there are only a few scraps here and there—just an occasional brief and imperfect glimpse into a vast fog. We have a great deal about the binding—the leather is of such and such a color, embossed in this or that manner—and the title page reads so-and-so; but the contents of the volume are mostly sealed.

We know about St. Louis' crusades and battles and treaties, which are not of the least importance; but only a few lines of the tale of Aucassin and Nicolette give half a second's obscure peep at the France of his time.

Between the Great Charter and Henry VIII, real England emerged into history once dimly, for a few days—in the Peasants' Rising of 1381. For nearly a week penmen concerned themselves with something that portentously suggested how a great part of the English nation was conditioned—and presently became exclusively engaged with the Wars of the Roses, which were about as significant as the last prize fight.

A Life of Wat Tyler would illumine fourteenth-century England much better than a Life of John of Gaunt. For the latter we have a library of material—for the former only a dubious name and the fact of his death.

Many intelligent persons maintain that humanity makes no progress at all, but merely marches in a circle; and, except by reasoning from the last two hundred years, it is impossible to contradict this theory—so little, prior to that time, does history reveal of human conditions. There were always such and such monarchs, statesmen, warriors, going through substantially the same motions they make to-day.

Writing down what historians do and calling it history is like minutely recording the movements of a weather vane and calling it a study of atmosphere. As material for a real history of the United States the election of a Democratic President and Congress was trivial—quite negligible, in fact—in comparison with the Colorado coal strike and the circumstances attending it.

The Sign of the Demagogue

DO NOT trust the man—to whatever party he belongs—who seeks to load all the faults of a condition on a few individual shoulders. He is either not intelligent enough to know the truth or not honest enough to speak it. Do not forget that the main difference between big business and little business is simply size—and the fact that little business has more votes to give. There are plenty of clean, straightforward big businesses and plenty of mean, unscrupulous little ones. Morgan and Harriman believed that their ways were right and for the ultimate good of the country as sincerely as you may believe the contrary.

The man who pictures the Trusts, the concentration of money in Wall Street and the huge private fortunes as nothing but the work of a few malevolent men, darkly conspiring, is a demagogue, either by nature or by design. In either case do not trust him.

Our forests were a national possession. For years we threw them away right and left—gave empires of them to railroads; passed laws that facilitated their transfer to private hands. Apparently for years the main business of a great department of our Government was to see how rapidly it could give away timberland. A thrifty German peasant, immigrating to this country, picked up square miles of the forests for which we seemed to have no use. At his death they were worth millions. But how stupid to denounce Weyerhaeuser! We ought to denounce ourselves!

That is only a sample. To get the other side of the shield, take the more Bourbon Wall Street utterances that describe the whole radical movement in this country as the work of a few dishonest politicians, and keep reiterating that the people would repudiate these policies if the devilish politicians would only give them a chance!

That is exactly of a piece with the statesmanship which pretends that all the country's economic troubles can be traced to a few score or a few thousand individuals. When a man begins that strain it is high time to cease taking him seriously.

Mr. Wilson's Reserve Board

OF THE five men selected by Mr. Wilson to govern the new banking system, two have been engaged in large business undertakings, and are, therefore, subject to the hysterical suspicions of some statesmen whose ideal for the governor of a great banking system would probably be a man who had never been contaminated by personal contact with any piece of money larger than a two-dollar bill.

With this exception the country has been well content with the appointments. Of the five names only one, we presume, was known to any considerable number of people. That one was identified with Wall Street. The others had no widely popular identity at all. To the public they represented simply men against whom nothing was known and whom the President had seen fit to appoint. With that the public was content.

This Federal Reserve Board will be vested with great power—greater than the power vested in the Interstate Commerce Commission; for, in the nature of the case, there can be no effectual judicial review of the Reserve Board's acts. By abusing its position the board can very easily enrich itself and work immense harm to the country; but the country habitually expects laws and institutions to work well rather than ill. At the lowest it expects them to work tolerably. It expects to go on raising its wheat, fattening its hogs, doing its plumbing, carpentering and blacksmithing, and selling its drygoods—whatever laws are passed or whatever institutions set up.

The country is more optimistic, on the whole, than the facts warrant; but if it saw the pitfalls and precipices statesmen are continually seeing it would have no stomach for the day's work.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

An Army Progressive

THERE is politics in the army—some; a modicum, it may be said. Odd—isn't it?—that the formerly brave boys in blue, but now brave boys in greenery-yallery, should be political, when their job is to be our nifty little defenders!

But they have their politics, just the same. This may be observed sometimes in one way and sometimes in another. Often we wonder how the brave General Dogsofwar manages it so as to get all the soft billets, while the equally brave General Gotnopull lingers for so many years out among the cacti—that is, often we wonder unless we know. If we know we do not wonder. What we do then is to speculate on how long the influence of the brave General Dogsofwar will last. There is no sadder sight than a soldier whose influence has passed away, either politically or physically. Many a saddle at the front is now tenanted by a warrior who would be in a Washington swivel chair and dining out every night if his politics had not been ambushed.

However, that is neither here nor there; in fact it is in the War Department. So let us take a broader view and begin over again. There is politics in the army. There are two parties. It speaks well for the self-repression of the army that there are but two parties. There are about six parties among the Republicans, for example; and time alone can tell into how many parties the united and victorious Democracy will be split before splitting days have passed. The army, however, has but two factions—that is, the officers of the army have but two factions. The enlisted men have no part.

Borrowing nomenclature from regular politicians, the army—or its officers—may be divided into standpatters and progressives. It is an arbitrary division, but correct. Of course there are no conventions and no bolters, and no platforms to repudiate or otherwise. All it amounts to is that there is one crowd known as standpatters and another crowd known as progressives—for want of better designations. And if you will look at the picture that adorns this gem of prose you will observe the sky line of one of our leading army progressives—to wit, Major-General William W. Wotherspoon.

The standpatters are just as good soldiers as the progressives. And there is no denying that both are as good as there are. Their differences come in the angle at which they view the army—in what they think the army is for. The standpatters consider that the army is the beginning and the end, and the progressives think of it and talk of it as a means to an end.

The gist of it is that the progressives think and preach that the army, as at present constituted, is merely a school where officers are to be trained to handle and command larger armies in time of war. The present army, you know—in size—would not be an advance guard in a war with a real Power. The progressives think that, in addition to training officers, the army should be used to train men. They advocate a short term of enlistment—some say three years and some say one—with first, second and third lines of reserves. Their idea is that the American boy should be given a year in the army and taught to be a soldier.

Then, they think, he should be placed in the reserves, with a small compensation, to be used in case of war as leaven for raw volunteers. It is contended that if such a system had been in force for the past six or seven years a trained army of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand men could be placed in the field as soon as they could be mobilized. They hold that a reserve of a million men could be created in a comparatively short time.

The Job of the General Staff

THE standpatters hold opposite views. They are the bully old boys who think an army is an army; that the term of enlistment should be long and the organization brought to a high state of efficiency. They think the ideal condition is to create an army so well trained, however small, that the first sergeant can handle the company and thus give the officers more time to seek those pleasures that are dear to the heart of the warrior. It does not take a military mind to grasp the fact that an army composed of long-term men is much easier to handle—for the officers—than an army in which the trained men are constantly leaving for the reserves and the raw recruits coming in for training.

How the dickens can an officer have any social pleasures if he must constantly be at work training recruits? On the reactionary other hand, if his men are long-term men, after being trained they are trained, and the officer may perhaps have a little time for himself.

As I have said, Major-General William W. Wotherspoon—the second W standing for Wallace—now Chief of Staff, is one of our leading army progressives and has been for years. He has been fighting for these things as well as fighting Indians, Spaniards, Filipinos, and such et-ceterians as we have been compelled to combat in the course of our process of benevolent assimilation; and, albeit he will retire next fall on account of age, he has only just begun to fight.

A fine, husky warrior is the general. Early in his career he made casual inquiries as to the real meaning of commencement to the graduates of West Point. He received various answers and then formulated an answer himself.

"Commencement," he said, "means, as I translate it, to commence. That being the case, let's begin!" So he led various members of the classes of embryo heroes aside and talked to them. "Boys," he said, "you've been given your commissions and you are a lot of fancy, house-broken soldiers. You dance well and you ride to some effect. On parade you are wonders. Granting all that, why not learn a few things necessary to the soldiering business?"

So he and a few others originated or helped to originate the post-graduate courses at Fort Leavenworth and in the Army War College, where the boys are taught how to command large bodies of men, to handle big problems of offense and defense, and to prepare plans against the invasion of every country with which there is even the remotest possibility of war. He has been firm in the conviction that a graduate of West Point does not necessarily know all there is to be known of the art of war, and has seen to it that they have had further instruction.

He took his own medicine too; for he was graduated from the War College in 1905 and then went to the General Staff. He was president of the War College from 1910 to 1912, and was made assistant to the Chief of the General Staff in 1912, succeeding Major-General Leonard Wood as Chief in April of the present year.

The General Staff is the army's board of directors. It has the direction of that branch of the service—the entire management of it. More than that, it is the organization that looks to the future. Its big problem is to guess where trouble is likely to come—not when, but where—and to have everything prepared when the trouble does come. It maps out campaigns of all sorts, speculates on possibilities and prepares for them; considers each nation that might by any possibility come to grips with us; and thinks of means to defeat it and ways to defend this country against it.

It has plans of campaigns carefully prepared to meet all sorts of conditions. It is constantly studying the military conditions of other countries and figuring on what the strategy of those countries would be in case war was declared by us or against us. It keeps in accurate touch with our own resources and takes a prophetical view of the entire world, with special reference to our possible needs.

Wotherspoon has had long service on the General Staff. He has had a hand in much of its work; and it is probable there is no officer in the army who has a more comprehensive grasp of all our present and possible military problems. The law says he must retire this fall because he will then be sixty-four; but he is one of the liveliest young men of sixty-four in this country. He can outride many of the captains of the army, is one of those steel-wire sort of men—all tendon and muscle—and a fine and likable person.

If there is a war with Mexico or with any other country after he is retired you will find him in it, even though he must go as a major of volunteers. So far as the standpatters of the army are concerned, he has already made them most uncomfortable, and he will harry them until the end of his days. He is a very real sort of army progressive, is Wotherspoon; and he is no slouch of a politician along those selfsame lines.

The Footprint in the Sand

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THE FAKERS

(Continued from Page 21)

money as he said he had; and she had planned an elaborate future for herself in Washington. She shrewdly assayed her husband, knew he had qualities that could be developed and knew also he had faults that must be suppressed. She considered him so much raw material for her skillful manipulations, and resolved to use all her finesse and all her knowledge on him to refine him, tone him down, rub off the rough edges, trim him and put forward his good features—provided he was elected. She determined on this procedure as a supplementary activity, of course, for her strongest and almost entire concern was herself. If her husband rose with her all well and good, and she would help him if she had time; but first and foremost she herself must rise.

For the moment she turned her entire attention to her gowning. She knew the shops in New York intimately, knew the modistes and the milliners, and had an acquaintance with their excellences and their various deficiencies. She had never been able to buy much from the most fashionable ones, owing to her limited income, but she had a full knowledge of what she might have bought had she been able, and this time she went direct to the most fashionable Parisian modiste in New York. She explained who she was, proved her identity and demanded to see the best this haughty lady had. She wanted an evening gown as well as several other costumes. As she could not wait to have anything made for her, she asked to see the Paris models, for she knew she might easily be fitted in this emergency. Later, when the hurry was not so great, she could get creations constructed for herself.

She critically examined the exclusive models this modiste had, and visited several other houses. At each establishment she took all offerings of evening gowns into the evening room and studied the effect their colors had on her complexion under the glare of electric lights. She spent hours on this by herself, trying colors, matching herself to shades, and getting the exact tones she desired, always having in mind a spectacular appearance wherever she might be. In the end she selected one sumptuous and very expensive evening gown and one somewhat simpler, both exclusive models from a famous house in Paris. She bought a costly evening wrap, a calling dress and much lingerie, as well as gloves, boots, slippers and pumps of various kinds. Also she picked out several hats and spared no expense in her choice.

All of this took ten days. Hicks, having discovered that as senator he could send telegrams and have them paid for by the Government, wrote her several long wires each day, urging her to come back, detailing his successes and telling her of his loneliness without her. In reality he got along very well, for he had the bachelor habit and had been married only a brief while.

Mrs. Hicks opened charge accounts at the various places she patronized, offering as security her credentials as the wife of Senator Hicks, and in most instances this was sufficient. She instructed all the concerns with which she dealt to send the bills to her, but to make them out to her husband. She supplied herself with handkerchiefs, laces, perfumes, cosmetics, stockings, and what not, and by the time she was ready to return to Washington she had spent about two thousand dollars for the senator.

Hicks was at the station to meet her and welcomed her effusively. He made no suggestions of a street-car this time and took her to the Palace Hotel in a taxicab. She charmed him with a vivacious account of her visit to the metropolis. He asked if she had obtained her gowns, and she said she had selected a few little things which she hoped he would like.

When the boxes and packages began arriving by express Hicks had his doubts about there being only a "few little things," but he said nothing, and concluded she had paid for them herself, inasmuch as she had not asked him for money beyond the two hundred and fifty dollars.

He took great satisfaction in showing her off in the hotel lobby and in the long corridor that ran between the restaurants. He had had a severe jolt when he received his first week's bill from the hotel, but paid it with the reflection that in a short time he would move to a cheaper place. Mrs. Hicks did not ask for money. Instead, as Hicks discovered, she got what money she wanted at the cashier's window in the hotel and had it charged to Hicks. Also she sent such purchases as she made in the Washington stores to the hotel C. O. D., and the hotel paid for them and charged the amount on the bill. She used cabs and automobiles lavishly, and employed a manicure, a masseuse and a daily hairdresser. Also she paid one of the hotel maids by the hour to act as her personal maid when she needed her.

She made some calls, but Hicks observed she wore none of her new gowns. When he asked her the reason for this she said she wasn't ready yet, and told Hicks to await developments. So far they had been invited nowhere. Mrs. Hicks was planning to give a dinner herself, and she had just told Hicks that they must do something of the kind, when cards came for a reception given by Mrs. Jackson, wife of Hicks' colleague, the senior senator from his state. Mrs. Hicks was elated, for the Jacksons had been a long time in Washington, lived in a big house in the vicinity of Sheridan Circle, the most fashionable part of the city, and Mrs. Hicks was sure the function was to be of importance.

She became tremendously interested and began at once to make her preparations for the event. She brought out her gowns bought in New York, selected the more elaborate one, and had herself photographed in it in her room in various poses, which was simple, inasmuch as Washington photographers are accustomed to this sort of thing. She examined her proofs critically, and had the photographers in a frenzy over her exactions before she selected four poses. These she had finished suitably for newspaper reproduction. She called up the public stenographer from the hotel lobby, dictated a description of her gown and of herself, and put in a few details of her family and social connections and of her European acquaintance. This description was duplicated on the typewriter and filed away with the photographs.

On the evening of the reception, which was to begin at ten o'clock, she retired to her room at seven and told Hicks he must not bother her until she appeared. Hicks was dressed and ready at half past nine, and waited impatiently until ten, when he rapped on his wife's door. "Alys, my dear," he said, "we shall be late."

"I shall be ready presently," Mrs. Hicks replied. "Be patient."

At a quarter past and at half past ten Hicks, nervous by that time, demanded that she hurry, and each time he was told to be calm. Finally at a quarter before eleven her door opened and she came out.

Hicks gave a cry of astonishment and admiration. She was wrapped in a cloak of black silk velvet caught up close round her feet, completely enveloping her in its soft folds. The collar was wide, and was made of a magnificent black fur that caressed her throat and rolled down to the waist-line. The flowing sleeves were cuffed with this fur and the wrap seemed to be lined with it. He noticed her feet were shod in brightly colored slippers, and that her hair was arranged with even greater fastidiousness than usual. Always ultra, she had surpassed herself with this coiffure. Her intensely black hair was undulated and stretched, flatly and tightly, in two loops or waves on each side of her face, the one dropping over the ears, the other drawn out to the middle of her cheeks and held in place by some adhesive preparation. This gave her a marked Parisian appearance. Her back hair was done in an elaborate and convoluted knot low on her neck.

He noticed also to his amazement that her usually clear, pale, almost pallid complexion had miraculously changed to a girlish rosiness. He rushed forward to take her in his arms.

"Don't!" she said peremptorily. "Don't touch me, please!"

They went down the elevator. She had arranged with the carriage man for a limousine car, which was waiting for them; and they were rapidly driven to the Jackson house.

There were dozens of automobiles arriving and parked near by. The Hicks machine took its place in the line that crawled up on the roadway under the porte-cochère and discharged beautifully gowned women and faultlessly attired men. They reached the door after many stops and jerky starts and went in. The men left their coats at one side and the ladies on the other. Hicks waited at the foot of the stairs, and presently a vivid woman approached him, a woman who swayed in a rosy mist before his dazzled eyes, a sinuous, lustrous woman, resplendent, striking.

Hicks wondered who she was, and his knees trembled, his eyes widened, his heart jumped when she took him by the arm and said: "Come, Marmaduke."

She was his wife, this glorious creature whom he had never seen in any other color than black, or black and white. He tried to look at her as they went up the broad stairway, but she held him close and hurried him on.

The orchestra was playing a popular air, there was a hum of talk, and as they reached the space at the top of the stairs she pressed his arm and whispered: "Wait!"

They stood for a minute. The orchestra stopped playing. There was a momentary silence. "Now!" she said, and slightly in advance of him, having released his arm, she swept into the great drawing room where Mrs. Jackson was receiving her guests. It was like a sudden sunburst in a dull day. It was like a splash of carmine on a black cloth.

"Ah-h-h!" said the women involuntarily, as Mrs. Hicks advanced to greet Mrs. Jackson. Hicks came behind.

Instantly every woman's eyes took in the details of that costume. Instantly every man's eyes opened in admiration.

They saw this slender, svelte, perfectly proportioned woman, robed in a closely fitting, shimmering, almost luminous gown of the exquisite color of a vivid American Beauty rose, a gown that was draped about her figure down to the tips of her rose-colored slippers, that was extremely long and extremely narrow, so narrow it seemed she must walk in it with difficulty, but in which she did walk with exceeding grace. The dress had a long pointed train. Her corsage was cut into a daring V in front and into a still more elongated and daring V in the back, displaying neck, shoulders and particularly a back creamily white and exquisite in their perfection. She wore no jewels, and the lack of them seemed to accentuate the garishness of the necklaces and dog-collars and stomachers and tiaras on other women. She carried one perfect, long-stemmed American Beauty rose that blended absolutely with the color of her gown.

At her entrance such desultory conversation as there was stopped. Everybody in the room leaned forward, eagerly striving to see her. As if unconscious of the sensation she had created Mrs. Hicks greeted her hostess, chatted with her a moment, and moved down the line, followed by the bewildered Hicks.

Then there came a sudden rush of "Who is she? Who is she?" the men crowding forward to find out, the women shrinking back, for there wasn't a costume in the room, not a pink or a blue or a lavender or a yellow, that didn't seem faded, sickly, insipid, when contrasted with Mrs. Hicks' gown.

"How dare she?" gasped the women. "How dare she?" For they all knew the effect this startling creature in this startling gown had on them and their costumes.

"Great!" said the men, and flocked round to be presented, not knowing the sartorial crime this woman had committed in the eyes of their women-folk. Mrs. Hicks, to all outward appearances calmly unconscious of the enormity of her offense, was soon the animated center about which half the men in the room revolved. She talked vivaciously, used her French and Russian phrases continuously, shrugged her shoulders with charming grace. The women scrutinized her coldly and thought she must be French. The men were inclined to the belief that she was a Russian. After a time Hicks recovered his equanimity sufficiently to announce to all comers that she was his wife, the wife of Senator T. Marmaduke Hicks. For the remainder of the evening he basked in the reflection of her glory.

Senator Paxton was there and Mrs. Paxton. "Goodness, Billy," said Mrs. Paxton to her husband; "look at that amazing woman! I wonder who she is?"

The senator looked. "Can't imagine," he replied. "But she certainly is a stunner!"

"Stunner!" sniffed Mrs. Paxton. "She has absolutely ruined the dress of every other woman in this room with that rig. Fiendish, I call it!"

Paxton saw Hicks. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I believe she's the wife of Tommie Hicks. A fit helpmeet, I should say."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Paxton. "She's cleverer than he is. That gown and that entrance show genius, Billy, positive genius."

The senator edged his way over to Hicks. "How do you do, senator," he said. "Am I right in supposing this charming lady is Mrs. Hicks?"

"She is, indeed," bubbled Hicks. "Alys, dear, allow me to present an old and very dear friend, Senator Paxton."

Mrs. Hicks impulsively put out her hand. "Oh, senator," she said, "I have heard my husband speak of you so many times."

"Yes, I have known him for some years. Indeed," he continued whimsically, "I flatter myself I had something to do with the making of your husband what he is—a senator."

She turned a quick glance on him. "*Allez-vous en!*" she said.

"I did so," protested the senator laughing; "but I must say he supplemented my endeavors magnificently when he married you. I congratulate him."

"And me?" she asked archly.

"Oh," replied the senator, as he moved away, "why paint the lily or gild refined gold?"

Mrs. Hicks was acutely aware of the sensation she had made. She had no intention of allowing herself to be monopolized by the men, or of allowing the women to remain aloof. She soon inveigled Senator Jackson to her side, and under his escort moved about the room, was presented to the women, and was even more agreeable to them than she had been to the men. She chatted gayly, complimented them tactfully, spoke of herself as a newcomer in official life who must depend upon them as guides, philosophers and friends, told an anecdote now and then concerning some personage she had known abroad, flattered some of the women about their husbands, especially the wives of well-known statesmen whose names she had read in the papers, and was generally pleasant, affable and at her best as a conversationalist. Most of the women thawed. She knew how to be a woman's woman as well as a man's woman, and she exerted herself to her utmost to impress herself favorably on the feminine portion of that company.

She was too wise to allow her first appearance in a Washington house to dwindle to an anti-climax, and she amazed Hicks by telling him they would go before, as it seemed to him, they were even well into the swing of things.

"But it's great," he whispered to her. "Stay a while. You've made an awful hit."

"No," she said, "we'll go now."

She made her adieus and took the reluctant Hicks downstairs. They hurried into their wraps, secured their car and left.

Hicks searched his soul for something to say to her to express his tremendous appreciation of the impression she had made. He framed a dozen complimentary speeches, but each one seemed to him not to be extravagant enough. Finally, feeling he must say something, he began tenderly: "How queenly and young and wonderful you are to-night, my love. And what a change in your coloring. Why, you always were so beautifully white and now ——"

"*Cochon!*" she said sharply, and leaning back in the corner of the car she closed her eyes.

XXXVIII

HICKS did not know what the word *cochon* meant. He intended to look it up in the dictionary, but, as he would have phrased it himself, "other matters of greater moment" intervened, and the incident passed out of his mind. He took it for granted that it was a compliment, for how could his wife address anything but compliments to him, especially as he had been so prominent at the Jackson reception. By morning Hicks had convinced himself that it was he who was the sensation at the reception, not Mrs. Hicks.

The episode was a general topic of conversation in official circles next day, the ladies who were at the reception hastening to tell those who were not. The papers printed large pictures of Mrs. Hicks in her gown, a minute description of the costume, and a paragraph about this senatorial bride and her family, all of which had been sent in by Mrs. Hicks with polite notes to the society editors. While she was in New York Mrs. Hicks had put in a supply of note paper. She had a die of her personally invented crest, and she had used it on note paper before; but this time she went to the most expensive stationer on Fifth Avenue, ordered a complete outfit of writing materials, and had every sheet of the paper, the correspondence cards and the flaps of the envelopes embossed with her crest. She used this paper when corresponding with the society editors, writing in the third person and hoping to create an impression. It was seldom that a stranger in Washington society made such a sensation as Mrs. Hicks had made at the Jackson reception, and the society editors were glad to print her picture and all the facts they could get about her, confining the other details of the reception to a few lines.

Mrs. Hicks was greatly pleased with the newspaper representation of her first venture into society and resolved to press her advantage. The day following the reception the Cabinet ladies were receiving, and Mrs. Hicks early began her preparations for a descent on them. At four o'clock she appeared in the hotel lobby and took the big limousine she and Hicks had used the night before. She had arranged to have a great bunch of violets in the car, and created another sensation as she walked out to the carriage entrance. She wore a black velvet dress with a demi-train. Her hat was a Gainsborough with a sweeping plume. She wore her heirloom pearls, the long twisted rope round her neck and oddly shaped pendants in her ears. She carried a lorgnette, which she constantly used in true Parisian fashion. Her complexion had miraculously returned to its original pallor and her lips were crimson. Her hair was done in the style of the night before. She swept into each Cabinet home, ran the gamut of her French and Russian expressions, displayed all her wares, and then swept out again, leaving a flutter of agitated conversation behind her at each place. She intended to make another impression, and she made a series of them.

Hicks posed about the Senate chamber that afternoon and received the congratulations of those senators who had been at the Jackson reception. He was not at all interested in the proceedings in the Senate, inasmuch as he saw no way for projecting himself into the debate, not because of his ignorance of the subject under discussion, which would not have deterred him, but because he couldn't discover advertising for Hicks in it. So he left early and strolled back to his hotel.

Near the corner of Eleventh Street he met William G. Buffum, of Blossburg, Corliss County. Buffum was a farmer, a Democrat who had been impressed with Hicks' oratory about the people and had helped Hicks get delegates many times. He considered Hicks a sterling representative of the masses, and was somewhat abashed when he encountered that statesman elaborately attired in a frock coat, a high hat, and various other habiliments not quite suited, in Buffum's opinion, to a friend of the toiling masses.

"Howdy, senator," said Buffum in a rather abashed fashion.

"Why, Billy!" exclaimed Hicks, dropping into the vernacular. "Howdy! How is my old friend from Corliss? I am glad to see you, powerful glad to see you, Billy. You are a sight for sore eyes. How long have you been here?" And he took Buffum's right hand in both of his and shook it vigorously, holding to it while he made his speech of greeting.

"Only a few hours," Buffum replied.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. I should feel very badly if Billy Buffum came to Washington and didn't run in to see me the first thing. Where are you stopping?"

"Down at The Nation."

"Down at The Nation! Well, well, if that ain't just like Billy Buffum. No airs about him. Fine old hotel, The Nation; none of this newfangled stylishness about it. Fine, plain old hotel and good home cooking, just like we have back in dear old Corliss. I always eat there when I get a chance and sit round with the boys. None of these fashionable places for me. They smack too much of plutocracy. I'm glad to greet you, Billy. Run in and see me. Make yourself at home in my office. Let me know if I can do anything for you. Drop round and see the Missus too. She'll be mighty glad to shake your hand. Sorry I've got an engagement, Billy, but I shall expect to see a lot of you while you are here. Be sure now and come to visit me, or I shall feel very badly about it."

"All right, senator," promised Buffum, again convinced of the sincerity of Hicks as a friend of the people. "Where are you stopping?"

"Oh, run up to the Senate office building. Ask for Senator Hicks. They all know me, you know." And Hicks started away.

"But," said Buffum, "I'd like to pay my respects to Mrs. Hicks too. Where shall I find her?"

"Well," said Hicks, "the fact is, Billy, owing to some friends of Mrs. Hicks, who are stopping at the same place, we are at The Palace temporarily—only temporarily. Pretty soon, when she has paid her visits, you know how these women folks are, we'll be right back at The Nation or some other good, old-fashioned place where the boys like you and me are at home. Good-by. Come to see me."

Buffum watched Hicks as he swaggered up the avenue and resolved to look over the Palace Hotel before he left, in order to tell the boys back home just how their new senator was living down there in Washington.

Hicks had saved about fifty thousand dollars, most of which he had carefully invested in standard securities. He was naturally tight-fisted, almost to the point of meanness, but was always willing to spend money when he thought he could advance himself thereby. He had been thinking much about the campaign he must make for election to the Senate, for he knew there would be many candidates, and he resolved to mention the subject to Mrs. Hicks and arrange for a contribution from her fortune, which he still thought must be two or three hundred thousand dollars, a fallacy concerning which Mrs. Hicks had never disabused his mind. He felt that he could not protest just yet about her lavish expenditures, although he writhed when the bills came in, and he had worked earnestly, but without avail, on the manager of the Palace Hotel to get a reduction in his room rates. However, he was of the opinion, after thinking the matter over at length, that he could legitimately ask his wife for financial aid for his campaign, for it meant much to her to have him come back to Washington and more to have him stay there.

After dinner that night he approached the subject carefully. "My dear," he said, "I must now be thinking of my campaign for election. Of course I am the logical candidate and shall be elected, but there are certain things that must be done."

Mrs. Hicks yawned and suggested that he set about doing these things.

"Oh, yes," he continued. "As I have assured you there will be no difficulty in my election, not a particle; but, of course, others may try to contest the place with me. In fact, I feel quite sure that certain men in our state, unmindful of my many sacrifices for the party and regardless of my preeminent fitness for the place, will seek to wrest this honor from me. I shall be obliged to spend some money—legitimately, of course, but in certain necessary ways."

"I trust, Marmaduke," Mrs. Hicks said, "that you will not hesitate to make any proper expenditures to insure your return."

"Certainly not, my dear. Certainly not. I merely thought it the part of wisdom to enlighten you on these points. We are husband and wife, you know—partners, if I may use the word—and our interests are identical ——"

"Well?" she asked sharply, turning to Hicks and looking him straight in the eye. Hicks shrank back. He noticed a hard, a sort of frozen expression in her face he had never seen there before.

He hesitated.

"Well!" she said again, even more sharply than before.

"The fact is, my dear, as our interests are identical, I was thinking it might be agreeable to you to give me a check for, say, five thousand dollars, or some such trifling sum, in order to start us on an equal footing in this matter."

"What?" she demanded. "You want me to give you five thousand dollars to help pay your election expenses?"

"Exactly," smiled Hicks, rubbing his hands. "That seems a fair proposition to me and I should say, judging from my knowledge of these matters, that I shall not need more than ten or fifteen thousand dollars from you all told—a mere bagatelle."

"My dear Marmaduke," she said, and there were icicles now on each word she spoke, "I am amazed at your request. I see no reason why I should contribute to your election expenses from my personal fortune, and I shall not do it. I—shall—not—give—you—one—cent." She made an impressive pause between each word and Hicks froze in his chair.

"But, my dear, you astonish —— It's customary —— Our identical interests—you

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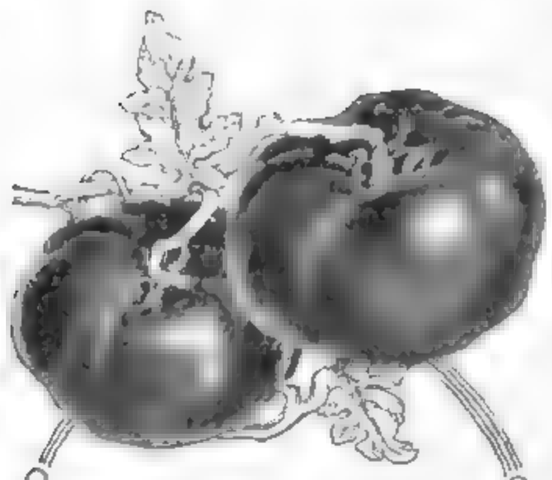

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are rich—I shall take you to the White House as the first lady of the land ——"

"It makes no difference," she replied calmly to his incoherencies. "The idea of your asking for money from me is preposterous!—preposterous!"

She walked into her bedroom and returned with a sheaf of bills in her hands. "While we are on this subject," she said, "here are the bills for my costumes and the other incidentals I bought in New York. Please pay them."

Hicks reached a shaky hand for the bills. "How much do they amount to?" he asked.

"Oh," she replied carelessly, "two thousand dollars, or some such insignificant sum."

"Two thousand dollars!" repeated Hicks in a husky voice. "Do you mean that you spent two thousand dollars when you went to New York, and want me to pay it?"

"Certainly. Why not? You are my husband, aren't you? That may not be all of them. At any rate they are yours to pay."

She yawned again, rather ostentatiously Hicks thought as he sat looking at her, noting her perfect indifference to his surprised distress.

"Good night, Marmaduke," she said. "I'm very tired and I shall retire."

She walked to her bedroom, entered and closed the door behind her. Hicks sat for a long time with the bills in his hands. He didn't try to total them. He didn't dare, for fear the shock would unnerve him still more. It was evident his wife did not intend to help him. It was further evident she intended to spend as much of his money as she cared to. He realized she was cleverer than he was. He tried to work himself into a frame of mind that would give him courage to go to her door, knock, demand admittance, and tell her this sort of thing must stop. He started once or twice, but stopped when he got half way across the room. He was afraid of her. So about midnight he went to his own room and went to bed. He was awake for hours thinking of the situation. The only thing clear to him was that he absolutely must be elected; and he fancied in time he could make his wife look at these matters reasonably.

He did not see Mrs. Hicks in the morning, as she continued her practice of taking her coffee in her room in order to have an opportunity to prepare herself for the day; so he ate his breakfast moodily and walked to the Capitol, turning things over in his mind. It would cost money to be elected; and he didn't want to spend any of his slow accumulations. He considered ways for making money in Washington. Constantly there kept recurring to his mind stories he had heard of the large sums of money some senators and representatives earned by their connections with the special interests.

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HICKS paid the bills Mrs. Hicks presented to him. The total was a little more than twenty-one hundred dollars. Every check he signed cost him an acute pang, and his agony was not lessened by the incidental bills his wife contracted in Washington. As he signed the checks that were to recompense the New York modistes, milliners, bootmakers, perfumers, and the like, he thought more and more of the advantageous position a senator finds himself in when he has unlimited means to draw upon. So far, however, during his Washington experience nobody had offered him money for anything. Everybody, indeed, seemed to be in a conspiracy to take money away from him.

He had been enough on the inside in his early days in Washington to know that money was to be secured by legislators, provided legislators knew how to secure it; but he was not familiar with the details of the methods used. He thought over several plans, but discarded them all, for each one was predicated on a demand by him, and that would be fatal to his career. The proffer must come from the other side. This was not a new idea to Hicks, for he had hoped there might be an intimation from some quarter after his first speech, tending to show him that the special interests feared him and would make it worth his while to keep quiet. He hoped this, but in his heart he knew no such proffer would come, for he was as well aware of the charlatan character of that speech as any other person wise in politics. He had made it for home consumption.

One day, while talking to Senator Lusby, a Democrat who had been in public life for many years and was rich because of his political endeavors, Hicks worked the conversation round to money.

"By the way, senator," he said, "I suppose many of the senators supplement their incomes by receiving money from the special interests and by iniquitous participation in the gambling that goes on in Wall Street."

"Oh, I don't know," Lusby replied, looking at Hicks narrowly. "I have heard of such things, of course, but I have very little knowledge of the subject."

"It must be true," persisted Hicks. "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. Merely as a matter of curiosity, tell me, senator, how does a member of this body go about securing one of these criminal alliances with the plutocrats? What is the procedure?"

"Why, Hicks," Lusby said, "never having made any such alliances I do not know, and I am not in the confidence of those who do make them. It must be easy enough though."

"You alarm and astonish me, senator," continued Hicks, "when you say such reprehensible practices are both common and easy of arrangement. Just how, for example, would a senator ally himself with a special interest in order that the alliance might work to his own profit?"

Lusby lighted a cigar and took a turn about the room.

"I should say," he answered finally, "that if a senator, a new senator like yourself, for example"—and he looked straight at Hicks, who shifted uneasily in his chair—"wanted to do that sort of thing it would be simple enough. All you'd have to do, Hicks, would be to advertise you are in the market and somebody would make a bid."

"You misunderstand me, senator," protested Hicks. "I, of course, am merely seeking for information for use in my great fight to drive the vested interests out of power, and with no thought of participation in such practices. Advertise, you say? In what manner?"

"Oh, hell!" snorted the disgusted Lusby. "One good way would be for you to wear a placard announcing that you are for sale, and stand out in Statuary Hall."

"My dear senator ——" began Hicks.

"Excuse me," interrupted Lusby, "I must go to a committee meeting. I may say to you, though, that before you can sell anything you must invariably have something to sell."

Hicks thought that over. He didn't have anything to sell but his oratory, and there was no market for that. However, he concluded he might as well try again, and he announced and delivered another speech, in which he went to even greater lengths in his attacks on plutocracy and in his fervor for the welfare of the people. This speech attracted little attention. Most of the senators left the chamber while Hicks was talking, and he received scant newspaper mention, and what there was was all ridicule. Men like Hicks are too common in Washington to repeat for newspaper purposes. They are biggest when they first come.

He was concerned about his reëlection. Advices from home had informed him that there would be several candidates for the place. He tried again to make Mrs. Hicks listen to reason. She was pursuing her social duties and making new ones without regard to him, and utterly refused to part with a cent.

He saw he must spend his own money and immediately began an elaborate campaign. He subscribed for all the leading papers in his state, and hired some extra clerks. The business of one of them was to read the newspapers carefully and clip out all items that might by any possibility give Hicks a chance for a congratulatory letter or a letter of sympathy or condolence or any other kind of letter.

He prepared seven form letters, which were numbered. These letters were about five hundred words in length, and detailed the unselfish efforts Hicks was making here, at the very citadel of corruption and political crime, to help remedy the abuses heaped on the people and drive their oppressors from power.

Every morning he took his little bunch of clippings, called a stenographer and set to work. He would dictate a first paragraph something like this:

"*My dear Mr. Jones:* I learn with infinite regret of the death of your lovely daughter in the full flower of her youth. My heart goes out to you in this your hour of bereavement. Of course I know that no mere words of mine can heal the wound, but so far as words can express it I offer you my sincere sympathy, taking a few moments from my labors to send you this heartfelt note."

"Got that?" Hicks would say. "All right, then begin the next paragraph like this: 'You have no idea how the forces of evil encompass me.' Got that? Well, then, add number six; that will fit in there."

And the stenographer would write the first paragraphs and join form number six, and Hicks would sign, "Faithfully, T. Marmaduke Hicks, United States Senator," and frank the letter to the bereaved parent. He saw to it that all letters appeared to be individual letters, and he sent them out by the score, spreading his congratulations, his condolences, his everything else he could work into an excuse for a letter over all the state, combined in each instance with the kind words for himself provided in the form letters.

He had McGinnis and his other labor friends busy getting "unsolicited" indorsements for him from labor organizations; started farmer friends out to round up granges and other organizations of farmers; had his pastor employed in securing "unsolicited" church and church-organization recommendations for him; enlisted old ladies of Rextown to secure the approval of the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the American Revolution and the rest; literally buried the leading members of the G. A. R. with documents and seeds in the hope of getting the old soldiers' support; made several prohibition speeches in churches in Washington, and had a pamphlet printed containing them, which he sent to all prohibition leaders and workers; joined the anti-saloon league; indorsed woman suffrage in a ringing pronunciamento, and had that circulated also; and embarked on a crusade to drive the saloons out of Washington, the Nation's capital, which he said should be a model city.

He sidestepped a similar movement in Rextown when his support was asked, saying the conditions were dissimilar, as Rextown had a large working population which thought differently on this matter, so that it deserved and must receive mature consideration from him. He said he wanted to be on the ground when that movement was carried on, and advised delay for a time until he could study the situation. But he was firm in his determination to make Washington a model city, for he needed no votes there.

He broke into the newspapers whenever he could, was insensible to rebuffs when the frequent articles about himself he sent to the correspondents were returned to him or not used, and kept himself constantly occupied with the one object of securing election.

Congress was due to adjourn in midsummer. Hicks made several more speeches, all of the same tenor, flooded his state newspapers with extracts therefrom, and increased the number of his clerks until he had half a dozen working on his advertising propaganda. He early learned the efficiency of the congressional frank, and included much useful material for self-exploitation in his speeches and placed more "by request" in the Congressional Record. This stuff he franked out to many voters in the state as "Part of the Congressional Record," for he had secured city and county directories from various sections and used the names in them. His money was melting rapidly, but Mrs. Hicks remained obdurate. Also she continued to be most expensive. Her gowns were the subject of newspaper description furnished by herself. She went to New York again and spent another five hundred dollars, which Hicks had to pay. He tried to argue with her, but she would not discuss the matter. She gave him the bills as they came in, told him to pay them and let it go at that.

They lived along together pleasantly, but had little in common. Mrs. Hicks was active in such society as she could push into, and displayed herself in the hotel nightly, always decorous, but always striking in appearance. Hicks admired her, and clung to the thought that after he was elected he and she would have an understanding. She was still a wonderful woman to him, and her new costumes and her new activities infatuated him even more as time passed. He went with her whenever she would allow him to and appropriated for himself as much of her admiration as he could. She was much interested in his campaign for election and urged him to greater efforts. It was imperative, she said, reminding him he had promised her, when he had proposed to her, not only to remain indefinitely in the Senate, but to achieve the Presidency, and she held him to his word.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE CUSTARD NINE

(Concluded from Page 15

Virgil considered; he would turn over these tickets at two dollars each, thus economizing to the extent of forty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents.

"Mister Billy wouldn't fool wid twenty-five tickets. Whyn't you buy a dollar's wuth, same as Criddle do an' Perkins do?"

"What do you mean?" Virgil pricked up his ears.

Rabbit was talking out of school; but a new baseball seduced the printer's devil into betraying professional secrets to the Angel.

"De Coffin Club had three hundred tickets printed to start off wid. Den Criddle got a hundred jes' like 'em. Nex' mornin' Perkins slips down an' buys hisse'f a hundred."

"Dey never told me nothin' 'bout it."

Nonchalantly the Rabbit chalked his cue.

"Cose not; hongry rooster never cackles when he scratches up a worm! You kin git yourn to-morrer."

"To-morrer won't do; I needs mine punctual." A shiny half dollar induced Rabbit to mediate with the foreman of the printing office. "Fifty'll do me," Virgil said

The rest was mere routine. As a personal tribute, Rabbit ran the tickets through another press and got them fairly dry with blotting paper.

Once more the Popeyed Parson strolled airily along Washington Street, with fifty legal-tender tickets in his pocket and contentment in his heart. Whistling and swinging his cane, he swaggered into the Club. Reverend Criddle had just climbed the hill from the Valley Railroad; he sat puffing in his big armchair, with his fingers interlaced across a whitewashed acreage of vest. His eyes followed the younger negro as Virgil flung twenty-five tickets on the desk in front of Perkins.

"I hopes dat'll easy yo' min'."

Perkins, being a suspicious treasurer, tried their sticky freshness with his fingers, shifted in his chair and glanced a time or two at Virgil. Composedly the Grand Custodian met his gaze, for the Grand Treasurer could not afford to open a discussion. It was Criddle who opened:

"Virgil, you kin kiver yo' fire, but yo' smoke is boun' to show up."

This drew a shot from Perkins:

"Criddle, we forgot to write our names on the back of all tickets."

"Sho did!" Criddle pulled out an indelible pencil and proceeded to rectify the mistake, which troubled Virgil.

"Hold on, Rev'ren'; how 'bout dem tickets what is done already sold?"

"Dat's so!" Criddle put up his pencil. The incident was closed.

The True Hope Lodge of Race Pride, of Friendship, Help and Burial—alias Coffin Club—was giving this excursion to Greenville, where the Grand Lodge was to meet on the Fourth of July. Criddle needed to carry a sufficient number of shouters to assure his reëlection. Certain unpaid death claims gave him some uneasiness.

"Nobody kin tell when a bunch o' niggers is gwine to hop up on deir hind legs an' bust sumpin."

Every ticket had passed into the hands of members and profanes; the excursion must be pulled off without a bobble.

The July morn had come. Virgil Custard was not broke, but his nerves were somewhat frazzled. The dread of Big Bull lay behind; every baseball player had become his noisy partisan. Grinning Luella paraded the streets with her striped parasol, and the Popeyed Parson had arrayed himself in pants of equal stripes. With thirty-one round, hard dollars in his jeans, the present seemed fair; but a cloud—of the blackness of Reverend Criddle—loomed ominous on his excursion-day horizon. Criddle would collect those fifty private tickets—and Criddle would demand to know "How come?"

Virgil Custard never waited for Luella. An hour before traintime he showed up at the station. He walked through the train; counting the seats; two coaches would carry fifty each, and two, sixty. Virgil thanked Providence for the one long coach that seated seventy-eight. According to simple arithmetic, forty-eight out of Virgil's fifty private passengers would not get a chance to sit down. It made him fidgety to see how many negroes had preëmpted their seats.

"Is you-all folks got tickets?" They had and exhibited them. "Den set close. Here, boy—you can't take up a whole bench by yo'se'f!"

Virgil went out and stood uneasily at the foot of the concrete sidewalk that sloped down from Washington Street like a toboggan slide. Every negro who ventured near it seemed to slide down toward that train—negroes with fans and linen dusters; negroes with babies and lunch boxes; profanes, members and sporadic volunteers. Every one had a ticket and each ticket called for a seat. Virgil mopped his brow.

"Dey jes' got to squeeze in somewhar! Dat Luella gal better come on or she'll hafter stand up."

Criddle and Perkins appeared separately and skirmished apart. When one was at the north end of the train the other would be at the south. They were both selling tickets, which induced Virgil to ponder. He kept an eye on these proceedings and got a mighty strong hunch. This excursion was breeding worriment and Virgil began to scramble out from under his responsibility.

"Jes' look at de niggers, Uncle Lem! Criddle sho is havin' a big crowd."

"Huh!" This surprised the old man. "I 'lowed dis was yo' excussion."

"No, suh; 'tain't none o' mine." Virgil moved on and spread further disclaimers.

At fifteen minutes before the time for departure every coach was packed, two and three sitters to the seat. They jammed the aisles—nobody could reach the free ice water; they crowded the platforms and clung to the steps.

"Lordee!" Virgil moaned. "Can't nary nuther one git on—an' de baseball team ain't come yit!"

A burst of music from Washington Street gave Virgil the blind staggers; a brass band turned the corner. Behind the bass drum, down the middle of the street, marched Big Bull, with a bat in his hand and the happy sponsor at his side. Luella flaunted her smiles and waved her striped parasol. Virgil would not have spoken harshly to Bull or scolded Luella for itching to march behind the band. Virgil was not studying about Luella.

A fresher, blacker, hotter torrent of negroes began pouring down the hill and torrents of sweat poured down Virgil Custard's face. He squirmed through the crowd and gasped to Criddle:

"Rev'ren', you better quit sellin' tickets! Sumpin will sholy take place befo' dis train pulls out."

With a blare and a blimblam the band semicircled round Luella Dorkins and the baseball team. All of them wore new white suits. Bull's red stockings were stuffed full of nigger legs—though they looked as though they might be hams. The music held his savage breast entranced until a player pointed to the coaches.

"Bull, de Custards ain't gwine to git no seat!"

Virgil saw trouble coming—and Virgil going. He was backing out of the crowd when Bull grabbed him.

"Virgil, dis baseball team can't stand up all de way to Greenville an' den play ball!"

"Dis ain't none o' my excussion."

"You's givin' it an' we looks to you. Make some o' dem niggers git out an' let us set down."

The Custards' captain dragged their Angel and beckoned his men toward the train. Even the steps were packed in tiers. Bull snatched the hindmost negro by a leg.

"Here, nigger; git off dem steps!" Somebody else caught Bull's arm; he turned, roaring: "Lemme go! Lemme go!"

It was a policeman, who laughed:

"None o' that, Bull!"

"Mr. Mike, we's 'bleeged to git on. Dem Greenville niggers mought say we's skeered to play 'em."

The railroad superintendent walked slowly along the train, looking in and shaking his head. He called Perkins and Criddle aside.

"That train can't pull out. We'll be scattering niggers from here to Rolling Fork."

Virgil nudged Big Bull.

"Hear dat? Mr. Ramsey know who's runnin' dis excussion. Make Criddle git you-all a seat!"

Big Bull nodded and listened to the railroad ultimatum:

"Couple on more coaches or take off some niggers!"

"How much do extry coaches cost?"

"Twenty-five dollars, cash. You need three more. Talk quick; this train's blocking the track."

Mr. Ramsey turned away and Bull confronted Criddle. Fourteen baseball players backed him up.

"Criddle, you got to git on mo' coaches! I loves to ride settin' down."

Bull's muscles twitched and the bat got nervous. Criddle sweated ink. He gave one glance at the bat and decided:

"Hitch 'em on right away!"

Criddle and Perkins loosened up with the cash.

"Here 'tis, Mr. Ramsey!"

The superintendent waved his hand; a switch engine puffed up with three empty coaches.

"Ball players fust!" Big Bull seated his men and their sponsor. "Now den, let 'er go!"

The Angel of the Custard Nine had reconnoitered developments from the baggage room and held back until the last. If anybody stood up he could do it himself. Besides, he wanted to see where Criddle and Perkins began collecting tickets. Criddle got on between the first and second coaches, Perkins between the third and fourth; so Virgil caught the sixth, which gave him three coaches at the rear.

"Here, Bull; come an' he'p git dese tickets." Bull was a distinct advantage in speed and permitted no back talk from passengers. "Hand out yo' tickets—quick!"

They did so. Virgil gathered blue pasteboards with both hands and held some in his mouth. He did not count 'em—he did not know how many there were; he did not care. He only knew that he destroyed exactly fifty, scattering their fragments from a window. This put him on the square.

"Now den, all de res' of it lies 'twixt Criddle an' Perkins."

Virgil was slim and wriggled easily through the crowd. Pushing forward, he met Perkins.

"All tickets back here done tuk up."

Perkins became ashy.

"Who authorized you to do that?"

"I jes' done so to he'p out."

"How many you got?"

"I dunno; here dey is"

Perkins snatched the bundle, which contained nothing to incriminate the Grand Custodian. Then Virgil followed Perkins to the baggage car, where they met Criddle.

"How many tickets is you c'lected?" Criddle's voice had an uncertain ring.

Perkins evaded.

"Haven't counted 'em."

Together they began counting out the tickets on a trunk, each watching the other more cautiously as the number approached three hundred.

"Two hundred and eighty-six." Criddle fished out three more. Perkins produced five. "Two hundred and ninety-four."

Tickets appeared warily, one by one, until the exact number lay piled before them. They both leaned back and smiled.

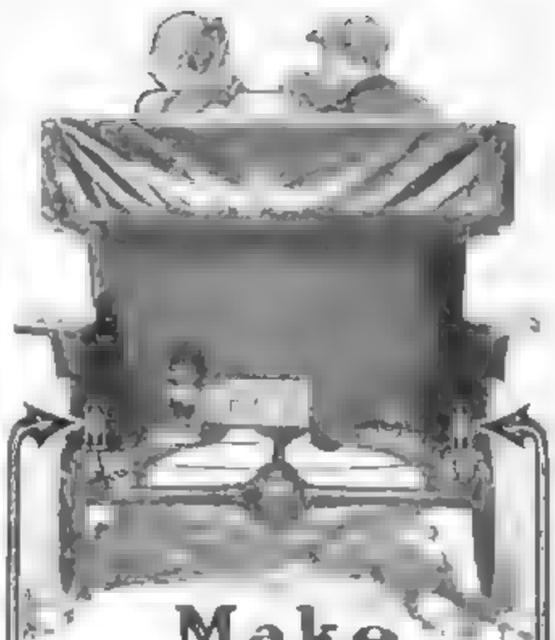
"Dat's de way to check up a train!"

The Grand Organizer moved near the side door. Virgil saw him fumble in his coattail pocket; and bits of torn blue paper went fluttering out, which was none of Virgil's affair. Very amiably Virgil remarked:

"I reckon it is jes' about de best excussion what ever pulled out o' Vicksburg. Eve'ything so nice an' pleasant."

The Grand Custodian had a legal right to ramble back to Luella and the Captain of the Custard Nine. With beautiful abandon he disposed himself on the arm of Luella Dorkin's seat. Big Bull laughed. "Virgil, you promised eve'ybody a seat on yo' excussion an' ain't got none fer yo' ownse'f."

"I ain't earin' 'bout no seat—jes' so de baseball team sets down."



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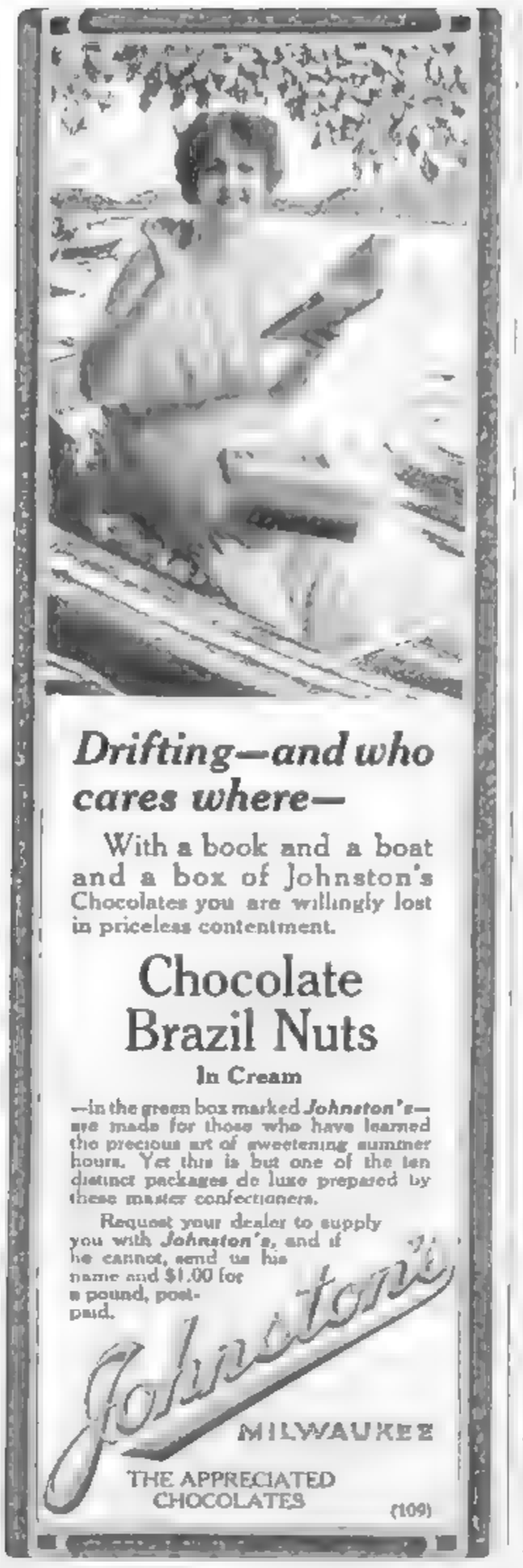
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THE FIRE AND THE FIRE ALARM

(Continued from Page 7)

man and always on high gear. Foraker never bothers with small-arm practice. He always fires big-caliber guns. When he waves the flag he waves the biggest flag in creation not a tiny bit of bunting. When he wraps himself in the Star-Spangled Banner he uses a real banner, and does not put a little flag in his buttonhole and do it figuratively.

His courage is admirable. He is a fighter, albeit there were years in his later service of his country when he seemed at times to be a Still Alarm instead of a General Alarm. One of his pet antipathies is Roosevelt, and in that regard he has nothing on the Colonel. It can be said, without breaking any confidences, that Roosevelt does not like Foraker any more than Foraker likes him. So far as personally hating each other goes it is an even break. And Foraker is one of the few men in public life who have gone into the ring with Roosevelt. Most of them hate him, but are discreet about it.

As this is written Foraker is campaigning up and down and across Ohio. He is in good condition despite his age, and has much of the old fire. He relies on various elements of strength that have formerly been loyal to him and that are universally accredited to him. He is a protectionist and appeals to the protection element. His fight for the negro soldiers in the Brownsville affair, when he bitterly opposed President Roosevelt, has solidified the negro vote for him; and the negro vote is a factor in Ohio politics. He is an old soldier and the old soldiers are for him. And he may benefit by the religious fight against Hogan.

He is out on the stump every day. As one observer puts it: "Foraker is always doing something with a shirt. If it is a bloody shirt he is waving it. If it is a tariff shirt he is tearing it. He is the greatest shirt orator of modern times!" Naturally those Standard Oil letters have a bearing on the fight. He must explain them and the presence of his name in them every time he makes a speech; and this puts him on the defensive, where he is not so happy as he is when on the offensive—nor so effective.

However, he is dingdonging across and back, urging the voters to return to the Grand Old Party—to come back and be forgiven; attacking the Progressives; upholding protection; casting aside the things that Roosevelt proclaims as his principles; swatting Roosevelt every time he gets a chance; speaking a few kind words for Old Glory; and not forgetting to call attention to the fight he made in the Senate for Mingo Sanders and his dusky associate warriors in the Brownsville affair.

Harding's Part in the Fight

He is not only the fire alarm but he is the fire. Every time he gets on a stage or stump and begins to do some incinerating he rings in an alarm that gives the Progressives a chance to hurry along and try to put out the flames. Or, if he attempts to stop a fire that others build under him some opponent pours a little Standard Oil on it, and it blazes with greater fury; but that does not faze him. There never is a minute when he is not either starting a fire or trying to extinguish one. It is too early to say what the result of his fight will be. If he stays in it he is likely to get a good many votes.

If he stays in! There is where Harding enters the calculations. Harding has been known as one of the staunch Foraker men of the state. He is the editor of a newspaper and has been in politics for many years. He was once elected lieutenant-governor, but had the ill luck to run for governor against Harmon when Harmon was at his strongest in the state, and was badly beaten. Harding is an orator of good parts. He made the speech nominating Mr. Taft for President in the convention at Chicago in 1912. In the old days of the Foraker-Hanna fights Harding was always of the Foraker party, and he usually brought in Foraker delegates from Northwestern Ohio to the State Convention.

Just what he is doing in this campaign none of the experienced Ohio Republicans profess to know. They say he and Foraker had a long conference before Harding announced himself, and it may mean that Harding is out to take some of the vote away from Cole, or to keep some of the Republican strength that might, with Foraker as a candidate, go to the Progressives—Republicans who will not vote for Foraker—that is, a good many Republicans might stand by their party and vote for Harding who would not vote for Foraker, and who might vote for Cole or go to Garford. However that may be, he is in the fight and is campaigning; and there is no person in Ohio who can make a better or a more effective political speech.

The other Republican candidate is Ralph D. Cole, a former member of the National House of Representatives. This man Cole is something of a fighter himself. He served several terms in the Ohio legislature and never won an election without a battle that left a profusion of wounds. He broke into Congress in exactly the same manner. One of his conventions ran for days and nights until all records for ballots were broken before he secured the necessary majority of the votes.

Cole is a protectionist. When they were jamming the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill through the House of Representatives, Cole was the great defender of Schedule K. He was of tremendous aid to the Aldrich-Cannon machine in that tariff revision which afterward revised the Republican majority in the House to such a large extent; and when the Underwood Bill was on the ways Cole protested for hours against the indignities that were being heaped on the sainted Schedule K in that measure. He is a forceful debater and is well known throughout the state.

The Graft-Hunter's Reward

The Progressives have not scattered their strength. Their leaders decided on one man for the contest, and that man is Arthur L. Garford, of Elyria. Garford was the Progressive candidate for governor two years ago. He is a rich manufacturer who began making bicycle saddles years ago, developed into an automobile manufacturer, and then sold out to his great resultant profit and to the considerable acceleration of the finances of the Progressive party. He is a strong Roosevelt man and was picked for this race by Walter Brown, who is the boss of the unbossed Progressives in that state.

Garford is not so much of an orator as some of his competitors; but there are plenty of Progressive orators, and he has many elements of strength, including his strong adherence to the principles of the Progressives, his unfaltering loyalty to Roosevelt, his opposition to the old-line Republicanism and what that means, and his willingness to contribute to campaign funds. The Progressives think that if it comes to grips between Garford and Foraker in the finals, Garford will show great strength. Of course there is no doubt of Garford's nomination in the primaries, as he is the only candidate.

The Democrats seemed to think their chance was excellent, for five of them started via the petition route. One of these—Charles L. Swain, of Cincinnati—who was conducting a quiet, inoffensive campaign for himself, retired, and that left four who are willing and anxious to answer the call of the people. These four are Timothy S. Hogan, who is the present attorney-general of the state; John H. Clarke, of Cleveland; John L. Zimmerman, of Springfield; and John J. Lentz, of Columbus. It may be that Clarke will retire, as he desires an appointment as Federal judge in the Cleveland district; but as this was written the appointment had not been made and Clarke was still in the race.

Hogan was a country lawyer when he was first nominated for the attorney-generalship; and he was defeated. Next time he ran with Harmon heading the ticket, and was elected by a small majority. He was nominated a third time and ran ahead of his ticket, being returned by a larger majority than that received by Governor Cox. Hogan has a lot of strength. He has been quite successful as a graft discourager. As a result of his investigations and prosecutions a number of Ohio statesmen have served terms and are still serving them in the penitentiary.

Hogan played no favorites in his graft hunting. He took a club and went after the state legislature; and when he had chased the grafters out into the open he had both Democrats and Republicans wondering what he intended to do to them. Hogan had no other intention than to put as many of them in jail as he could, and that was what he did. This success as a graft prosecutor made him a logical candidate for something better than the attorney-generalship—which is an invariable political aftermath to graft hunting—and as the handiest thing in sight, next to the governorship, was the senatorship, Hogan went after that, aided in his search by the Cox organization, which had no hankering to have Hogan in competition with Cox for the gubernatorial nomination.

If you cannot start a political argument in Ohio in any other way you always can start one by making the assertion that John H. Clarke either is or is not the friend of the people. Conversely you can get a fight over the proposition that Clarke is the tool of the corporations. The reason for this is that for twenty years Clarke was the attorney for the Nickel-Plate Railroad, and the further fact that he was Tom Johnson's candidate for senator in 1903—Johnson being not only the friend of the people but the people's friend. Clarke is a Jacksonian, old-line Democrat, and looks it.

In 1894 he advocated the direct election of United States senators by the people, which showed him to be far in advance of his times. He bolted Bryan in 1896 and made a speech for McKinley; and, contrariwise, he has been most progressive in many of his political ideas, especially since he left the employ of the Nickel-Plate Railroad. He was a Harmon delegate at the Baltimore Convention and still remained progressive; and he is running for senator on a platform that comprehends the entire Democratic party as now constituted.

John J. Lentz, the third candidate, recently challenged the other Democratic aspirants to a joint debate with him. They all refused by the simple and political expedient of ignoring the challenge. Whereupon Mr. Lentz announces that he will have the debates just the same. At each debate he will consider an opponent as constructively present. Then, as his plan was explained to me, he will make a presentment of the contentions of that candidate, as he understands them, speaking fully and in a nonprejudiced manner. After that he will close the debate by demolishing what the opposing candidate said through him.

In this way Mr. Lentz expects to show not only that the others do not dare to meet him in full and free debate but that, even if they did meet him—and he can state their sides as well as they can—they will not have a leg left to stand on after he gets through with his refutation of their puerile claims on the suffrages of the people.

Lentz as a Long-Distance Talker

If Lentz gets to the Senate the total output of talk in that talkative body will be increased by at least twenty-seven per cent. Lentz is the champion long-distance talker of Ohio, of the Middle West, of the Mississippi Valley and of the entire universe. He has oratorically strangled every corporation that has reared its infamous head in this country for the past twenty years. When he was in Congress he increased the size of the Congressional Record many pages each day.

As an instance of Lentz' preëminent abilities as a talker without adequate terminal facilities, let me cite this instance: He went to a small town near Columbus to introduce Allen G. Thurman, who was to speak at a meeting there.

Thurman and Lentz drove out in a buggy. Lentz called the meeting to order and began his introductory remarks. Soon he was so immersed in his subject that he forgot the purpose of the meeting. He talked and talked and talked, until Thurman, seeing no ray of hope for himself, angrily left the meeting, went to the stable, got the horse and drove back to Columbus—twelve miles away.

After Thurman had been in Columbus half an hour he rather regretted his act and called up the general store in the village by telephone, thinking to explain to Lentz.

"This is Thurman," he said—"Allen Thurman. I want to talk to Mr. Lentz. Is he there yet?"

"Oh, yes," the man at the other end of the line replied; "he's here yit; but I can't get him to the phone. Near's I kin figger it, he ain't half finished with his speech!"

And on another occasion, when Lentz spoke at a meeting in Columbus, the Ohio State Journal reported the meeting thus: "John J. Lentz addressed a political meeting in the Tenth Ward last night and this morning!" He is doing that same thing in his campaign for the senatorial nomination.

The remaining candidate is John L. Zimmerman, who is a lawyer, lives at Springfield, and is always "among those mentioned" when a state-ticket slate is being made up by the political reporters. Once Zimmerman was really nominated for governor. He was defeated. He is not much of an orator and is proceeding cautiously in the hope that something may happen that will help him.

Each candidate maintains a little organization of his own. The state election machinery takes no part in the anteprimary campaigns, nor do the regular state political organizations, except in an indirect way.

Inasmuch as each candidate—not only for senator but for every other office, down to constable, voted on at a general election—must have a petition urging him to run, said petition to be signed by at least two per cent of the total vote of his party at the last election, petition shoving has been a lively industry in Ohio and the people have become fountain-pen shy.

In addition to the senatorial fight there is a lively fight for the nomination for governor, except among the Progressives. That party has proposed but one candidate, who is James R. Garfield, a former member of President Roosevelt's cabinet. The Republican candidates are Frank B. Willis, of Ada, who is now a member of Congress and had it in mind to be a candidate for the senatorship; and David Tod—with one d—who is the grandson of a former governor of the state.

Governor Cox is opposed for the Democratic nomination by John J. Whitacre, a member of Congress from the Canton District, once represented by McKinley. There was considerable opposition to Cox some months ago but it is said he is growing stronger, and his friends claim he will be nominated easily. Whitacre is the statesman who told a great truth about members of Congress a time ago when he said he had discovered they are mostly messenger boys and rubber stamps—or words to that broad and discriminating effect.

Desiring to eliminate himself from such surroundings, he decided to become a candidate for governor; and all he has to do to gratify his ambitions is to defeat Cox, the present incumbent, at the primaries.

And they are all at it, from senatorial candidates to candidates for the minor offices. Ohio is already a dingdong of politics and will be until August eleventh. The whole lot of them are out, day and night, urging support at the primaries—explaining, exhorting, entreating, emphasizing, and exposing the tenuous claims of their competitors for the honors the freemen of Ohio have within their gift.

After the primaries they will begin all over again. Talk about off years in politics in Ohio! There are no off years—not even any off days!

THE FOREHANDED MAN

By Will Payne

BONDS have gone up, but probably will go up more. Begin at the top of the list and take the first half dozen gilt-edge railroad four-per-cents you come to. You will see that the average advance from the opening of the year to this writing is nearly three points; but in comparison with the average price of the last five years the bonds are still cheap.

The advance in bonds is due, of course, to easier money, which, in turn, is due to a slower pace in business generally. So long as business remains in its present only-so-so state, money will accumulate. The beginning of military operations in Mexico stiffened interest rates half of one per cent.

Just before that event time money on collateral was going in New York at two and a half per cent for ninety days, two and three-quarters per cent for four months, and three per cent for six months; but at the corresponding period last year no time money on collateral was to be had under four and a half per cent, and the discount rate for the best commercial paper was from five and a half to six per cent against from three and three-quarters to four per cent at this writing.

The open market discount rate in London at present is two and one-eighth per cent; in Paris, two and a quarter per cent; in Berlin, two and three-eighths per cent. A year ago the London discount rate was three and a half per cent, and at the end of March it had been up to four and three-quarters.

Official rates are three per cent in London, three and a half in Paris and four in Berlin, which compare with five in London, four in Paris and six in Berlin a year ago. The cause is the same everywhere, easier money resulting from slower business.

The Increase of Utility Bonds

It is true that the known demands on the investment market in the next two years reach an immense total. Railroad bonds and notes in the United States maturing during the current year come to three hundred and ninety million dollars. Some of them have already been refunded, but money for the remainder must be provided before the end of the year. In addition to the railroad needs, funded obligations of large public-utility and industrial concerns, which fall due in 1914, come to a hundred and seventy millions. This is without regard to any requirements for new capital for extensions, and so on. Several governments must borrow large sums.

In view of known impending borrowings some able foreign experts hold that money has already worked fully as low as it can be expected to go this year; but in regard to money the general business situation decidedly outweighs all other factors. If business is not expanding money will accumulate, and if money remains easy no doubt bonds will go somewhat higher. At any rate, they are still fairly cheap.

Not many years ago, when a man talked of bonds he usually meant railroad and municipal issues, and of course railroad bonds are still far and away the most important item in the market; but within two or three years railroad bonds have been comparatively slighted. The Comptroller of the Currency, for example, reports the different classes of bonds held by all the banks in the United States, whether national, state, savings or reporting private banks. His latest report shows that the holdings of railroad bonds by all the banks decreased about one hundred million dollars in 1913 as compared with 1912, and at the same time the bank holdings of other public-service bonds increased over one hundred millions.

Other items among the banks' security holdings remained practically unchanged; but there was a shift, involving more than a hundred million dollars, from railroad to other public-utility bonds—that is, to street-railroad, gas, electric, and like issues.

Probably one need not seek far to find a reason for this shift. Practically no government bonds are available for investment in the United States. The amount outstanding is a billion dollars, but national banks hold over eight hundred and fifty millions of them, or more than eighty-five per cent, using them as security for circulation and for government deposits. By putting them to this special use the banks can afford to buy government bonds on an interest basis that would be out of the question for an individual investor.

The last census report—for 1902—shows less than two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of state bonds outstanding, and, though the amount is somewhat larger now, state bonds are still a negligible factor in the market. There remain municipal bonds, of which, according to a census report for 1909, two billion dollars were outstanding, but two billion does not go far toward meeting the investment demand here.

Next in order came railroad bonds, by far the greater part of which were undoubtedly sound and for which there was always a big open market. So, after absorbing the comparatively small amount of municipals, the high-class investment demand necessarily flowed into railroads; in fact roads in tiptop credit condition were able to market bonds on terms that compared very favorably with the best municipals.

In looking to future financial needs fifteen years ago or so, many well-known roads—such as the Baltimore and Ohio, Alton, Burlington, St. Paul, Northwestern, Illinois Central, New York Central, and Pennsylvania—issued bonds bearing three and a half per cent interest, no doubt expecting them to sell at par or better through a generation.

More recently, however, and in good part because of the development of electrical science, the railroads have had very brisk competition in the investment markets. From 1902 to 1912 the mileage of electric railroads nearly doubled. Gross income rose from two hundred and fifty million dollars to five hundred and eighty-five millions; net income increased a hundred and forty-five millions—equal to five per cent on nearly three billion dollars.

At the same time the income of electric light and power stations rose from eighty-five million dollars to over three hundred millions. Evidently the development of that one field of electric transportation, light and power absorbed hundreds of millions of capital.

Also, in the latter part of the decade this newer field became, by rapid stages, better organized and more standardized. Strong houses went into it and a remarkably energetic campaign to attract capital was carried on. At the same time, because of increased living expense, investors were persistently demanding the higher interest rate the newer field offered.

No doubt this accounts for the fact that the banks decreased their holdings of railroad bonds by a hundred millions and increased their holdings of other utility bonds by a like amount.

Probably there was no other reason besides that; yet it is a rather startling fact that within a year some little suspicion has fallen on railroad securities as a whole—for the first time in a generation at least.

In a word, the attitude of the Government toward railroads is dubious. Interstate Commerce Commission reports show that the net operating income of the roads in 1910 was eight hundred and twenty-six million dollars; in 1911, seven hundred and sixty-eight millions; in 1912, seven hundred and fifty-six millions—the figures being for the fiscal years ending June thirtieth.

The Financial Chronicle gives net earnings for calendar years as eight hundred and ninety-five millions in 1909; nine hundred and four millions in 1910; nine hundred and seven million in 1913—that is, hardly any higher than three years ago, though the capital investment has largely increased.

Investors Needlessly Alarmed

Undoubtedly a vigorous campaign for government ownership has begun, and it has many supporters. At present it aims more particularly at the telephones and telegraph; but it is tolerably certain that if the Government should go that far it would go another step and take over the railroads. I have no doubt the physical property of the railroads, as a whole, is worth their capitalization; but how fairly all security holders might be treated if government ownership should be pressed to the fore is another question.

Taking it by and large, political morality is a decidedly cheap and inferior article. For example, we have recently heard it calmly proposed that the Government should buy a few roads occupying strong strategic positions; then cut freight and passenger rates on those roads to a point that would impoverish competing lines; then buy the impoverished lines at bargain-counter prices.

For such reasons certain cautious persons undoubtedly look somewhat askance at railroad securities; and a good many deeply pessimistic utterances by prominent railroad men have naturally had the effect of increasing this dubiety on the part of unusually conservative people.

However, an investor in bonds can well afford to ignore all this. Of the total railroad investment nearly half is in stock, and that margin is sufficient for the security of bondholders under any circumstances a reasonable mind can imagine.

Given a sound road and a well-protected issue, the only question an investor need trouble himself about is the rate of interest. If the time ever comes when well-protected bond issues of strong railroads are not good, so little else will be good that an investor had better put his money in a safe-deposit box.

When I take down my ole fiddle
An' I rosum up the bow,
I find the sweetest music
In the tunes of long ago.
That's a kind o' mellow sweetness
In a good thing growin' old;
Each year that rolls around it,
Leaves an added touch o' gold.

We love the ole fren's better
Than we'll ever love the new.
We get the greatest comfort
When we wear the oldest shoe.
An' I find my greatest pleasure
When I'm smokin' fragrant, ripe
Age-mellowed, smooth, old VELVET
In my oldest, sweetest pipe.

Velvet Joe

A GOOD *thing growin' old!* Who would exchange a well thumbed, well loved old book, that the years have "mellowed" into a classic, for a dozen modern "best sellers"?

Who would lay by his "old familiar" pipe, nut-sweet and browned by use and smoke, for the finest, shiniest, newest pipe ever made?

You, who like the *good things growin' old*, will like VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco—Kentucky *Burley de Luxe*, with an aged-in-the-wood mellowness, the result of more than 2 years' careful curing.

½ Actual Size

5c Bags 10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors
Coupons of Value with VELVET

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

The Jeffery Chesterfield Six

The Distinguished Companion Of The Jeffery Four

The Jeffery Chesterfield Six has been designed and named for quality and style leadership. It is the distinguished companion of the Jeffery Four, a car in which the high speed, high efficiency motor was introduced into America—a car that changed the trend of motor car design in this country.

The sales and success of the Jeffery Four prove that the public wants an economical car of high grade quality, distinct in style and comfort, at a moderate price.

Good motor cars will hereafter be distinguished from inferior motor cars by the inherent quality of mechanical detail which only a manufacturer with the proper capital and equipment can build into it—coupled with that beauty of design and attention to detail which comes only through a careful study of what people of good taste demand.

Jeffery has frankly made an effort to command the admiration of people of good taste—those who do not hesitate to enjoy quality even though it can be had at a moderate price.

The Jeffery Chesterfield Six is not merely a machine—it is a style carriage, embodying each and every element of high grade quality and up to the minute mechanical development, for which Jeffery cars are now known. The body, full French streamline, is becoming the vogue in Paris. Chesterfield Blue is the color.

The worm drive rear axle—an exclusive feature—contributes that noiseless operation so striven for by manufacturers of electric vehicles.

The salesman who has found it hard to sell a car, careless in detail, to a woman of discriminating taste can best appreciate the careful attention to little things which distinguish the Jeffery Chesterfield Six.

Any woman leaving the surroundings of her own home to step into the Jeffery Chesterfield Six will sense at once an atmosphere of refined taste and comfort in the simple lines of the body, the richness of the leather upholstery—even the carpet, the robe rail and the foot rest will command attention.

It is fortunate for the man of moderate means that Jeffery possesses a plant equipped with three million dollars worth of the most modern machinery, backed by five and one half millions of assets. This has enabled Jeffery to build a car which must make its first appeal to the man who has been accustomed to paying a thousand dollars more and yet be within reach of the man who otherwise would be compelled to accept inferior quality while paying almost as much.

SPECIFICATIONS

The specifications below, you will immediately see, have never before been embodied in any car at any price.

Motor: high speed, high efficiency, bloc type; 35-42 horse power. Bijur two-unit starting and lighting system, used by the most popular high priced car in America. Transmission: four forward speeds and reverse. Worm drive full floating rear axle. Vanadium steel parts. Imported annular ball bearings. Three plate dry disc clutch. Rich Tungsten steel valves—require no grinding.

Bosch ignition, cables and plugs. Rayfield carburetor. Cantilever springs. Combination force feed and splash lubrication, with indicator on dash. Gemmer steering gear. Left drive, center control. Two sets internal expanding brakes—14x2 inches. Side rails of frame extended under sills of body—most rigid construction possible; self-oiling spring bolts.

Honeycomb radiator—European design. Weight 2750 pounds, as shipped. Demountable rims with six lugs. Crown fenders. Spicer universals. Daimler leather coupling. Wheel base 122 inches. Body: roomy, five passenger. Eighteen inch corrugated steering wheel, with signal button in center.

Equipment: Rain vision ventilating two-piece windshield shaped to cowl; one-man neverleek top and boot; Collins curtains; Stewart speedometer; Empco drive enclosed in axle shaft; power tire pump; Solar electric lamps with one bulb of five candlepower intensities; no side lights; seamless steel round gasoline tank and gauge, carried at rear with Stewart vacuum feed; combination dash and trouble lamp; extra demountable rim with carrier; Klaxet horn; ammeter; robe rail; full set of tools, tire repair outfit, and jack. Cloth upholstery optional.

Jeffery

$1650

The Jeffery Chesterfield Six, $1650

THE JEFFERY FOUR, the car which introduced the European high speed, high efficiency motor into America, **$1450**

THE JEFFERY BIG SIX, Chesterfield body, 7 passenger—for the man who wants a larger car, **$2400**

A beautiful poster is ready for dealers and a booklet for everybody.

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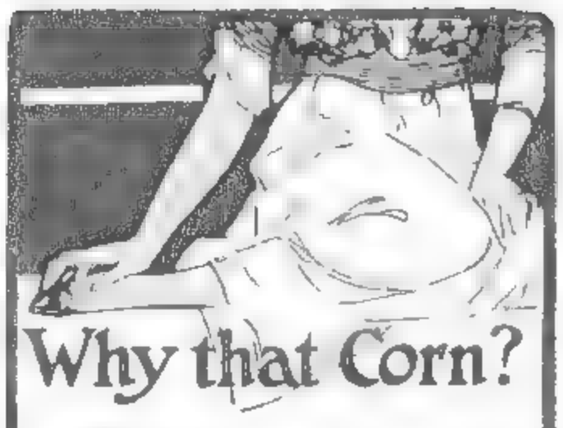
Main Office and Works, Kenosha, Wisconsin



Why that Corn?

Why that pain, when **Blue-jay** would relieve it instantly?

Why have a corn, when **Blue-jay** would remove it in two days?

Why that discomfort, when millions of people could tell you a way to get rid of it?

These are the facts.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. And from that instant the pain is relieved.

Then, while you work or sleep or play, **Blue-jay** undermines the corn. Generally in two days you can lift it out, without any pain or trouble.

Think how easy, how simple.

While you pare corns, or treat them in other petty ways, **Blue-jay** is taking out a million corns a month.

It is simply folly, in these modern days, to suffer from a corn. A single test will prove this.

Blue-jay

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Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York

Makers of Physicians' Supplies

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Improved Combination

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The original, genuine combination pliers.

First made by us 30 years ago.

Drop-forged throughout perfectly finished.

Mechanics the world over know Billings & Spencer quality.

No matter what kind of tool you require for home or factory, be sure it bears this trademark.

All reliable hardware dealers have them

The Billings & Spencer Co.

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SICK 'EM

(Continued from Page 18)

Now I hadn't heard Smitty sing—didn't know whether he could or not. Fogarty'd ought to of knew somethin' about it, as they'd been at Fort Wayne together a hull season; but, regardless o' the fact that neither one o' the two had a voice—as we soon learned—the Turk joined right in with Pat, and it wasn't two seconds before Smitty was whinin' too. Pat quit when he seen he had competition. Everybody stopped talkin' and listened.

I wisht you could of heard it! It was like as though all the ferryboats in East River had got into trouble at once. Their idea o' singin' was to see how many sour notes they could hit and how loud they could hit 'em. The bunch give 'em a hand when they got through, and each o' them figured it was on the square and was for him personally. Well, that was a big laugh with us for a while; but it got so's it was no joke when they done it every day and yelled different songs at the same time.

Another thing we done was to write letters to both o' them and sign a girl's name. The letters was just the same, and they said that she was a great fan and was pullin' for our club, and just loved to see them two pitch. We wound them up somethin' like this:

"I think you're so handsome and I would love to meet you. I've already met Mr. Smith." We said Mr. Smith in one and Mr. Fogarty in the other. "I think he's the handsomest man I ever seen, but maybe you're just as handsome when a person sees you up close. I sit in the third or fourth row o' the stand, right back o' your bench, every afternoon."

Say, you'd ought to of seen them birds fall for that! They rubbered for that dame every day we played at home for the last two months o' the season. Sometimes, when neither o' them was workin', they'd both get up and lean on the roof o' the bench and try to get a smile from every skirt in the place, thinkin' one o' them must be the girl who'd wrote.

On the road we'd get the telephone girls in the hotels to call up Smitty and ask him if he was Mr. Fogarty. When he'd say no she'd ring off; but she'd call him up again in about ten minutes and ask him the same question. We worked this on Fogarty, too, and both o' them pretty near went nuts 'cause the other was gettin' so many calls.

Pat pulled a hot one in Pittsburgh. He told Smitty that Fogarty was the most generous guy he'd ever met.

"Why?" says Smitty.

"He's so good to the waiters and bell hops," says Pat. "He gives the waiters a quarter tip at every meal and slips the boys two bits when they bring him ice water."

That started a battle that was pretty costly to the both o' them, but mighty sweet for the hops and waiters. If I'd of been Pat I'd of made 'em slip me a commission.

We had 'em both ridin' in taxis to and from all the parks on the last trip West. We had 'em gettin' their clo'es pressed every night, and buyin' new shirts and collars in every burg we blowed into, and gettin' shaved twicet a day, till Red made us cut some of it out, sayin' they was touchin' the club for too much dough. And all season I never seen 'em speak to each other, though neither one couldn't talk about nothin' else but the other when they was separated.

The pennant race was settled when we won a double-header in Cincy on the fifteenth o' September. When we got back to the hotel Red told us the lid was off for that night—that we could do anything we wanted to and stay out until breakfast. So they can't blame neither Pat nor I for what come off. One o' the other boys—I never found out who—told Fogarty that Smitty could hold more wine than a barrel. Then he pulled the same thing on Smitty about Fogarty.

I and Pat went to a show. When we blowed back, about eleven, they was a noise like New Year's Eve in the café. We went in to see what it was. They was a gang o' fellers at one table with Smitty, and another bunch at another table with Fogarty. They was four or five empty quart bottles in front o' each o' them. They'd had five or six more pints than they could carry comfortable and was hollerin' for more, but was broke. We got 'em both at one table and ast 'em to sing. Before they was halfway through the first verse o' whatever it was, the night clerk horned in and stopped 'em. Then we took 'em out in the street and told 'em to finish it, but they was too many coppers round.

Most of us was roomin' on the tenth floor and one o' the boys talked the pair into racin' upstairs instead of usin' the elevator. They both fell down at the first landin' and when they hit the floor they was all in. They'd of slept there for a week if we hadn't of carried 'em to the elevator and got 'em up the rest o' the way. Then what did we do but steer 'em both into Pat's room and put 'em to bed together. They was no danger o' them gettin' wise till the next day; they was dead to the world. I and Pat slept in my room and we was up bright and early so's not to miss nothin'. We walked in and found 'em both poundin' their ear. It must of tooken us fifteen minutes to get 'em roused.

"Well, boys," says Pat, "I'm glad to see you so friendly and lookin' so fresh."

They looked about as fresh as a old dray horse.

"How did you happen to be roomin' together?" I says.

It wasn't till then that they wised up. Smitty jumped out o' bed like the hotel was afire.

"I'll murder the guy that done this!" he hollered.

"What do you mean?" says Pat. "Don't you know who you went to bed with?"

"You must of been in bad shape," I says. "Fogarty was all right; he knowed what he was doin'."

Fogarty wanted to deny it, but he couldn't, 'cause if he had of he'd be admittin' that the wine was too much for him. So he just had to shut up and take it.

"I was all right too," says Smitty.

"Then what are you crabbin' about?" says Pat.

They wasn't no answer to that.

"I'm goin' to ring for some ice water," says Fogarty.

"Nobody never wants ice water at this time o' the mornin' unless they had a bad night," I says. "You don't hear Smitty askin' for no ice water."

Smitty'd of gave his right eye for a barrel of it, but he didn't have the nerve to say so.

Well, we made Fogarty get up and we stuck in there while they was dressin'. Fogarty had to go to his own room to get a clean shirt and collar, and we could hear him ringin' for water the minute he got in there. Finally we took pity on Smitty and got him some too. He complained o' headache, and I says:

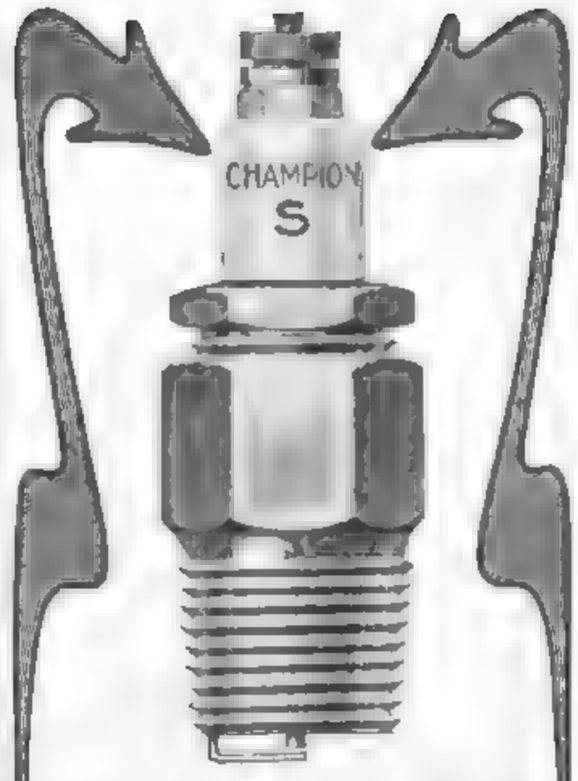
"That's a funny thing about Fogarty—no matter how much wine he laps up he don't never have no headache the next mornin'."

We didn't hear no more complaints from Smitty. They both went down to breakfast and tried to eat somethin', but it was hard work. And I noticed that neither o' them bothered Red with requests to pitch that day.

They went to bed—separated—right after supper and was as good as ever the followin' mornin'. I don't s'pose neither o' them had never drank no wine before, and, so far as I know, they didn't tackle it again. They both wanted to pitch in Chi, but Red was anxious to try out some kids; so he told both o' them, on the quiet, that they was the ones he was dependin' on for the World's Serious and he didn't want to risk gettin' 'em hurt.

Well, we wound up the season in Boston, and it was the next to the last day that we got into a awful jam! You remember readin' about Davis, the infielder Red bought from the New England League? Well, he'd got married the week before he joined us—married a Boston girl. He'd left her with her folks while he went West with us and she stuck to home till we hit Boston on that last trip. She was goin' to Philly with us to take in the serious.

Davis was a fast little cuss, not much bigger'n Maranville. Red had tried him out at short agin Pittsburgh and he'd looked good; but he was usin' the reg'lars most o' the time to keep 'em in shape for the big show. Davis had more nerve than any little feller I ever seen. He wouldn't break ground for none o' them Pittsburgh guys when they come into second base. In one o' the games there big Honus had told him to keep out o' the way or he'd get killed.



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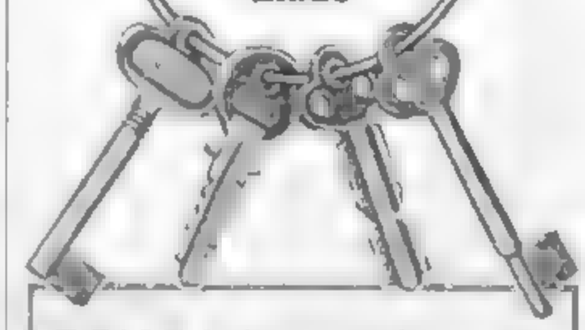

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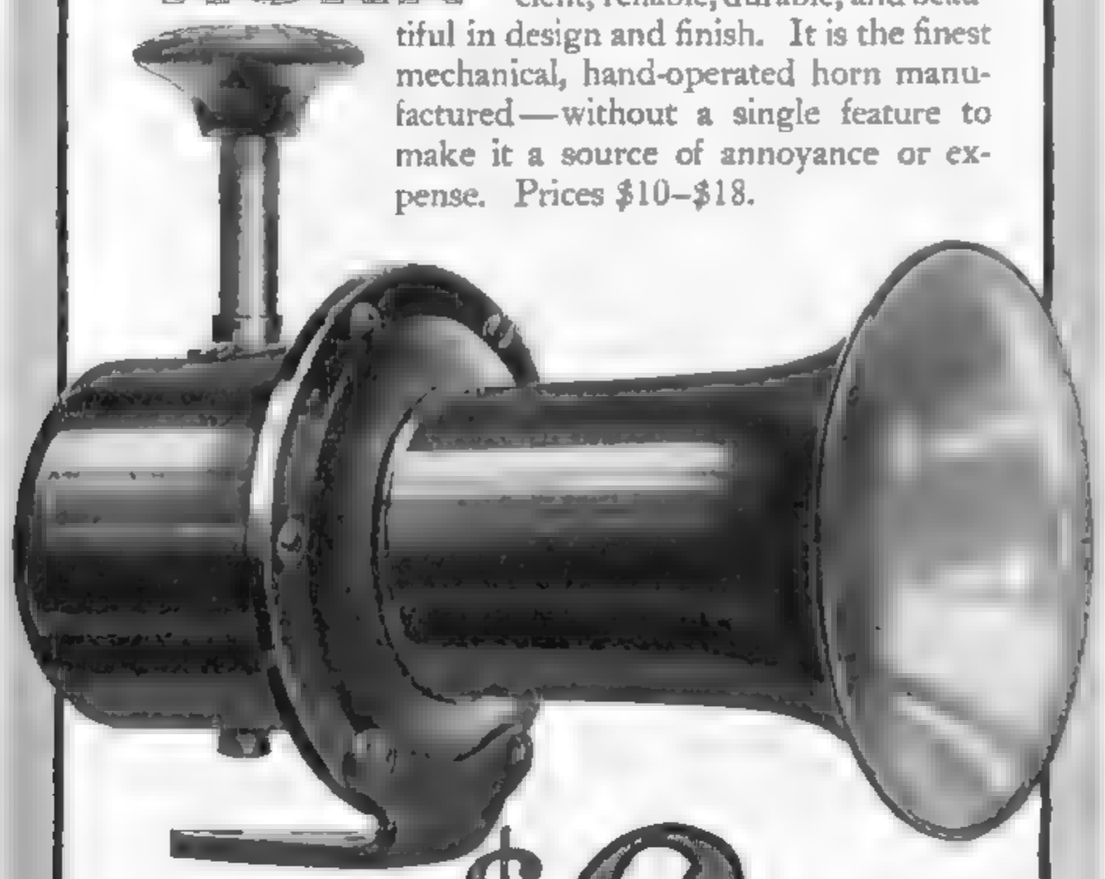

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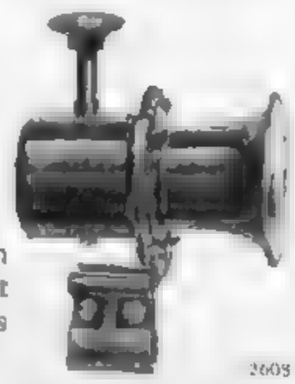

2603

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"It won't be no big slob like you that'll kill me!" says Davis.

Honus had a license to get sore at that, 'cause he was just slippin' the kid a friendly warnin'; but it shows you what a game little devil Davis was.

Well, as I was sayin', it was the next to the last day up in Boston that somethin' come off that pretty near cost us the big money. Mayer was pitchin' the game and we had the reg'lar club in agin 'em.

In one o' the boxes, right down next to the field, they was the prettiest girl I ever looked at. She was all alone and she was dressed up like a million bucks. She was sittin' where we could lamp her from our bench and all the boys had gave her the oncet over before the game ever started. Fogarty and Smitty wiped the dirt offen their faces and smoothed their hair the minute they piped her.

She was a lot more interestin' than the national pastime and I guess we was all gettin' a eyeful when, all of a sudden, she smiled right at us. Our club was in the field and they was only a few of us on the bench me and Pat and Davis and the pitchers, and one or two others. Well, I was one of a number that returned the salute; but after doin' it oncet I remembered I was a old married man and cut it out. But Fogarty and Smitty give a correct imitation of a toothpaste advertisement all the rest o' the time they sat there. Every three or four minutes she'd smile and then they'd smile back. They was wise to each other and it was a battle to see which one could give her the prettiest grin.

Just before the last half o' the eighth Fogarty ast Red whether he could go in and dress. He hadn't no more'n got permission when Smitty wanted to go too. I had 'em guessed right, and I and Pat was wonderin' which one'd cop. They raced to the clubhouse and Smitty beat him in. Now them two birds was usually awful slow about gettin' their clo'es changed, 'cause they was so partic'lar; but they beat the world's record this time. They was in their street clo'es and down in front o' that box just as the game ended.

Smitty was there first, but lots o' good it done him! He tipped his hat to the girl and got a cold stare. Then Fogarty come up and spoke to her. He was gave just as much encouragement as Smitty.

I begin to laugh, but I stopped quick. Before I knowed what was comin' off, little Davis grabbed a bat and started for the stand. Smitty was leanin' agin the box, with his left hand flat on the rail. Without a word o' warnin' Davis swung the bat overhand and it come down on poor Smitty's hand like a ton o' brick. Smitty yelled and fell over on the ground. Fogarty tried to duck, but he was too late. The little busher aimed the bat at his bean and catched him square on the right arm as he throwed it up to protect himself.

That's all they was to the bout. The first punch is a lot—'specially if you use a baseball bat. Neither o' them showed signs o' fightin' back. Besides, we was all on the job by that time and grabbed Davis. Little as he was, it took three of us to hold him. But, say, they was the devil to pay in the clubhouse! Red was goin' to shoot Davis till the truth come out.

"They went too far with it," says Davis. "They ain't no man can go up and talk to my wife without a introduction! I seen 'em tryin' to flirt with her. Them big bugs is so swell-headed that they think no girl could smile at nobody but them."

"You'd ought to of tipped 'em off," says Red.

"I hadn't ought to of did no such a thing," says Davis. "They'd ought to of knew by lookin' that she wasn't the kind o' girl that'd flirt. But I didn't feel in no danger o' havin' my home broke up, so I let 'em go."

Then Red jumped on me.

"That's what you get for eggin' 'em on," he says. "Where's our chancet in the World's Serious now?"

"Have some sense!" I says. "You wouldn't be thinkin' o' no World's Serious if I hadn't of egged 'em on."

We called a doctor for Smitty and Fogarty, and the news he give us didn't cheer us up none. He said he thought Smitty's hand was broke, but he'd have to take a X ray. The mitt was swole up as big as a ham. Fogarty's souper was hangin' limp as a rag, and the doc didn't believe he'd be able to raise it for a month. Afterward he found out that they was no bones busted in Smitty's hand, but it was in such shape that he couldn't hold a han'kerchief, let alone a baseball. There we was, three days before the start o' the serious, and our pitchin' staff shot to hellangone!

Red sent me and Pat and the trainer home that night with the pair o' cripples. We was to report up to the club's offices next mornin' and have all the doctors in Philly called in. Me and Pat was so sore that we couldn't talk to each other, and I don't think they was a word said on the trip. Yes, they was too; just before Smitty went to sleep he ast me a question:

"Who was that girl?"

"You'd ought to know by this time," I says. "That wasn't nobody but Davis' wife."

"Then what was she smilin' at me for?" he says.

Well, the Philly doctors told us they was absolutely no chancet o' havin' either o' them in shape for the serious and we was gettin' ready to count the losers' share. Red'd been figurin' on alternatin' the two, 'cause none o' the rest was in real shape; but now we didn't have nothin' that you could call a air-tight pitcher.

Rixey and Alexander and Mayer would of made 'em step some if they'd been right, but they wasn't.

I says to Pat:

"Looks like as though I and you and the bat boy would have to work."

"Looks that way," he says, "unless we can bring them two fellers round."

"How can we do that?" I says. "You heard what them doctors said."

"Yes," says Pat; "but they're the only hope we got, and I ain't goin' to give up till I have to."

Red and the bunch got in the next mornin', which was a Sunday. Most o' the gang went to church, and if the Lord'd never heard o' Fogarty and Smitty before I bet He knowed who they was when we got through prayin'. We practiced Monday and went over to Washin'ton that night.

Well, you know what come off. Johnson beat us there and Boehling beat us Wednesday in Philly. With Johnson to come back, twicet if necessary, it looked like a short serious.

And then it begin to rain. It's a wonder the District o' Columbia wasn't washed away. Four straight days of it, includin' Sunday; and I never seen it come down so hard. A cleanin' like that might do Pittsburgh or Chi some good, but it looked like wastin' it in Washin'ton. We was anxious to get the serious over with; and the more it rained, the worse we hated it. We never figured that it was the best thing that could of happened to us!

I'm the guy they'd ought to thank for coppin' the league pennant. And the rain and me together was what saved us from a awful lickin' for the big dough. On Sunday night, while we was still layin' round the hotel in Washin'ton, where we'd been stalled since Thursday, I got my hunch. I went to Red with it.

"Maybe one o' them fellers could help us out now," I says.

"What makes you think so?" says Red.

"Well," I says, "they've had time to get back in shape."

"No use," says Red. "I was just talkin' to Smitty in the dinin' room. He couldn't even hold his knife. He says his mitt feels just as bad as it did the first day."

"How about Fogarty?" I ast.

"He ain't no better off," says Red. "The worst of it is that neither one o' them seems to care."

"Maybe I can wake 'em up," I says.

"You got my permission to try," says Red.

Me and Fogarty wasn't roomin' together. The trainer was doubled up with him and they had another guy lookin' out for Smitty. Neither o' them had put on a suit, but they'd saw us get our two beatin's from the stand. I found Smitty first and took him into the bar.

"How does it look to you?" I says.

"We're licked," says he.

"Don't be too sure!" I says.

"What do you mean?" he ast me. "What chancet have we got with nobody to pitch?"

"We got somebody to pitch now," I says.

"Who?" says Smitty.

"Fogarty," says I. "The doctor says he's all right and Red's goin' to start him to-morrow."

"You're crazy!" says Smitty. "The doctor said he wouldn't be no good till next year."

"That was pretty near a week ago," I says. "Besides, that doctor didn't know nothin'. We had the best doctor in Washin'ton up to see him to-night—the doctor

that looks after the President and all the congressmen. He says they's nothin' at all the matter with him."

I left Smitty then and went lookin' for Fogarty.

I found him in his room gettin' his poor souper rubbed. I spoke my piece over again. I told him Smitty'd been pronounced cured by the President's special surgeon and that he was goin' to start the next day's game.

An hour later I run into Red, and he was smilin' like Davis' wife.

"You've did it, old boy!" he says. "They both been after me till I had to duck out in the wet to get away from 'em. They both insist on workin' to-morrow, and I told 'em I wasn't goin' to decide on my pitcher till mornin'."

"I guess I don't know nothin'!" I says. "Which one are you goin' to start?"

"The one that can throw a ball with the least pain," says Red.

You know the rest of it. The sun shined on us next day, and Smitty shut 'em out and beat Johnson on the wettest grounds I ever seen! I don't know yet how he gripped a wet ball with that hand, but he done it. And Fogarty's game Tuesday was even better. If his arm hurt he kept it to himself.

Smitty come back agin Johnson Wednesday and pitched the prettiest game that was ever pitched. Milan and Gandil and them might just as well of used jackstraws as bats, for all the good their swingin' done. He whiffed plain sixteen men and Johnson's two-bagger was their only wallop. Nobody didn't grudge Walter that one, 'cause he pitched a grand game too.

Well, the honor o' coppin' the final pastime and winnin' the title went to Fogarty; and it pleased him about as much as a toothache. Do you know why? 'Cause the papers was full o' Smitty's two victories over Johnson and didn't say much about nothin' else. Fogarty told me afterward that if he'd thought at the time he'd of refused to pitch Thursday and made Red work him agin the big blond in the seventh game.

"But," I says, "s'pose Red had pitched Smitty right back and he'd of trimmed 'em and they hadn't been no seventh game anyway. Then where'd you of been at?"

"That's right!" he says. "That wop is just lucky enough to of did it, too, even if he can't pitch up an alley."

Well, I made a little speech in the clubhouse and collected a purse of a hundred and fifty bucks. I'm goin' to send it to Jack Barnett as soon as I can get his address. That'll fix him up on that bet he made with Punch Knoll and give him a little spendin' money besides. If he hadn't of told me that stuff in Dayton we'd of been fightin' the Cardinals for seventh place. And if he'd of told it to some guys they wouldn't of had sense enough to of tooken advantage of it.

One o' the Philly doctors told Red, and Red told me, that we'd prob'ly ruined both o' them guys for the next season by workin' 'em in the shape they was in. But I should worry! Between me and you, I ain't goin' to be with the Phillies next year. I'm goin' to manage the Mobile Club; and maybe I can play some in that climate. And I guess I don't know nothin' about managin' a ball club. No; I guess not!

BRED IN THE PURPLE

(Continued from Page 9)

glance at her. When he spoke it was in a voice I had never heard him use before.

It's my notion that your self-contained men are the ones who talk most when you once start them. Ferguson talked that night. I shan't repeat it. It was really too intimate. If duty hadn't kept me on the bridge I'd 'a' gone below. He simply poured out his heart to her—he told her about his own early start; about his mother reaching up her lean arms to put a wooden clothespin in some navvy's red flannel shirt; about his struggles to make money; about the boys and girls he had picked up and educated. And through it all ran the strain of the man's passion for good blood.

You'd 'a' been amazed at what the man had done in the way of watching the people he had picked out as bred in the purple. He had haunted a dozen capitals just to see what royalty looked like. He had traveled thousands of miles to catch the fashion in which a princess lifted her hand or stepped from a carriage.

I tell you, he told it all to that wondering, silent girl—simply exposed to her the secret and profound motive of his life. At the end he said very simply:

"And you, my dear, are my proudest possession. You are quite perfect."

She didn't say anything for a while. She stood in repose, her dark eyes gazing out into the moon-shot dusk. Then she laid one shy hand on his arm.

"But what's to become of me now?" she asked.

Ferguson was instantly at a loss. Probably he'd never considered the matter. He stumbled on a few phrases about marrying well and "taking your proper place in society." She brushed it all aside with absolute simplicity:

"But I did it all for you! Didn't you do it for me?"

"Certainly," he stammered. "I intend to do more: . . . there will be money."

"Money?" she echoed. "Of course! But I don't want money. It is so hard to talk to you. I—I don't know what name to call you!"

Ferguson considered this. You see the girl had gone right to the root of the matter. What was she to call him? I'm pretty sure the man repeated several names to himself. Possibly he thought of father, or something like that, and had to reject it as entirely inadequate. At last he laughed, a little huskily.

"My dear, I'm too old. And I'm not in your class."

She gave him a lovely smile.

"How nice of you!" she said. "I've always thought of you as My Dear! I'll never call you anything else."

So they were married in Kawaihae Church, in Honolulu—she in a pretty flowered muslin and Ferguson very stiff and solemn in white duck. A queer match, you may say; but it was eminently successful. He pensioned off the old lady and we sailed for Lima. I have never seen a happier couple. Once a wife, the girl became magnificent! She was born to the purple, you would have said. He was so proud of her that he was just a little too deferential not before other people, but when they were alone on the yacht.

I didn't understand his attitude—well as I had known him—until after the boy was born. One night Ferguson came on the bridge—we were bound for Pango-Pango—and mentioned the fact that he hoped the child would take after his mother.

"To tell the truth, captain," he remarked, "breeding tells in this life. Though I make no reflections on my own people, they were of the lower class. I trust that our boy will show his mother's blood. I should like to be the father of a gentleman."

Now that was a funny thing for a millionaire who had made himself to say, wasn't it? Yet I fancy it is a common ambition. However, few people take it so seriously as did Ferguson.

Eugenia, motherlike, had no doubts on the subject. Eugene was the finest child in the world. The only flaw in his title was that he could never be President of the United States.

Though the Noblesse was fast we were twenty-four hours too late in getting into Santa Barbara; and Eugenia was asleep with her first-born in the crook of her arm before we reached American waters. Ferguson swore that the American flag was enough to establish the boy's citizenship; but the question has never been decided.

I remember the next four years as among the most delightful of my life. We cruised round the world, keeping close to sunny latitudes; little Gene played on the deck and Eugenia regally entertained visitors in port; and Ferguson seemed really happy. But there came a painful day—the boy was a physical coward.

Ferguson and Eugenia were specially anxious that their child should have all the accomplishments. The bosun tried to teach him to swim in a big canvas tank amidships and every sailor took pains to see that he learned all that was to be learned of ships and sailorizing. Then he had a tutor and a governess. It was a bitter time when we found he had no nerve.

It was a blistering day in Acapulco. I had taken the Noblesse in through the figure-eight passage and anchored her by the coal hulks while Ferguson went ashore

"I raise these specially for Campbell's Tomato Soup.

"Notice how heavy they are, and red-ripe all over. Solid meaty fruit clear through. Full of juice. Full of natural sugar. There's nothing too good for Campbell's Tomato Soup!"

And this is true in the widest sense of the words. Not only are the choicest materials used, but the ablest skill and most advanced methods are employed in preparing and blending them.

No expenditure of money and time and labor is spared to render every can of this favorite Campbell kind worthy of its matchless reputation.

Better order it by the dozen. That's the practical way.

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

"Hither in summer evenings you repair
To taste the freshness of the purer air"
—Dryden

BEAUTY, grace, and joyful exhilaration become a happy realization when the rhythmic movement of the dance is accompanied by gently swaying breezes from a G-E ELECTRIC FAN.

The G-E ELECTRIC FAN is the result of twenty years of experience in finding methods of doing things the *right* way. It has the oscillating motion that most naturally and effectively distributes the air currents.

It is so scientifically built as to parts, so perfectly balanced as to avoiding vibration, that its endurance assures a lifetime of service.

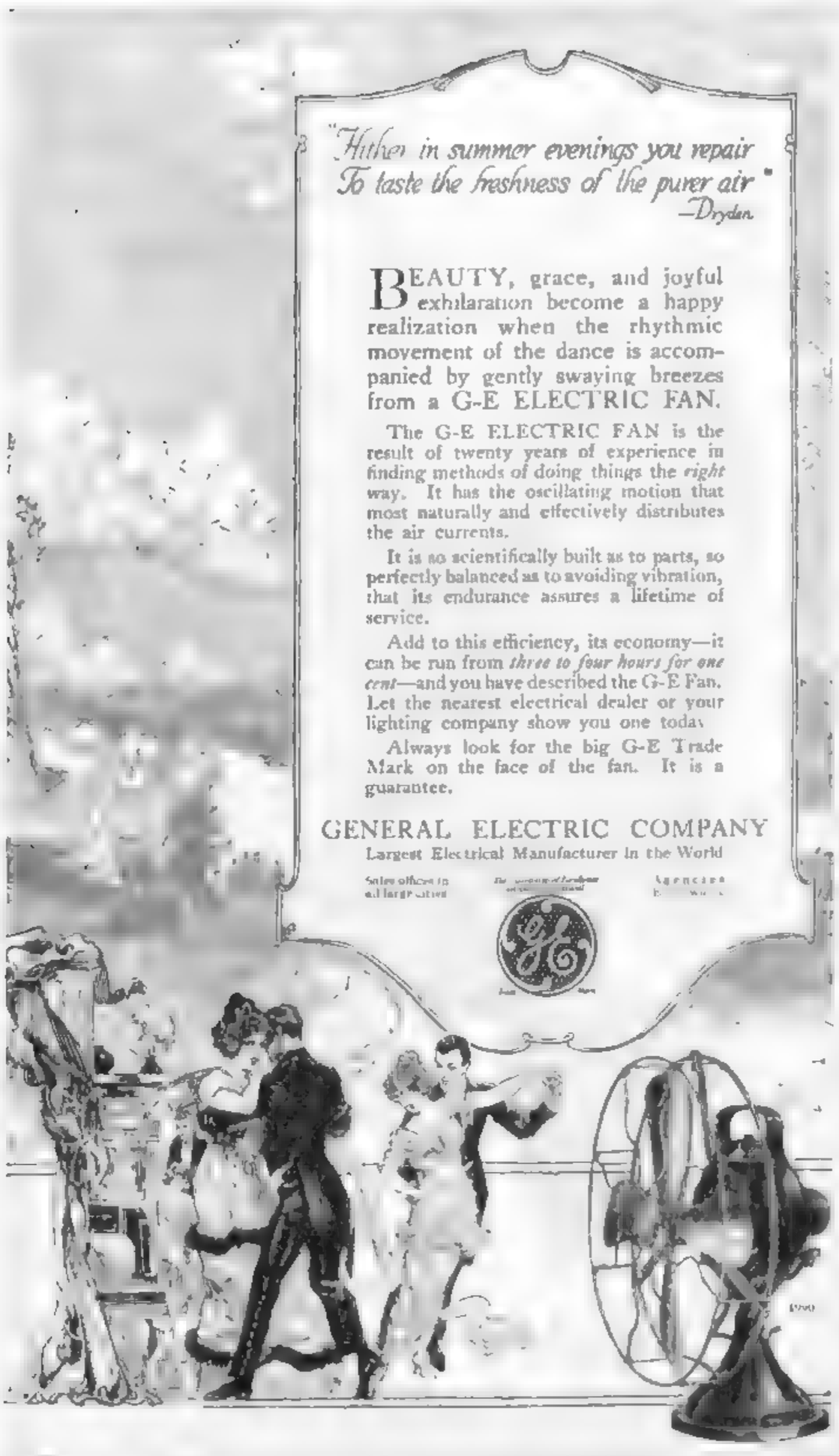
Add to this efficiency, its economy—it can be run from *three to four hours for one cent*—and you have described the G-E Fan. Let the nearest electrical dealer or your lighting company show you one today

Always look for the big G-E Trade Mark on the face of the fan. It is a guarantee.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
Largest Electrical Manufacturer in the World

Sales offices in all large cities

Agencies



Are you looking for a "summer job"? Yes?

Then what is your preference: an inside job at $14.00 per week, or an outside job yielding $40.00?

The outside job? Then let us tell you how, like many other young men and women, you can spend your vacation days outdoors in the fresh, invigorating air as your own boss, earning $15.00, $25.00, $40.00 a week.

Address your letter or postal card to

THE AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 561
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

to send some cable messages. The sharks were ravenous about the yacht, and our fool of a cook filched a heavy line and a piece of pork. Naturally when he got Mister Shark it was all hands to get it aboard and dig out the teeth. When all was over I discovered Gene in the chart room, white to the eyelids. He never went near the ship's rail again.

You can't imagine his parents' sorrow! The child was as sturdy as a stick of fir, as handsome as a picture and as smart as a flea; but from that day he was afraid.

"It's my fault!" Ferguson told me one evening. "You see, I come from a poor family. I had hoped he would take after his mother; but he will never"

The man didn't get any further. He suffered in silence. I thought I detected an unusual tenderness for the kid, however. Possibly Ferguson had been scared too.

Thereafter we kept pretty much in Northern waters. Neither the missus nor Ferguson ever hinted at their reasons; but I and every one else suspected they didn't want little Eugene to see another shark. Anyway, it was good for the child. He grew like a weed.

Gene was six years old when Ferguson told me in Juneau that we were to cruise South again.

"We'll coal here, get our mail in San Francisco, and go to Mazatlan," he said.

Later Eugenia came into my cabin. She seemed strangely happy.

"Boy is learning his lessons much better," she told me.

I recall that I looked at her particularly. She was more lovely than ever. Yet there was an ethereal quality to her beauty that made me choke. In our long years of association on the yacht I'd not noticed how frail she was becoming. And we all worshiped her.

That night I spoke to Ferguson about it. He gnawed his cigar and merely stated that he hoped a Southern climate would help her. Before he left the bridge he muttered:

"She's worrying about the boy."

I can't tell you whether that was what sapped her strength or not. Anyway, by the time we raised the Southern Cross she was too weak to take her usual walk with Ferguson or do more than hold the kid by her side while she reclined in a long chair. And, as I say, the boy wouldn't even go near the rail. He was afraid of the sea. I could hear him waken at night and whimper.

We had a steward aboard who had been with us since Gene was born—a doddering old fellow who wrote out each meal card in a stiff scrawl and insisted on all the formalities. He was the most useless person you ever saw; but the boy thought more of him than he did of anybody else, and for that reason Ferguson kept him on. So far as I know, the old chap never spoke a word outside of the line of duty to a soul on the Noblesse apart from Eugene; but to him he evidently talked a great deal. I used to pass the room and see them together often.

And now I come to the puzzle of it all. I've thought it over a lot. I remember first the tremendous passion that Ferguson had for good blood and breeding; then I recall the loveliness of Eugenia and her nobility of manner and thought. But when I come to think of the boy and the final event—I'm at a loss. The question is: Was Ferguson right? Was it the mother's blood that told, or that strain inherited from the old woman who did washing for a lot of workmen?

We were lying in the roadstead off Ocos one fine afternoon, with the awnings spread and a single canoe alongside. Ferguson had gone ashore on business, and I was engaged in writing up my log and preparing my papers for the commandant. I merely remember seeing the old steward shuffling aft with a tray of tea things for the missus. The next thing I heard was a scream.

In two jumps I was out on deck and running toward the after deck. I saw Eugenia lying flat on the mat by her chair. The tea tray was spilled in the scuppers. On the rail stood the kid, his face white as a sheet. Before I could reach him he had flung his little hands above his head and dived overside.

I saw him cleave the water and become a wavering shadow beneath the oily surface. There were other shadows there too—sharks! I flung down everything movable that I could get my hands on and called to the men to lower a boat. Then I grabbed a pin from the rail and went over myself.

Of course we got 'em—both Eugene and the old steward. No one was hurt; but it was a narrow squeak. And when we were back on deck, and Eugenia had been revived, it came out how this strange thing had happened.

It seems that a careless *marino* hadn't fastened one of the awning lashings properly and it came adrift. Eugenia spoke to the old steward about it; and he, instead of calling a sailor, tried to climb up and make it fast himself. He slipped on the rail and went overboard like a shot. Little Gene was by his mother's side and cried out:

"The sharks! The sharks!"

It seems that the miserable native in the canoe alongside woke up and yelled "Sharks!" too. Eugenia didn't remember any more; but the kid simply went to the rail, balanced himself and dived. He knew the old steward couldn't swim.

When Ferguson got aboard he stared at his son a while and then asked:

"Why did you go into the water?"

The little chap returned a very grave answer: "You weren't here, and he might have been drowned!"

Imagine the little fellow, dripping with brine, facing his father and saying that! He demanded no mercy and he got none.

"I thought you were a coward," Ferguson muttered.

Then Eugenia came into her own. She flamed up, her fair cheeks blazing with color. "My son a coward!" she whispered, drawing him close.

The old steward, a most desolate-looking creature, stammered excuses. The boy wouldn't listen to him.

"You can't swim and you know it!" he said firmly.

"But you can't, either," the old man protested feebly.

"Of course!" said that magnificent child. "But that doesn't matter. Papa wasn't here and somebody had to get you!"

Ferguson was like iron.

"But you are afraid," he said.

Gene looked at him wonderingly.

"You said I mustn't be scared."

For a moment Ferguson gazed at his son. Then he raised his eyes to meet those of his wife. "He's got your blood in him," he said simply. "Blood will tell!"

Now I leave it to you: Was it the mother or the father? Whose strength flowed in that lad's body?

Alger knocked out his pipe and glanced at me curiously. I shook my head.

"I can't tell. Maybe it was only a flash, a single moment of courage."

The captain of the Astral smiled faintly.

"Oh, he grew up, and at eighteen went down with the Rio de Janeiro. They say he was really quite splendid."

"And his father?" I suggested.

"He met me on the street a week later—very silent, and yet triumphant. It was the last time I saw him. He drew me aside and said: 'The boy was bred in the purple. I have been the father of a gentleman. Eugene refused to go in an overloaded boat. They say he was not afraid. Blood will tell!' He snapped his fingers several times, as though to emphasize his assertion, and passed on."

The girl with the golden-brown eyebrows again stopped before the doorway. Alger rose. "Come in, Miss Ferguson," he said cordially.

"I just stopped to say that mother is going to have tea presently," she said with an affectionate smile.

"Right, Eugenia!" the skipper responded. When she was gone down the broad white deck he turned to me: "That is the late Mr. Ferguson's daughter. Now do you see why I'm puzzled?"

"No," I answered.

"You know," Alger murmured, "I—she ought to marry into her own class. My folks were good enough, God knows! But I'm only a poor sailorman and she's born to the purple."

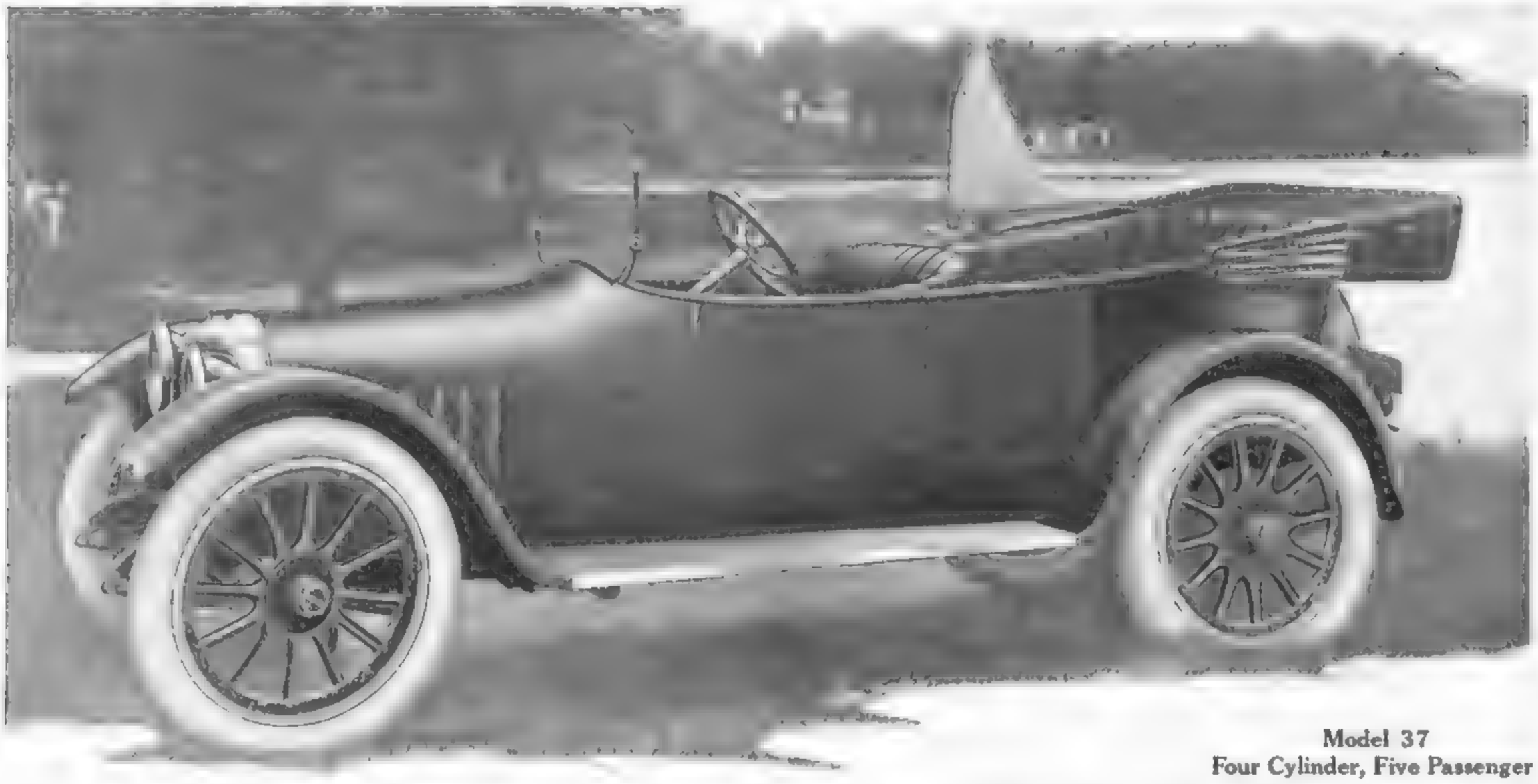
Again appeared the girl, pouting.

"How far must I walk down your deck before you join me?" she demanded.

The master of the Astral picked up his cap and stepped over the sill.

"By the way," I called after him, "I've solved your problem." He spun on his heel and faced me. "It's the women who run and rule this world!" I remarked.

The girl looked at me with big, brown, appealing eyes; then she laid her slender hand gently on Captain Alger's arm and they departed, leaving me again in doubt. It seemed to me that I saw the stiff figure of her grandmother, hanging heavy red flannel shirts on a sagging line, while the evil-smelling smoke from a sooty chimney eddied across a puddled roof.



Model 37
Four Cylinder, Five Passenger

The Story of the New Oakland

for Saturday Evening Post Readers

A MAKER'S TALK

As a maker I want to talk to the readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* about the New Oakland Car for 1915.

I want you readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* to see this New Oakland Car. I want to see if it doesn't give you the feeling I got when the first finished car was run out before me—a quick, keen sense of automobile realization—a feeling that my ideal car stood before me.

For years car makers in Europe and America have been building cars towards a definite ideal.

Let me explain. I believe that the ideal car is already definitely fixed in the mind of every man who runs a car or who has thought much on the subject of automobiles. In the back of his mind he *knows* what he *wants*.

I don't mean to say that you could tell me in words how your ideal car is built; or that you could take a pencil and paper and draw a picture of that car. That is because you, like myself, are neither a word artist nor a picture maker.

But with all my might I believe that when you see the New 1915 Oakland you will know you have found *your car*. And this advertisement is written not to sell you the car but to induce you to do one thing—GO SEE THE NEW OAKLAND.

"It's a beauty" is the word of the man who sees this New Oakland. One man, a hard headed Chicago business man, went a little further. He gave me the idea for this advertisement.

"A car as beautiful as the New Oakland is good all through," he said. "You can't get that effect of outward beauty without quality that goes *all* the way."

Now, I believe that I know what these men mean by the use of the word beauty. The big, stark, intensely practical office buildings of modern cities are beautiful to me. I have seen bridges that because of a certain quality in their construction made my heart jump. They answered my own average man's idea of what is meant by the word beauty.

The New Oakland Will Fix Car-Beauty Lines for Years.

Beauty—Absolute Usefulness
The New 1915 Oakland.

General Sales Manager

To the Dealer
—Show Him the Oakland

That's what I want to make plain to you. *Show* the New Oakland.

There are points about this car to keep a salesman talking for a week.

51 Improvements and Refinements

But let the buyer find the points. He won't [illegible] them. We have made 51 distinct improvements and refinements in this New Oakland, every one of which [illegible] sell the car.

Trust the buyer. Let him *see* and *ride* in the New Oakland.

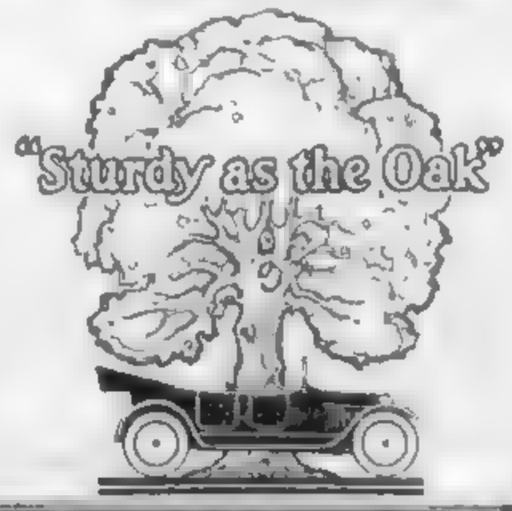
When the buyer begins to ask questions tell him about the power given the car by the sturdy, silent, efficient Oakland Northway Motor. Show him how we have done away with more than half the oil cups. Let him see how the brake and gear shifting levers rest on rockers that clean themselves and require no oil. Show him how we have achieved a remarkably low center of gravity without decreasing the road clearance. Go over the car from head light to tail light with him and show him what every one of the 51 improvements means to [illegible]. Last and last—SHOW HIM THE NEW OAKLAND—HAVE HIM RIDE IN THE NEW OAKLAND. The dealer who does this is in for a smashing big sale season on New Oaklands.

See the New Oaklands

Built in Fours and Sixes

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Mich.

1915 Models Can Now be Seen at the Show Rooms of all Branches and Dealers.



Oakland

You'll find our silk weave Double Grip particularly comforting for Summer with knee length underwear

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

The silk next to your skin feels soft and agreeable - Price fifty cents Others for twenty five cents

A. STEIN & COMPANY Makers

CHICAGO NEW YORK

If You Are Looking for Quality and Service in a Collar Button That Never Leaves a Spot on the Neck or in the Garment, See That the Back is Stamped

KREMENTZ

There's a shape to suit every need of the most fastidious. Made in Rolled Gold Plate that wears a lifetime, 25c. 10 K solid gold, $1.00. 14 K solid gold, $1.50.

At all first class dealers. Descriptive booklet on request.

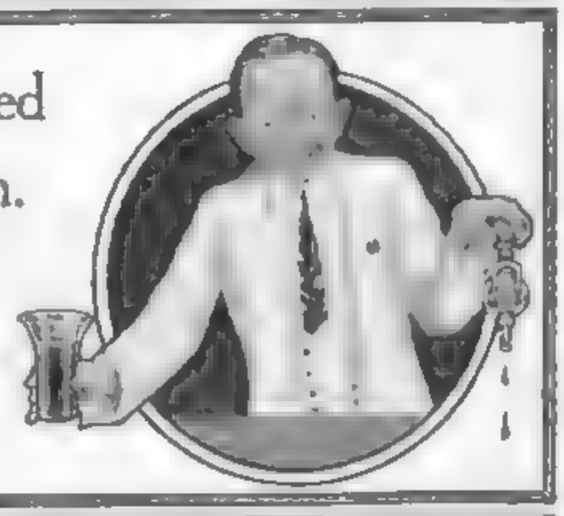
KREMENTZ & CO., 40 Chestnut Street, NEWARK, N. J.

Thirsts gently suffocated by the **Hires** system.

5 cents per "suff."

At fountains or in bottles at grocers', fruit stands, etc.

When in Atlantic City see Hires Boardwalk store



If a College Education

would be a benefit to you, or if you would like to obtain a course in any business college, agricultural school or musical conservatory, we'd like to tell you how about a thousand young people have obtained courses without one cent of expense to themselves and how you can do the same thing.

Box 565, Educational Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

AN HOUR OF LEISURE

(Continued from Page 5)

worthy, was then conveyed to the innermost sanctum and then, only then, was the decision reached whether or not the caller could have a personal audience with the genius of the house.

It was a cumbersome system, much like passing copper wire through successive dies until it comes out as fine as a hair; but it had worked wonderfully, conserving time and temper, and usually making the caller, no matter how important he felt when he talked to the outermost office-boy, take on the diameter of number forty wire before he had passed the last. That was the frame of mind in which Mr. Beeston wished to see all men who came to him with ideas.

But now, what of his vaunted privacy! A mangy cur named Sarny, a renegade American physician in the town of Barcelona, had seized on the flippant words of the master when he was being amused by the monkey, and if Major Beeston dared walk the streets of London, Paris, Berlin, New York to-day, or for many days to come, he would be torn limb from limb. That evil left eye which he had the trick of flattening, that pugnacious spike of a severed eyebrow, that truculent mien—of what defense to him were these things now! And all because of that disgruntled son of a camel-driver!

It was obvious that Major Beeston must bury himself until the storm blew over, must take the advice of that cur Sarny and retire from business for a time. Maybe his business could run itself on the mere momentum which his individuality had imparted to it through all these years of toil. It was certain his good-for-nothing son was useless in this emergency. The business had coasted for a week now, he considered, not without a tinge of jealous bile rising in his throat.

Hopkinson, faithful old mummy, had a plan. Beeston owned a villa up in the hills in the Basque country back of Biarritz. No one knew it; he had never occupied it, though each year he had planned to visit it. It was merely one of a score of residences he had planted over the face of the earth, usually in countries where civilization and society had gone before and put their mark of approval on scenery and climate. Forward thought he could run within five miles of shore some dark night and drop the big steam launch overboard.

This steam launch was painted drab, and her insignia, "No. 2, Mighty," had been carefully erased.

The secretaries, with the exception of the indispensable Charlin—in fact, the entire ship's company was to remain on board and sail away. Hopkinson and two servants were to accompany the fugitive, fleeing from his own fame. When the orders went forth to the ship's company there was much inward chuckling, for the yacht Mighty was under orders to cruise—cruise—cruise.

She was to let herself be seen occasionally, to chat once in a while with passing ships and shore wireless stations; but she was to maintain the silence of the tomb as to her real secret. To all appearance, even to owner's pennant, the master was aboard. No one should know he was not aboard. It would be a great joke on the world—this world that was hounding poor Beeston now—to keep it chasing his empty yacht from reckoning to reckoning on the broad Atlantic. The dizzy stories of specialists of the press concerning the great millionaire who sailed and sailed and never touched shore would make great reading indeed—especially for Beeston up there in the mountains in his green villa, snug and safe and getting back his courage. It would not last forever, this joy-ride on the high seas of a shipload of secretaries—the mice without the cat—but there would be high times while it did endure.

One night the old curmudgeon went over the side, all muffled up to the ears like a pirate, and slid off into darkness in the nameless launch. Before daybreak the yacht Mighty was off beyond soundings again, and two days later, on a clear, calm sea, her crew began the task of painting her white again, making her glaringly the Mighty—Beeston's Mighty.

Meantime, Beeston, New York, was passing through an epoch. On the morning following the publication of the offer of one million dollars, so severe was the crowding on the east shore of the island of Manhattan where stood the dirty yellow brick building, nesting in rusty fire-escapes, of Beeston, New York, that had the island not been so securely anchored on bedrock it is probable it would have turned turtle. Some of the thousands came to see; others came with a well-matured plan of alleviating the cares of millionaires securely buttoned under their vests. Nothing begets a crowd like a crowd; its fecundity is little short of miraculous. Reporters with counting machines computed that the number of persons out of work on the blustery fourth day of November the day when the million dollars first appeared in large type—was between twenty-five and thirty thousand. The whole army of unemployed was there, stamping its feet to keep warm, breathing deep and tightening belts to stay growing hunger, and glowering with righteous indignation at the dirty pile of yellow brick labeled "Beeston, New York," which up to noon had not yet dared to draw its shutters and look out on the commotion its master had raised.

One of the strangest elements of the life of the city is the incredible percentage of its population ready to spring up at a moment's notice with a cure for anything under the sun. Here were thousands, every member of the army with a well-developed scheme calculated to absorb that whole mythical million as the payment of gratitude. The afternoon papers followed on the heels of the morning with more details of the alleged offer. Witty editorial writers, well polished in their fine art of saying nothing with grace, called attention to the thralldom of a colossus to his business, when it would not permit him to close his eyes for a single moment in the balm of forgetfulness. Does it pay to own millions when one must be their slave? was the problem a yellow afternoon paper propounded for its readers to answer; and correspondents with frayed trousers and collars turned inside out hastened to answer. Even preachers at their Wednesday night meetings adopted the subject for debate.

Shortly after one o'clock the house of Beeston, New York, opened its shutters for business; but a shower of brickbats caused the concern to retire hastily. It is amazing how many things a mob can find to throw, even when streets have been swept clean by machinery.

Additional police lines were established. The crowds were pushed back to the opposite sides of the four streets that faced Beeston, New York; as if Beeston, New York, were in the act of conflagration with walls about to fall. So the day finished; and of the handful of faithful employees who somehow had smuggled themselves into the building, not one had the courage to attempt to run that blockade till night had fallen. The second day saw more crowds and more police. Before, after and between working hours honest citizens, with no thought of filing a brief to aid the old man pursued by his wealth, journeyed to the spot and watched in amazement the spectacle of the boiling mob. On the afternoon of the third day the house of Beeston, New York, managed to get one word from Beeston—Mighty—just a single word, because Beeston—Mighty was at that moment running free before the hurricane of wireless entreaty that was driving him out of soundings.

This single word was "Fake!"

Truth to tell, it disappointed many of the executives of Beeston, New York; they had been holding the fort, cheered by the hope that another of those famous advertising schemes of the old man was about to materialize. It was too good a thing to lose. In the absence and silence of the directing genius the underlings took it on themselves to act. They caused to be inserted in the morning papers huge bill-poster type advising the public that the offer of one million dollars was a fake, never contemplated for a moment by Major Carmichael Beeston, with his well-known adherence to conservative ideas and ideals. They called on the public to be calm. They bought advertising space by the page.

On the fourth day the nation began to laugh. If by any chance there existed a soul between Maine and California who did not know the name Beeston—Beeston's Little Classics for the Kitchen, Beeston's Mothers' Helps, Beeston's Babies' Friend, Beeston's First Aid to the Complexion, and so forth—if there existed a citizen, male or

female, in these United States who did not know of Beeston, the adviser in print on every subject of domestic concern from bunions to baggy chins, that day was now past. The nation had been hoaxed; the whole thing was an advertising game. If one needed proof, let him join the throng outside the house of Beeston, New York, now. The shutters were open; the presses were running twenty-four hours a day; they were advertising for printers, binders, pressmen, folders, die-sinkers, shipping-clerks; mail was being dumped by the cartload. Outside, the nihilistic hordes waving their red flags from street corners had to give way or ask for work.

Moving-picture scouts had been vigorously pursuing the family of Beeston since the first day of the catastrophe. The son, whose most anxious purpose in life was to ape the sayings and doings of a young dandy named Godahl, a merry wag who put him through all manner of impossible tasks, now had joy in posing as the son of that wonderful genius whom he was accustomed to regard merely as a vulgar appendage glued indissolubly to the family name. Mrs. Beeston was stalked, Indian-fashion, in Florida, where she was hobnobbing with her set. Helen, the daughter of the house, was the only one who escaped. How she managed to elude pursuit no one but herself and the decayed gentlewoman who had been established in this fatherless-motherless household, in the rôle of a duenna, could tell.

It was at high noon of the fifth day. The wonder had not yet ceased, for hope of a million dies hard. A trim young lady in boyish attire, with gray eyes, a nose with a tilt and a dimple in one cheek, elbowed her way through the crowd that was consuming its lunch hour watching the impassive building of Beeston, New York.

She informed the policeman, confidentially, that it was quite all right for her to pass the lines as she was the only daughter of Major Beeston, and wished to see the general manager of the firm to get some word of her father. She was deeply concerned, she said. The policeman bent a sympathetic ear; then he signaled with a jerk of his thumb to a young man who stood inside the lines with a moving-picture machine.

"Here's anither daughter!" said Officer Kelley triumphantly; and the young man, with everything set, began solemnly to turn his crank. It made a full half-dozen revolutions before the young lady with one dimple realized that she was being snapshotted at the rate of eighteen exposures to the second; and, burying her face in her hands, she fled.

"How minny is that?" asked Officer Kelley.

"That is forty-seven this morning," said the solemn young man. "When I get three more I am going to lunch."

"'Tis something scandalous," said the policeman, with a twinkle in his eye. "Forthy-sivin daughters in one morning, to say nothin' of sons and aunts and uncles! Huh!"

Half an hour later the moving-picture man had secured his coveted reel of fifty females, all claiming to be daughters of Major Beeston as an excuse for getting through the police lines. This reel was to be one of the comic features of thousands of movie theaters for weeks to come.

Meantime the girl in boyish attire pushed her way back through the crowd, her eyes snapping with indignation. On the outskirts she encountered a tall young man in a flat derby and a flowing ulster. His hands buried in his capacious pockets and his neck buried in his capacious collar, he was regarding the impassive house of Beeston, New York, with the utmost interest. He was one of the curious who had run downtown during the lunch hour to see the eighth wonder of the world. He had red hair, tawny eyes and well-sprinkled freckles.

The girl looked at him twice before making up her mind. Then she laid a neatly gloved little hand on his arm.

"I beg your pardon—aren't you Mr. Grimsy?" she asked timidly.

That was his name—Moberly Grimsy—a bank clerk who worked in a cage eight hours a day and lived in a boarding house. That was where the young woman had seen him.

Off came his flat pancake hat and he acknowledged, with a blush that fairly turned his hair green, that he was indeed Mr. Grimsy; he tried to say—though his evident embarrassment got the better of his tongue and tangled up his words in hopeless confusion—that if there were any service he could perform he would be only too pleased. Miss—er—er ——

"I am Miss Vincent," said the girl gravely with a slight show of embarrassment on her own part.

Indeed, yes, Mr. Grimsy knew it well. He had seen this face with its absurd one dimple in his boarding house in Twenty-second Street. She was not a regular boarder there, but she had come for a week at a time, sometimes for only a few days, and at first he had been tremendously shocked by the aggravated mannishness of her attire. After a time, however, his bucolic soul had become accustomed to the masculinity of her clothing, and he had decided that if she were a working girl—and who else would seek meat and drink in the cheerless basement dining-room of Mrs. Kellogg, his landlady? she had adopted a very sensible attire. It was neat and easily cared for, modest and—oh, obtuse man!—inexpensive. Moberly Grimsy recollected now that this girl had caught him in the act of staring at her several times. That was the reason he was blushing so furiously now.

"I must—oh, I must see Mr. Marvin," the girl said, looking appealingly at Moberly Grimsy, who had not the least idea, in the first place, who Mr. Marvin might be, or, in the second, how to get to him.

"Mr. Marvin is the general manager over there," she explained, motioning toward the fire-escape-covered building of Beeston.

Grimsy in a flash wondered if she had a cure for old Beeston's aggravated complaint. He looked at the closely packed crowd and shook his head. Then a brilliant idea came to him.

"Tell the policeman," he cried in an excited whisper, "that you are his daughter. 'The old faker has a daughter, hasn't he?"

"I did," confessed the girl without a blush of contrition. "The policeman laughed at me. The policeman said that my forty-six sisters had been there before me this morning."

In spite of herself the girl's troubled face relaxed in an amused smile. Still there was only one dimple, as Moberly Grimsy noticed particularly. He had often wondered in studying this face if there could be another dimple, hidden, to come out when she smiled. He had never seen her smile before.

"I don't know what to do," cried the girl, gazing wistfully at the yellow building opposite. "Excuse me for appealing to you. It is wrong to appeal to you. Nobody can help me, I suppose; but I must—oh, I must see—I must find out ——" She broke off suddenly.

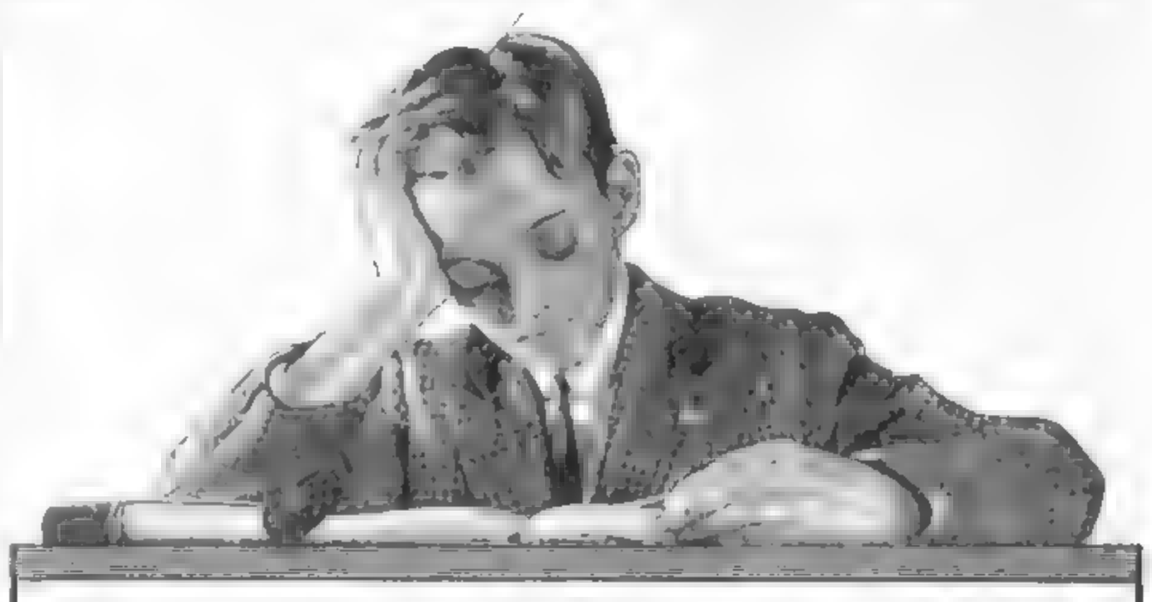
"Why don't you try the telephone?" suggested Grimsy. She shook her head; she had been trying to connect by telephone for forty-eight hours; several telegraph messengers had been submerged; the slow mails were not to be thought of. Oh, this was urgent, so urgent!

Those appealing eyes fastened themselves on the young man from the country. He had been in New York many months now, and no one had ever appealed to him before for help, especially in this way. Everybody with whom he sought to make friends had treated him as a pickpocket. New York consisted of five million suspicious people, all with their hands on their watches while they talked. And this young lady who in some way had picked up the fact that his name was Grimsy—possibly she had inquired from his landlady because of the rude way he had stared at her at meals—was appealing to him now quite as though he belonged. She was appealing to him with gray eyes and a tilted nose and one dimple. What she desired was very simple. She wished to enter a business building just across the way, where she had business, probably for her employer, with the general manager. She wanted him to help her.

Moberly Grimsy wanted so much to help some one—help her particularly! He avoided her eyes, which were disconcertingly steady. He started, as he discovered that his fleeting gaze had come in collision with the red image of a fire-alarm box on a red iron post not three feet from the tip of his nose. The fire box had a handle, a brass handle; on the door was a sign that said plainly "Turn" and "Pull." With an impulse, the origin of which must thwart the finest drawn psychology, Moberly Grimsy seized the brass handle; he turned it; he pulled it with all his strength. A harsh accusing bell from the inside of the infernal thing screamed at him. He turned

10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is now put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



Study Time

Demands a Breakfast of Delicious Quaker Oats

Whatever you serve in summer, with school-time comes the time for Quaker Oats.

It abounds in the elements which active brains consume. One large dish supplies the energy for five or six hours of study.

Quaker Oats is the finest form of Nature's greatest food. It is the food of foods for the years of growth, as nearly every mother knows. It is incomparable in vim-producing power.

Don't serve it as a dainty only—in little dishes, just to start the meal. Children need far more than grown folks of what Quaker Oats contain.

On school days, above all days, serve them a liberal dish. No child gets too much Quaker.

Quaker Oats

The Luscious Flakes That Won Millions

Serve Quaker because we make it of the big, plump grains alone. Those are the grains with the maximum food value, and the grains with the luscious flavor.

We pick out for Quaker the cream of the oats—the choicest one-third—only ten pounds from a bushel. And we treat them for hours with heat.

You can see the result in the large, inviting flakes. The aroma and the taste will tell you how Quaker Oats excel.

This extra quality means a delightful dish. It means so much that millions of mothers send over seas to get it.

You can get it every morning by simply ordering Quaker. It costs no extra price. Try it once, and flavor alone will make you a permanent user.

Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South

(57)

"It's the new Dr. Lyon's Dental Cream"

—the *cream form* of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder for those who prefer a tube dentifrice.

Now you can choose between a *standard* dental cream and a *standard* tooth powder. Ask your druggist for either—both safe, efficient, cleansing—

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

The new Dental Cream as produced by Dr. Lyon's laboratory embodies these important qualities for teeth-preservation:

Quickly soluble. Deposits no sticky masses to encourage decay.
Rinses thoroughly, leaving complete cleanliness.
Safeguards you from receding gums and loosening teeth.

Send 2c postage for 10-day trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dr. Lyon's Perfect Dental Cream. Address I. W. LYON & SONS, 522 West 27th Street, New York City.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Look for the coupon in each package that entitles you to a tooth brush Free.

ELROY M. PHILLIPS

$25 a week to students

Each summer an increasingly large number of young men and women find they can earn money and enjoy a mighty good vacation while doing it. Last year many earned from $50 to $100 a week; nineteen averaged over $2 an hour. Nearly all our representatives earned over $25 a week.

Elroy M. Phillips, of the University of Chicago, in a little over ten weeks, earned nearly $1000. He says, "The work was fun and the money great."

You can work in your own town or elsewhere, alone or with friends. Ask us for full particulars; you will be interested. Address your letter of inquiry to

The Educational Division, Box 557

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

and ran with all his speed. He was conscious of policemen converging. He dodged this way and that. He was fleet. At the end of the block he had the courage to snatch a look back over his shoulder. There they were, at his very heels, calling on him to stop, pounding the resonant asphalt with their clubs as an earnest of the fate that awaited him when they got him. But over their shoulders he saw the girl. She was standing on tiptoe, waving her arms wildly, her mouth was open, her even white teeth gleaming. Was she laughing or was she trying to scream?

However, there were more immediate things for the mind of young Grimsy to dwell on with an interrogation mark than the feelings of this tailormade girl. In his desperation he seized on a ruse: He rushed into a hallway, shouting "Fire! Fire!" and pointing ahead of him as though he were leading the wild pursuit to hidden flames.

He dodged into an intersecting hall. Fortune was kind; this second hall led to a kind of alley and thence to a side street; and he now ran as if the very devil were after him. Soon the sound of pursuit grew dim. Then there was no pursuit. He would have liked very much to double on his tracks to witness the result of his ridiculous strategy. But his red thatch was too conspicuous; they would spot him on sight. The engines would be there in a few seconds. He could hear their sirens swelling in the distance already. Policemen were now converging to the spot where he had located his hypothetical fire. The crowd would undoubtedly follow the engines—a crowd always does, no matter how busy it may be with something else. The police would follow the crowd. Then if Miss Vincent possessed the slightest sense of initiative she would understand why the red-haired young man to whom she had appealed for help had so abruptly left her.

Grimsy didn't stop running for some time; then he jumped on a street car, and half an hour later, with an empty stomach but an overflowing heart, he was back in his cage under lock and key, hard at work operating his hand-power adding machine.

"I wonder if she really has got a plan for hooking that million!" he thought as he pushed unconscionable wealth into his adding machine with facile fingers. He hoped not; decidedly he hoped not. She was the very first person who had ever spoken to him on Manhattan Island as though she thought he could be trusted. And if by any chance she had a good scheme for sequestering that million—mythical or not, as it might be—she would never come back to board at Mrs. Kellogg's. Persons who owned millions did not take their meals in that shabby basement!

Still she ought to come back, thought Moberly Grimsy, if for nothing else than to thank him for turning in the fire-alarm. His heart left him as he pictured himself in the act of receiving thanks at her hands. It was always so difficult to know what to say under those circumstances.

When five o'clock came and the young animals, including our red-haired friend, were let out of their cages and passed through the bronze fortification doors to the street young Grimsy knew just what he was going to say when she thanked him. He bought a new necktie in the store next door to his bank. It was a glorious confection he had admired in the show window for the past week. He had his shoes shined and he gave the boy another nickel for brushing him down well. He even shaved—that was twice to-day. Usually Moberly Grimsy did not take his dinner at Madame Kellogg's.

The unsociability of his fellow lodgers had begun to weigh on him; and of late he had been trying the experiment of seeking food in strange places in the hope that, even though the food too might be strange, the strange people might be a little more human than the suspicious New Yorkers he met every day. During the past week he had eaten away from "home" five times. But not to-night!

It seemed to him that it was with the utmost temerity he entered the basement dining room that night and took his place at his table. When he collected sufficient courage to raise his eyes he surveyed the corner usually occupied by his young lady. But the corner did not contain her. Instead, it contained a sour-looking old man with a wart on his nose. In fact, as he recollected now, he had not seen her at breakfast or any other meal for several weeks. He recollected that her habit was to come and go for a week or several days at a time. But it did seem indeed that she should be here to-night, if for no other reason than to report on the success of his efforts to help her, and to thank him.

Moberly Grimsy ate in his basement for three consecutive evenings; but the grouchy old man with the wart on his nose always occupied the table which she should have occupied. On the fourth night young Grimsy sat down in the dark of a moving-picture show, a spot where he could think and watch the world roll by at the same time. They were showing the Fifty Daughters of Major Carmichael Beeston that night. The house roared with delight at the scandulous exposure. Young Grimsy watched the victims dully—until Number Forty-Seven registered herself on the screen! Then his heart stopped beating! It was she; it could be none other!

She was staring straight at him; first questioningly, wistfully, the way she had looked at him when she laid her hand on his arm and asked him to help her. Then in quick succession surprise, confusion, indignation, terror swept her features, erased the last vestige of even that one dimple. She was looking straight at him, until convulsively she threw up her hands to shield her face—then she turned and fled, to the ribald jeers of the crowd.

In his excitement Grimsy forgot where he was. He remembered only that this was the girl he had been looking for, expecting for three days now, and that she was being laughed at. This was the girl for whom he had performed a service, or at least done his best to perform a service, in a most hazardous manner.

He sprang to his feet, crying aloud: "Here I am, Miss Vincent! This way!"

His own voice and the wild laughter of the crowd about him in the dark theater woke him up, and he turned tail, to a chorus of hoots and catcalls. But she had been so near to him! Oh, he was quite sure she must have seen him!

Out in the street he got his mental balance again. He felt hungry. Then he remembered that in his indecision this evening he had gone without dinner, mooning around dismally instead. He entered a café and ordered a lunch; and while he waited he alternated unhappily between an evening newspaper and an effort to palliate his inexcusable conduct in playing the fool in a moving-picture theater.

Finally he dismissed himself and his miseries from his mind—or tried to—and gave his attention to the paper. The news was all about Beeston again. There had been a lull for a day or two now; but that arrant self-advertiser was at it again this evening.

"Ugh!" said Grimsy as he glanced at the billposter type. The billposter type offered:

"FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR INFORMATION OF THE WHEREABOUTS OF MAJOR BEESTON"

It seemed that the old rascal's yacht, the Mighty, had been run to cover at some remote port in the Azores where she had put in for fresh vegetables. The port officer, as hard after that mythical million as any soul in two continents, had so far forgotten himself as to prostitute the privileges of his high office. The port officer, using force, had searched the yacht Mighty. Major Beeston was not aboard!

All this hullabaloo of the last week, then, in which the entire civilized world had been taking part had been barking up the wrong tree. Major Beeston was not aboard the yacht Mighty that everybody had been chasing from port to port and from latitude to latitude. Major Beeston had been driven into hiding! If there was anything more calamitous for the irascible old Major than being sought by the whole world for his mythical million it was this last rash act of his, turning himself into a melodrama of mystery. Here was food for uncounted columns of newspaper notoriety!

The afternoon paper Grimsy was reading, owned by Mingling the politician, who conducted a chain of papers for his own propaganda across the length and breadth of the country, Mingling who hated Beeston and was his bitterest rival in business, Mingling's paper was offering five thousand dollars reward. He was sicking on the dogs, urging them to even more outlandish persistence by hanging up five thousand dollars of real money before their eyes.

"Ugh!" said Moberly Grimsy. It was uncanny how lifelike that picture was of Daughter Number Forty-Seven.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A GERMAN MIRACLE

(Continued from Page 11)

prevent certain European exports to the Levant from going by way of Austria, the German roads make a through rail-and-water rate that is less than the rail haul alone for domestic goods.

In short, though German freight rates started out very scientifically, the principle of what the traffic will bear has entered so largely into the matter that at present about two-thirds of all the freight on the Prussian-Hessian system moves at special and exceptional rates, which are not based on the theoretical cost of carrying a particular consignment, but on what rate the shipment will bear without killing the traffic.

The fact is that figuring out the cost of carrying a particular consignment is almost impossible. A railroad should, of course, get enough revenue from its total service to pay the cost of operating and upkeep and a fair return on the investment; but, in order to keep its plant running as nearly as possible at full capacity, it may, on certain business it otherwise would not get at all, make a rate that will only a little more than pay the first-hand expense incident to handling the shipment without any regard to overhead charges.

Of course if it made all rates on that basis it would soon be bankrupt; and if it makes some rates on that basis some other rates must be high enough to cover the overhead charges, not only on the shipments to which they apply but on the shipments that get the low rate. Whatever the equity of this arrangement may be, there is no doubt that state-owned railroads adopt it about as readily as those privately owned.

This mass of special rates, covering about two-thirds of all the freight business on the Prussian roads, contributes to the difficulty of making any broad and exact comparison between their freight rates and ours. I have shown, I hope, that a broad and exact comparison between their passenger rates and ours is out of the question, because more than four-fifths of their passenger traffic gets a poor and cheap service for which there is no equivalent in this country; and to a smaller degree because they make special charges for services performed free here.

Our roads carry a hundred and fifty pounds of checked baggage free. For carrying all checked baggage the Prussian lines make a charge that is higher, I should say, than our express companies would make for carrying the same trunk the same distance. On a fourteen-hour journey a hundred-and-fifty-pound trunk costs three dollars and seventy-five cents. Though very few passengers on European trains carry checked baggage because of this charge, the Prussian roads still derive a revenue of about four and a half million dollars a year from carriage of baggage.

Extras on German Roads

If you wish to enter the trainshed in a German railroad station to meet friends or see them off you must buy a ticket costing two cents. Personally I think this an admirable arrangement which American roads might well adopt; but the point is that from the sale of these little station tickets the Prussian roads derive a revenue of seven hundred thousand dollars a year for something American roads give away.

Exact comparison between freight rates is even more difficult. Here, too, the German roads charge for things American roads furnish gratis—or, if you choose to put it that way, for things American roads include in their freight rate. For example, in making a shipment over a German road you must pay, in addition to the freight rate, a terminal charge covering the cost of handling the goods at the point of departure and the point of arrival. You must pay for the bill of lading. If it is an international shipment the charge for the bill of lading is twice as high. To be sure these extra charges are relatively small; yet on many shipments they come to an appreciable sum.

If our freight rates were horizontally advanced so that the average rate on a ton for a mile was brought up to the Prussian figure, and our passenger rates were horizontally reduced, so that the average rate on a passenger for a mile was brought down to the Prussian figure, the net result would be to increase the revenues of our roads by more than one-third. Again, if our freight rates were horizontally advanced, so as to bring the average ton-mile rate up to the Prussian figure, our roads could afford to carry passengers for nothing with the present volume of passenger traffic.

That is no exact or even approximately exact measure of the difference between their rates and ours, because the services are different. The British Government, through the Board of Trade, has made an elaborate study of European railroads. The result is embodied in a ponderous volume, bursting with figures, which may be consulted at the Congressional Library in Washington, the Crerar Library in Chicago, and no doubt in other public libraries. More recently Prof. W. J. Cunningham has made an extensive study of this rate matter. Still more recently, Samuel O. Dunn has published a book on Government Ownership of Railways which deals with the subject. The German Government has done some investigating and publishing on its own account.

In fine, there is plenty of information; but it is still quite impossible to reduce it to exact terms—I mean to say that for a comparable service the Prussian railroads charge twelve per cent more than ours or eight per cent less, or any other exact figure. However, I do consider it a fair inference that Prussian freight rates are somewhat higher than ours.

Professor Cunningham concluded that Prussian freight rates are, "on the whole, somewhat too high." He added: "The large surplus that is turned over to the state each year certainly is not made from the transportation of passengers. It must come from freight. Freight shippers by rail, therefore, are being indirectly taxed for the benefit of the state." A German railroad official, after examining the argument, retorted: "I would prefer to turn the question the other way by saying your freight rates seem to me too low."

Comparative Wages

Probably there is something in that point; but, beyond question, low freight rates are better for the public than low passenger rates, because the public in this country pays more than three times as much freight as passenger charges. In other words, a one-per-cent advance in freight rates counts for the railroads three times as much as a one-per-cent advance in passenger rates.

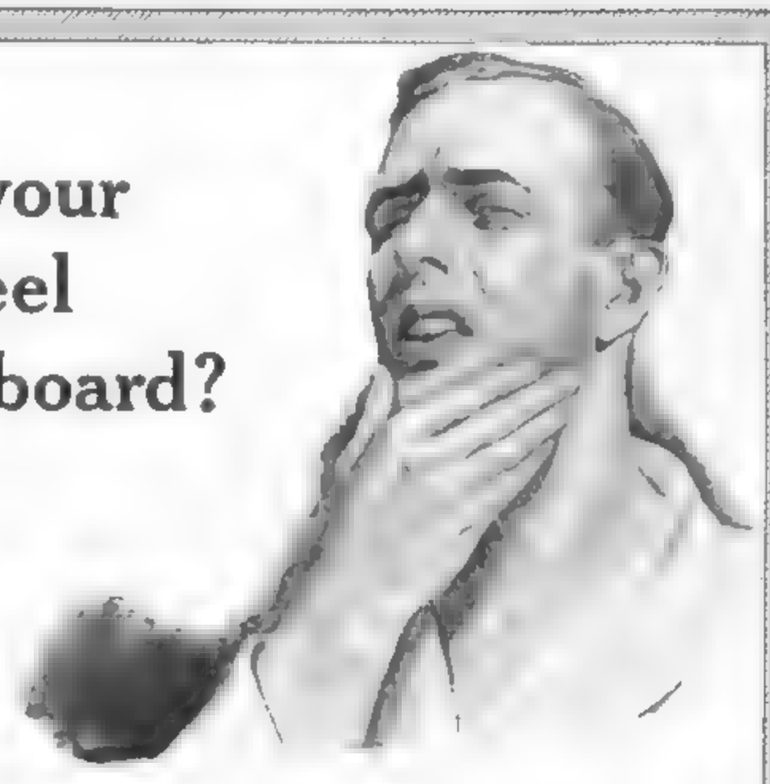
Considering that Prussian freight rates are somewhat higher than ours, and that over four-fifths of their passenger business gets a poor and cheap service for which there is no equivalent here, their low-average passenger rate may be explained without raising any warrantable presumption that their roads are managed more economically than ours or that they give the public, on the whole, any better return for its money than ours do.

Forty-four cents out of every dollar our railroads receive go directly to labor. Wages, of course, are among the few things that can be compared with approximate accuracy; and it is an indubitable fact that railroad wages in Prussia, after making allowance for certain perquisites, are about forty-five per cent lower than they are in the United States.

Personally I do not attach very great importance to this matter of wages, for I believe American railroad labor is more efficient than Prussian—that a dollar expended in wages here gets more labor power than a dollar expended in wages there. Whether the difference in efficiency amounts to forty-five per cent is another question; and the much lower wage scale in Germany should certainly be given some consideration in discussing comparative passenger and freight rates, though not so much consideration as the bare figures would suggest. It is certainly true that men who are getting two dollars and fifteen cents a day can better afford to pay a given freight rate than men who are getting only one dollar and fifteen cents a day.

At only a few points, in fact, are bare figures, taken by themselves, of any value in making a comparison between transportation—or public utilities generally—in Europe and America. The German state railroads, for example, comprise decidedly the best publicly owned system in Europe, and the one most frequently cited in discussions of public ownership; yet they equal barely one-eighth of the railroad mileage of the United States.

Does your face feel like a board?



That drawn, wooden feeling is due to an excess of caustic in your shaving soap. So is the biting and smarting. "Rubbing in" the lather with your fingers works this irritant into your pores and makes matters worse.

Mennen's Shaving Cream requires no [illegible] and contains no free caustic.

A few strokes of the brush works up a [illegible] creamy lather which softens the toughest beard.

No [illegible] stopping, no re-lathering, no after [illegible], no time wasted, no sore, burning face.

Read this strong commendation from a man whose shaving troubles are over: "I am a mechanic and my beard is usually full of dirt and grit, which, before using your cream, required from ten to fifteen minutes' application of lathering. I used your cream as per directions on same, and procured a clean, close, velvet shave in less than five minutes. It does not irritate the skin and is pleasant to use."

Mennen's Shaving Cream is put up in [illegible] tubes with handy hexagon [illegible]

At all dealers' 25c. Send 10c for a demonstrator tube containing enough for 50 shaves. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borated and Violet Talcum Toilet Powder, and Mennen's Cream Dentrifice.

Trade Mark

Mennen's Shaving Cream

Men Ask These Motorcycle Tire Questions

Time has taught men the things to seek in motorcycle tires.

Seasoned riders now ask these motorcycle tire questions: What is the make?—What men ride them?—What is their record?—What is the factor of durability and safety?

Goodyear-Answered

Goodyear Motorcycle Tires have solved every problem of right buying for these men.

These are the tires which in four years have become world leaders.

Three of every four motorcycles sold this year are Goodyear-equipped.

And these are the tires that hold every world's record for speed and durability. E. G. Baker rode Goodyears on his famous ride across the continent.

What It Means

Before such popularity must come achievement. Before achievement, master-construction. Before master-construction, master-methods and equipment. And in Goodyear Motorcycle Tires all these factors meet.

As in Automobile Tires

The same quality standards by which Goodyear automobile tires have won the world govern the making of Goodyear Motorcycle Tires.

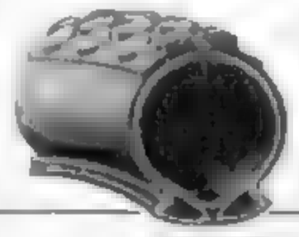
Every road condition is anticipated and met in the making. Road leadership has been won through factory leadership.

At Same Price

And Goodyear Motorcycle Tires cost no more than others that do not have their manifold advantages.

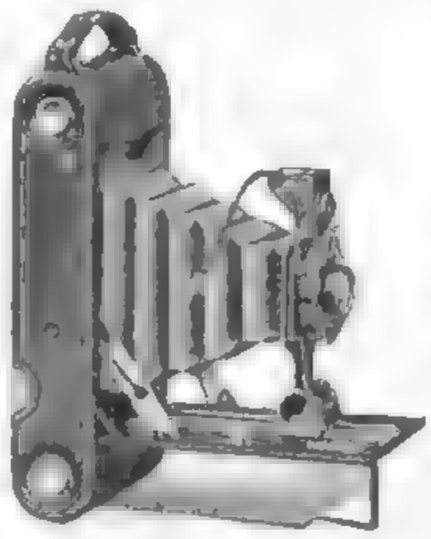
Goodyears are made with a thick anti-skid tread and a special fabric prevents tread separation. In Goodyears you get the best that men can make.

There is a Goodyear dealer in your town. Ask him for our book which tells how Goodyear Motorcycle Tires are made—or write us today.



GOODYEAR AKRON, OHIO
Motorcycle Tires

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio
Dealers Everywhere. Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber.



The New No. 1A

KODAK JR.

A thin, compact, convenient camera of high efficiency. The shape of the pictures is rectangular (2½ x 4¼ inches), and pleasingly suited to landscapes and home portraits.

Choice of meniscus achromatic or Rapid Rectilinear lens; has new Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with cable release, for time and bulb exposures, and speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second; improved back for quick reloading; automatic focusing lock; collapsible reversible finder and two tripod sockets. Uses Kodak Film cartridges of six and twelve exposures, loading and unloading in daylight.

Price, with meniscus achromatic lens, $ 9 00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens, 11.00

Free catalogue at your dealer's, or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y. *The Kodak City.*

NEVERLEAK

Makes Your Tires Puncture Proof

YOU can keep your tires air tight and always ready for use by treating them with Neverleak Tire Fluid. You will then be free from costly, aggravating [illegible] and [illegible]

For eighteen years this excellent preparation has been saving bicycle riders the expense and bother of repairs. It is known and used everywhere, because it gives positive satisfaction.

Neverleak heals punctures instantly under all conditions. Moreover, it preserves the rubber, giving added life to your tires. You can get it from all dealers and repairmen. Put up in handy, self-injecting tubes, 25c each.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
Buffalo, N. Y.

Do Your Printing!

Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press $. Larger $18, Rotary $60. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog. TYPE, cards, paper, outfits, complete. THE PRESS CO. Meriden Conn.

Europe taken together and including the British Isles is about one-quarter larger in area than the United States. It contains four and a half times the population of the United States. In total business transactions and in total wealth it far exceeds the United States. Yet all Europe, including the British Isles, has only two hundred thousand miles of railroad, and the United States alone has two hundred and fifty thousand miles. A very little consideration of these figures will show that the railroad system of any single European country is a small and inconsequential affair in comparison with the railroad system of the United States.

A glance at the map will indicate one of the reasons. There is hardly a town in the British Isles from which you cannot reach a seaport by three or four hours' travel, while all the big towns are figuratively within a stone's throw of tidewater. The busy part of the Continent is a big promontory jutting into the sea, with many bays and rivers. All European countries have spent great sums in building canals and making rivers navigable. In riding five hours from Paris to Liège you will see more waterborne traffic by far than in riding five days from New York to San Francisco—long strings of canal barges propelled by mechanical or mule power. In the heart of Paris you will see scores of canal boats.

Incidentally all over Western Europe and in Great Britain you will see splendid highways, usually in quite as good condition and quite as substantially built as the paved streets in our towns. In less than a century France has spent nearly a billion dollars on highways and a third of that amount on inland waterways.

Look now at the United States, with the great Mississippi Valley, all the way from five hundred to a thousand miles and more distant from the sea; with the productive trans-Missouri and Rocky Mountain region two thousand miles or more from salt water. In all this huge territory the great streams of traffic are east and west and the rivers run south. You see at once why rail transportation should be overwhelmingly important here and why it is a smaller factor in Europe.

It is hardly too much to say, as a rough generalization, that transportation by rail is the only sort we have. Our public highways, in spite of the improvements of recent years, are bad as a whole. In large and populous sections of the country they are barely passable at certain seasons. Of inland water transportation, with the exception of the Great Lakes, we have practically nothing. Almost every industry, no matter how small, must be on a railroad. Generally a farm that is more than two or three hours' haul from a railroad station is hardly salable.

Short Hauls in Tiny Cars

Practically the whole population lives within sight of steam cars. Everything we wear, everything in our homes, and a large part of all we eat is moved by rail; in fact, our railroads carry as many tons of freight as all the railroads of Europe put together, and on the average they carry the freight more than twice the distance; which means that they perform more than twice the service of all the railroads of Europe.

It takes an American, when traveling in Europe, at least a fortnight to get over the shock of their freight trains. He sees a locomotive that he might well mistake for a model from which a real engine was to be built. Behind it is a string of cars each of which seems to have about the carrying capacity of a seven-passenger automobile.

In appearance the whole thing is about halfway between a typical American freight train and one of those transportation devices which the toy shops put in their show windows just before Christmas. When it is in motion—the little engine puffing bravely and the openwork wheels, four to a car, turning briskly—the American feels like cheering as he would do at home if the children finally got their toy train to go.

It is in these ten-ton cars, in fact, that the railroad freight of Europe is mostly moved. Half of our freight cars carry from thirty-three to fifty-four tons each and the other half from eighteen to thirty-three tons. There is a great difference also in length of haul. In England it is only twenty-five miles; in Germany, sixty miles; in Italy, sixty-six miles—while in the United States it is nearly a hundred and fifty miles.

Roughly speaking, freight business in Europe means small shipments and short hauls, while here it means big shipments and long hauls. Our conditions, of course, are most favorable for the development of a low average freight rate and we have the lowest average freight rate in the world, with the exception of Japan, where wages and cost of living are so far out of line with this country that comparison is of no value. And if anybody brings up Japan's low average freight rate as an argument for government ownership, it may be pointed out that the average rate on the state-owned lines of New South Wales is nearly two and a half times that in the United States.

Our railroads have had to meet a problem rather different from that in Europe. There, so to speak, railroads were an afterthought; the United States grew up with them. Broadly stated, the problem of our roads has been that of moving the total traffic of a continent; and, though Prussia is decidedly the ablest state-manager of railroads in Europe, there is nothing in the record to indicate that the Prussian Government could meet our transportation problems more successfully or more cheaply than they have been met under private ownership here.

It would probably have reduced passenger rates somewhat at the expense of freight rates; in fact, in twenty years the Prussian-Hessian state roads have reduced their average passenger rate twenty-two per cent—according to figures quoted by Mr. Dunn in his Government Ownership of Railways—and their average freight rate only six per cent, while the railroads of the United States during the same period have reduced their average passenger rate ten per cent and their average freight rate nineteen per cent. But there is no gain to the public in reducing passenger rates at the expense of freight rates. Rather, there is a loss.

Able Prussian Management

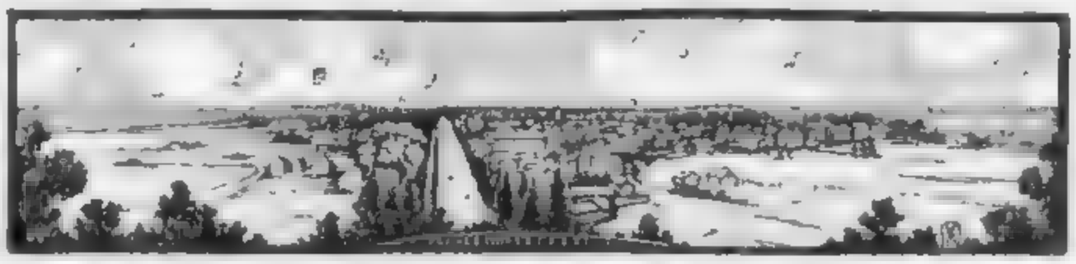
On the financial side, as I have said before, Prussia is remarkably successful among states that manage railroads. Net earnings are sufficient to pay expenses, interest on the railroad debt, cost of some betterments, and leave a substantial surplus to be turned into the public treasury. It should be remembered, however, that these state-owned railroads pay no state taxes, while our railroads pay considerably more than a hundred million dollars a year in taxes.

If we concede that their freight rates are somewhat higher than ours; if we concede that they get any advantage over our roads from a wage scale forty-five per cent lower than ours; if we take into account the quality of four-fifths of their passenger service, then we must acknowledge that Prussian railroad managers have done nothing that our managers could not have done quite as well under like circumstances; that on the whole economic side, in short, Prussian state-owned roads are, to say the least, no better conducted than our privately owned roads.

Of course, if we claim everything and concede nothing, we can twist any set of facts to fit our prejudices either for or against government ownership.

If the Prussian roads, on the whole, are no more ably managed than ours, then all other state roads in Europe are less ably managed; for there is no question about Prussia's superiority as a railroad manager over other and non-Germanic European states.

And what the Prussian Government can do under a given set of circumstances may well be as different from what our Government could do as the Prussian Government itself is different. This difference is worth some further consideration.



The man who rode on his rims

It seems that the man had a [illegible] a nice little place about a mile [illegible] but off the car line. There was nothing doing on an automobile, for the place was [illegible] mortgaged. A thought! Buy a bicycle.

[illegible] this first big mistake bought a [illegible] to friend. Friend rode the [illegible] and got his money. Next [illegible]

Money was [illegible] be [illegible] second mistake. In a week the rear tire got soft and after that it leaked a full charge of air in about two days. The trouble was that the weak fabric had split on a rock and let the air worm out through the thin, spongy tread.

Every other night he rode home on the rims. Both tires soon all cut to pieces.

What then did he buy Vitalic Tires? No. He [illegible] the whole deal and walked [illegible] work—home late [illegible]

Send 4c for this 25c Vitalic Red Rubber Mud Guard Splasher.

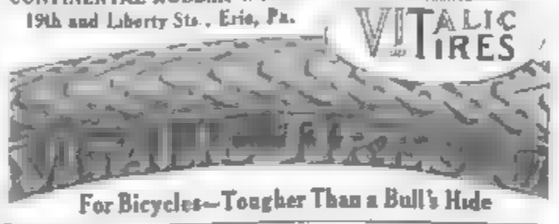
Don't be like that man start right with right tires.

The only cheap tire is the one that stands up to the work—that holds its air—that doesn't puncture that doesn't dry up and crack. [illegible] to the cost per mile. Vitalic Tires are the cheapest.

The rubber in Vitalic Tires is dried naturally. That preserves all of its original toughness and elasticity. The fabric foundation is the same that goes into a motorcycle tire—practically unbreakable.

Send for a book, "The Truth from Tube to Tread," and for a sample of the tire itself to cut up and prove for yourself the purity and elasticity of the rubber and the strength of fabric.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
19th and Liberty Sts., Erie, Pa.



For Bicycles—Tougher Than a Bull's Hide

Delivered TO YOU FREE
on Approval and 30 days Trial

THIS 1914 MODEL

SEND NO MONEY but write today for our big 1914 catalog of "Ranger" Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so low that [illegible] Also our great new offer [illegible] a Ranger Bicycle on one month's free trial [illegible]

BOYS [illegible] some catalog. It's free. [illegible] for re-fitting your old bicycle like new at very low cost. Also much useful bicycle information. Send for it.

LOWEST PRICES direct to you. No one can offer better values and terms. You cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without first learning what we can offer you. Write Now.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. M-55 CHICAGO, ILL.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and *heeds* it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6c. postage. Write us at once.
E. G. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Tardy Boy

prepares his lessons "any old time." He seldom does today what he can put off until tomorrow. He doesn't realize the importance of promptness. He has not learned that the performance of a duty is twice as easy NOW as it will be LATER.

Your advice is discounted by the Tardy Boy. He doesn't connect the theory of your lesson with his everyday life. Precept and practice are unrelated in his mind.

Somehow the Boy must convince himself that promptness is essential. Thousands of parents have recently adopted a plan by which their boys are teaching themselves this lesson. The exact method is fully explained in a booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" A copy will be sent you, free, upon request. Write today to

Sales Division, Box 566
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Your .22-calibre Rifle

Repeating or Single Shot-Remington-UMC

REMINGTON
UMC
TRADE MARK

The Biggest Little Rifle in the World

THE rapid increase of .22 rifle-shooting as a sport owes much to these four rifles.

Their design, their workmanship, their accuracy, have lent a new fascination to rifle shooting indoors and out.

However much or little a man knows about rifles he cannot miss these facts:—rifle clubs are being organized everywhere—some of the closest shooting in the world today is being done with .22 calibre Remington-UMC—the top-score men are as strong for Remington-UMC in the .22 calibre arm as for the big game rifles.

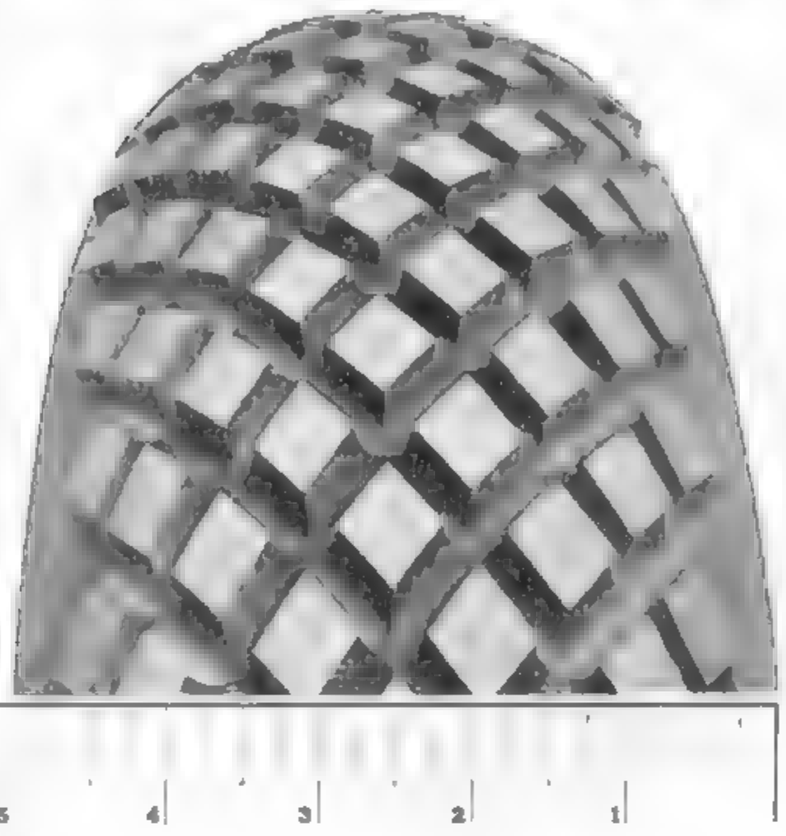
Eighty thousand wide-awake sporting-goods stores are alive to the popularity of the Remington .22.

Talk with your leading dealer—the man who has the confidence and the trade of the alert shooting-men. You can know his store a block away by the Red Ball Mark—*Remington-UMC*—the Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.

How to Start a Rifle Club and Keep It Going—We know how every live and growing rifle club in this country was made a success—how they got members, how they raised the money to start and made the club self-supporting. Write and tell us what you want to do. No charge—*just write.*

REMINGTON ARMS·UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY
299 Broadway, New York ——— Windsor, Ontario

A Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire With All-Weather Tread



Half-Inch Wider Tires—No Extra Price

Today's price situation means this:

Goodyear tires are underselling 16 rival makes. All because of mammoth output.

Some tires sell one-third higher.

Three tires of some makes cost as much as **four** No-Rim-Cut tires. Yet No-Rim-Cuts used to cost you one-fifth more than others.

Here is another comparison:

Some tires 36 x 4½ cost more than Goodyears in size 37 x 5.
Some tires 34 x 3½ cost more than Goodyears in size 35 x 4.
Some 30 x 3-inch tires cost more than Goodyears in size 31 x 3½.

So with many other sizes, both of which fit the same rim. You can get a half-inch larger Goodyear at no extra price.

Now, are these things believable?

Can you believe that three tires of any make will outlast four of Goodyears?

Can you think any tire so much better that a small size will serve you just as well as a half-inch larger Goodyear?

That is unthinkable. We put into Goodyears the best we know to get lowest cost per mile. We spend in our laboratory $100,000 yearly to find out ways to improve them.

No-Rim-Cut tires embody four great trouble-saving features found in no other tire. On sheer merit, at an equal price, they outsold any other. And these top-place tires are not today excelled.

There's No Tire Aristocracy

There are lines where high price has a value of its own. It may buy class—exclusiveness—pride of ownership.

Not so in tires—they are dead expense.

Here you seek mileage, freedom from trouble, lower cost of upkeep. And the desirable tire is the one that offers you most of them.

What Goodyear Offers

In No-Rim-Cuts we offer you tires that can't rim-cut. We do that in an ideal way—a way which never leads to trouble—a way which we control.

By an extra process—our "On-Air" cure—we save you all the blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. This final cure, under actual road conditions, adds to our cost $450,000 per year. It saves our users many times that. No other maker employs it.

We combat loose treads by a patent method which reduces the danger by 60 per cent. In each tire we create, during vulcanization, hundreds of large rubber rivets. No other maker does that.

The All-Weather tread is on Goodyears alone. It is tough, double-thick and enduring. It is flat and smooth, so it runs like a plain tread. Yet it has deep, sharp projections which grasp with a bulldog grip.

Thus your four greatest tire troubles are combated here in costly, efficient, time-tried ways employed in no other plant. Yet the tire which so combats them is the tire which costs you less.

Goodyear prices are due to mammoth output, to perfect equipment, to new efficiency. And to a profit margin which last year averaged 6½ per cent.

Unless higher prices buy something better, it will pay you to get Goodyears. Any dealer will supply them.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada — **Dealers Everywhere**
London, England — **Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities**
Mexico City, Mexico — **Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber**

1726

THE WAYS OF A MAN

(Continued from Page 13)

That was the feature of the attempted lynching which appeared to have left the most vivid impression on him. The threats and imprecations, the blows and the missiles he had dodged were forgotten; only the girl's low-voiced denunciation remained to wring his soul.

"I can remember when we sold her"—he wagged his head, his white hands rubbing his knees—"remember it well! She lived in a one-horse town in Kansas and I sold quite a few there. Health bad, she said; and so she wanted outdoor life. Ain't it a crime what some people can do—weak women better than any? That girl had actually saved seven hundred dollars—yes, sir!—saved it out of a salary of eight hundred a year."

"It's too bad she isn't strong," I remarked, "isn't it?—so she can start all over again, you know."

For a minute he stared at me confusedly as though a new idea were sinking in.

"That's so!" he muttered, sucking in his breath. "That is so. She'll be on her uppers, that girl, same as the rest of 'em—cleaned out! I never thought of that. No wonder she—— But, no; it was the others she was thinking about, I'll bet—the ones with kids."

Suddenly he smote his leg with his palm and sobbed out:

"Oh, if I could just go back and be a kid again! Haven't you ever felt that way, brother? If I could just go back and begin at the start! Lord, how long ago it seems! I was a good kid too—hadn't a mean streak in me. And I was going to be President."

"Have a drink?" I suggested hopefully.

"Do you know I've been looking back all day to see how come—how I happened to get into this? And one thing just led up to another. I didn't see. I never thought."

"That's usually the way. A man's never a scoun—— No one ever gets in bad all at once or from deliberate choice."

He thought this over with portentous gravity.

"Another thing," he said with a nod: "you think I got all that money from those people. You do—I can see it in your face; but you're wrong. I just sold 'em. Of course the company paid me commissions, but they raked in the biggest part."

"At any rate, the buyers were cheated."

He was not quite hopeless, for he winced. Not having expected this, it left him dumb for a while, but he soon came back to his own defense.

"That wasn't fair," he said in almost a whine. "The country hasn't had a chance. They get one dry year and yell they've been robbed! Any land round Windy is worth the money if they'll work it right. That's honest! I didn't do anything that wasn't legitimate. I——"

"What will Miss Mary Adams do now?"

His thoughts came back to her with a jerk that was reflected in the abrupt steadying of his gaze and his sudden gravity. For a long time Wissell sat perfectly quiet, staring intently, and I did not budge, for I knew that he did not even see me. It is doubtful whether he was conscious of my presence in that interval. His mental vision was focused on a slender woman with black hair, and white face exalted by anger; in his ears sounded a vibrant voice calling down on him, with restrained passion, tortures of conscience for that he had wronged the weak and the helpless.

"Lord! I can hear her still!" he said, and wiped the perspiration from his mouth. Then, as though seized by an inspiration, he jumped from his chair and grabbed his hat. He was on the verge of hysteria. "Do you know what I'm going to do?" His voice was cracking. "I'm going back and get that money out of that St. Louis bunch if I have to choke it out of them! I'll go and get it back for her and the others or send someone to jail!"

Lest his enthusiasm cool, I whooped him on in great excitement.

"Go to it! But they may only give you the laugh. They're on solid ground legally, remember. I know the breed."

He rammed his hat down on his head determinedly.

"We'll see!" said he. "I know a few things about those deals that you don't."

Before he reached the door he turned and came back.

"Maybe you know something about women," he said. "I admit I don't. And I want to ask you a question: Do you reckon, if I made it up to her and the others as good as I could, she'd take back what she said?"

"Very probably."

"But"—aimlessly fingering the fringe of the table cover—"a woman could never think anything of a man after that, could she? Not a fine girl like her?"

"Her fineness would do it if anything could. Nothing like trying and finding out."

"That's so!" replied Wissell with an odd, shrewd puckering of the eyes. "One thing I've noticed—women's love is often so mighty close to hate a fellow can hardly tell the difference."

Once again he bade me good-night—and once more he returned. This time I was undressing and answered his timid knock sharply. He opened the door about an inch.

"I just wanted to tell you good-by for keeps," he said through the crack. "I'll be leaving early in the morning. And, say, if those fellows don't come across I'm going back to Windy anyhow and make good."

"Good-by and good luck! But be careful—those Windy people will string you up higher than Haman!"

"Uh-huh!" said the land agent. "I don't think so. People forget awful quick. That's what makes politics such a graft."

v

ABOUT a month after Wissell's departure from Bisbee somebody sent me a marked copy of the Windy City Booster. It was a four-page sheet, kept alive by quack advertisements, its general news limited to what it could clip from exchanges; but why should a newspaper pay telegraph tolls when it can glean local happenings like this:

LANDSHARK WISSELL GETS HIS APLENTY

INFURIATED CROWD OF CITIZENS ATTACKS AGENT WHO RASHLY RETURNED AFTER PREVIOUS BEATING

TRIES TO MAKE SPEECH IN DEFENSE

COOLER HEADS PREVENT A HANGING AND THEY SOUSE HIM GOOD IN MILLER'S SHEEP-DIP TANK

That was excellent so far as it went, and it made me think very kindly of Wissell. He had gone back, then! Wonders never cease! A ducking would do no great harm and something was assuredly due him; but what held my interest to a second and third reading were two items at the tail of the story:

"Had it not been for Miss Mary Adams, who pleaded with the men not to kill him, it is probable they would have lynched Wissell. Miss Adams has a heart as big as all outdoors. She has been foremost all summer in helping sufferers from the drought; and, though with mighty little more than enough to meet her own wants, she has shared that with all who needed it. God bless such women! If there were more like her the world would be a better place to live in."

What wonderful, glorious creatures they are! Here was Wissell—— However, to the other item:

"When the victim crawled out of the dip at last he spluttered and coughed fit to kill. He was scared, too, but he did not run. Instead, he up and made a little speech, with the dip dripping off of him.

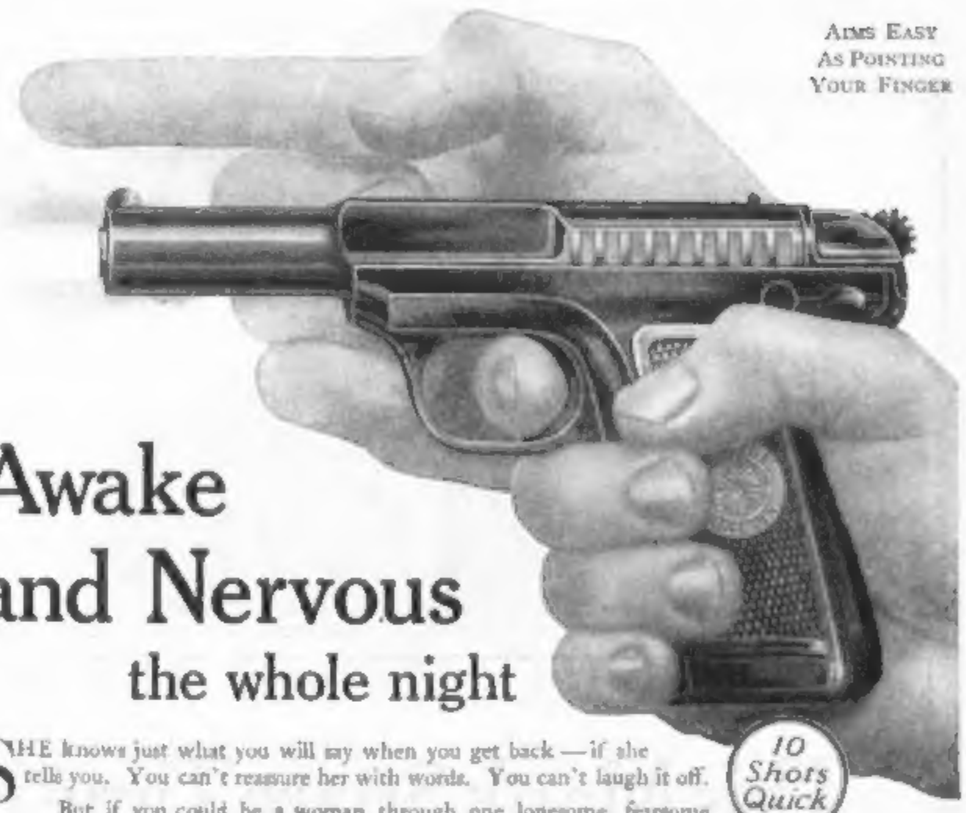
"'You-all wouldn't let me say what I wanted to before,' he said; 'but maybe you will now. Men, I came back here to make good. Not with money, because I couldn't get the company to come across; but you're welcome to what I've got—every cent of it—and I'm going to stay right here in Windy until things shape right!'

"Some of the crowd hooted, but they did not touch him again. Wissell went back to his hotel. He is stopping at the Alamo. All was quiet this afternoon."

After that I went about my business of making three meals a day, tranquil in mind and with two convictions firmly imbedded in my system: 1. That all was well with the land agent; 2. That the defrauded settlers of Windy City's environs stood an even chance of getting their money back; for if a resolute man once gets headed straight, with a girl like Mary Adams to prod him along, nothing but death can stop him!

Within a week came another copy of the Booster. I am persuaded that Wissell himself sent me both.

"At a mass meeting of citizens held in the Fire Hall last night, called by our fellow



AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER

Awake and Nervous
the whole night

SHE knows just what you will say when you get back—if she tells you. You can't reassure her with words. You can't laugh it off.

But if you could be a woman through one lonesome, fearsome night—listening and alarmed—your wife or sister would not go through this torment another night. You would give her the solid assurance of a Savage Automatic Protector that she knows she can aim as easy as pointing her finger. That shoots lightning quick at each crook of her finger. That checks the vicious degenerate and heartless criminal.

Get one today—the greatest protection for helpless women ever brought into the world. And don't give her any other. If she needs protection at all she needs this 10 shot defender—not 8 shots or 6 shots.

This is the only automatic that guards against the old excuse—"Didn't know it was loaded." A glance or touch tells positively.

Send today for free booklet, "If You Hear A Burglar"—written by a famous detective.

A Brand New Savage Rifle!

This .22 Tubular Repeater has all the original Savage features—hammerless, trombone action, solid breech, solid top, side ejection, etc. Price $12. Send for circular.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 77 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y.

THE 10 Shots Quick SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

A Case *of* Lubrication In The Highest Degree

HAVOLINE OIL

"It makes a difference"

because it prevents frictional losses, promotes maximum efficiency in the motor and increases its serviceability.

The Facts In the Case

HAVOLINE is refined only from *one uniform base crude oil* of correct gravity and high quality. By our special process of manufacture the floating carbon and impurities are entirely removed, yet the life of the oil is preserved and its lubricating value enhanced, *because the individual molecules are left intact.* It burns up cleanly and evenly.

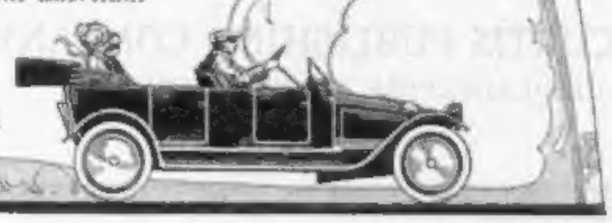
The Motorist's Verdict—Proper Lubrication!

Because it forms an equally thick "cushion" of oil between the moving metals, decreasing the frictional loss and enabling the motor to generate its maximum power.

Buy the oil in the Blue Can—2 Five Gallon Cans to the Case.

Ask your Garageman or write direct for testimonials of *Havoline* users owning your make of car. They're the Evidence.

Write for "The Lubrican."

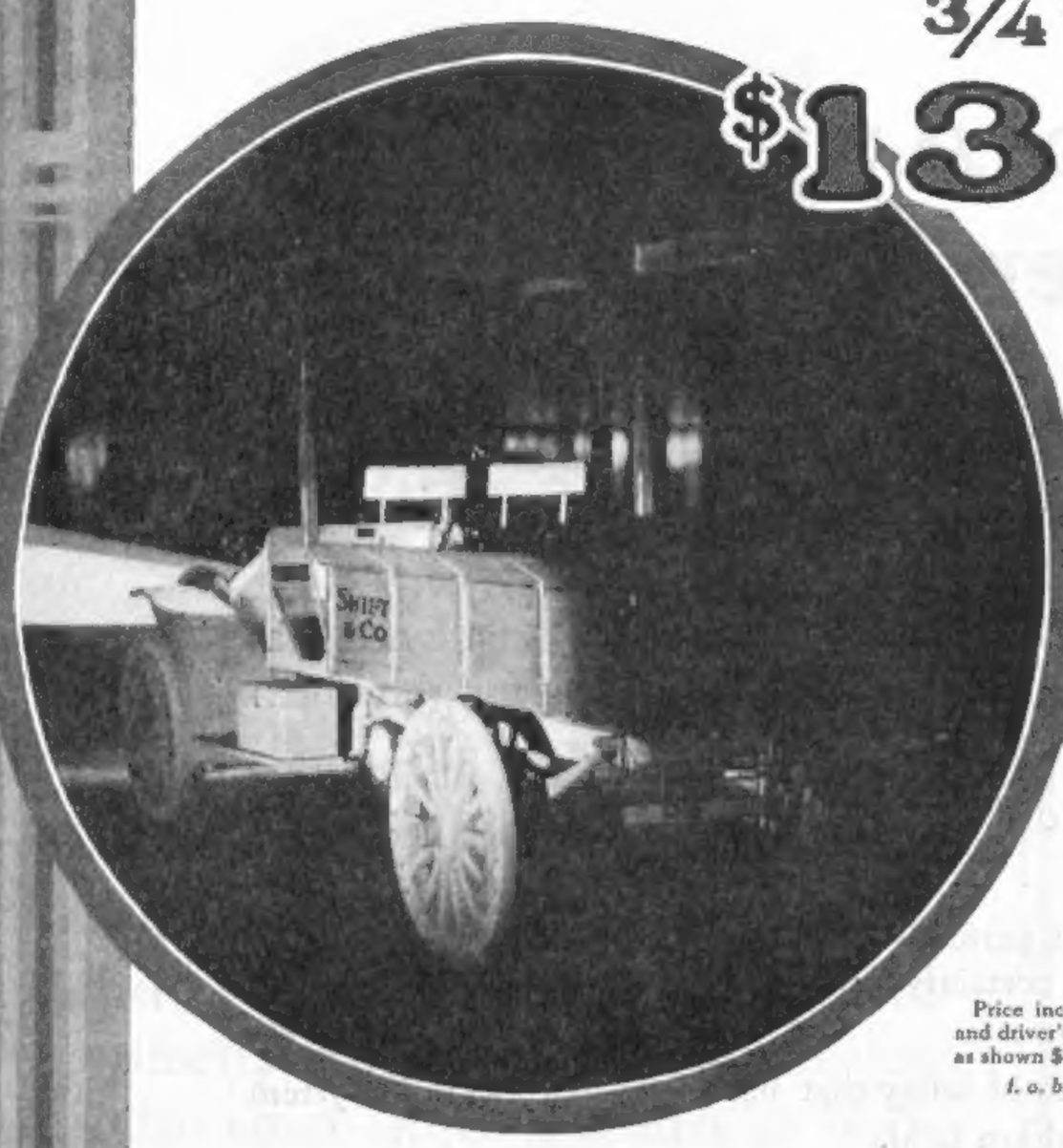


Indian Refining Co.
Dept. A NEW YORK

Willys Utility Truck

3/4 TON

$1350



Price includes chassis and driver's seat. Body as shown $150 extra.

f. o. b. factory

WILLYS UTILITY TRUCKS are just as efficient and fresh at Six P.M. as at Six A.M. They need no sleep; they cannot die; cannot be overcome by heat; and do not eat up the profits you are fighting to conserve.

Horses are just the reverse. Often they are "all in" when you need them the most. In the summer they die by the thousands. Sometimes the greater portion of an entire horse investment is wiped out by the heat in a single day.

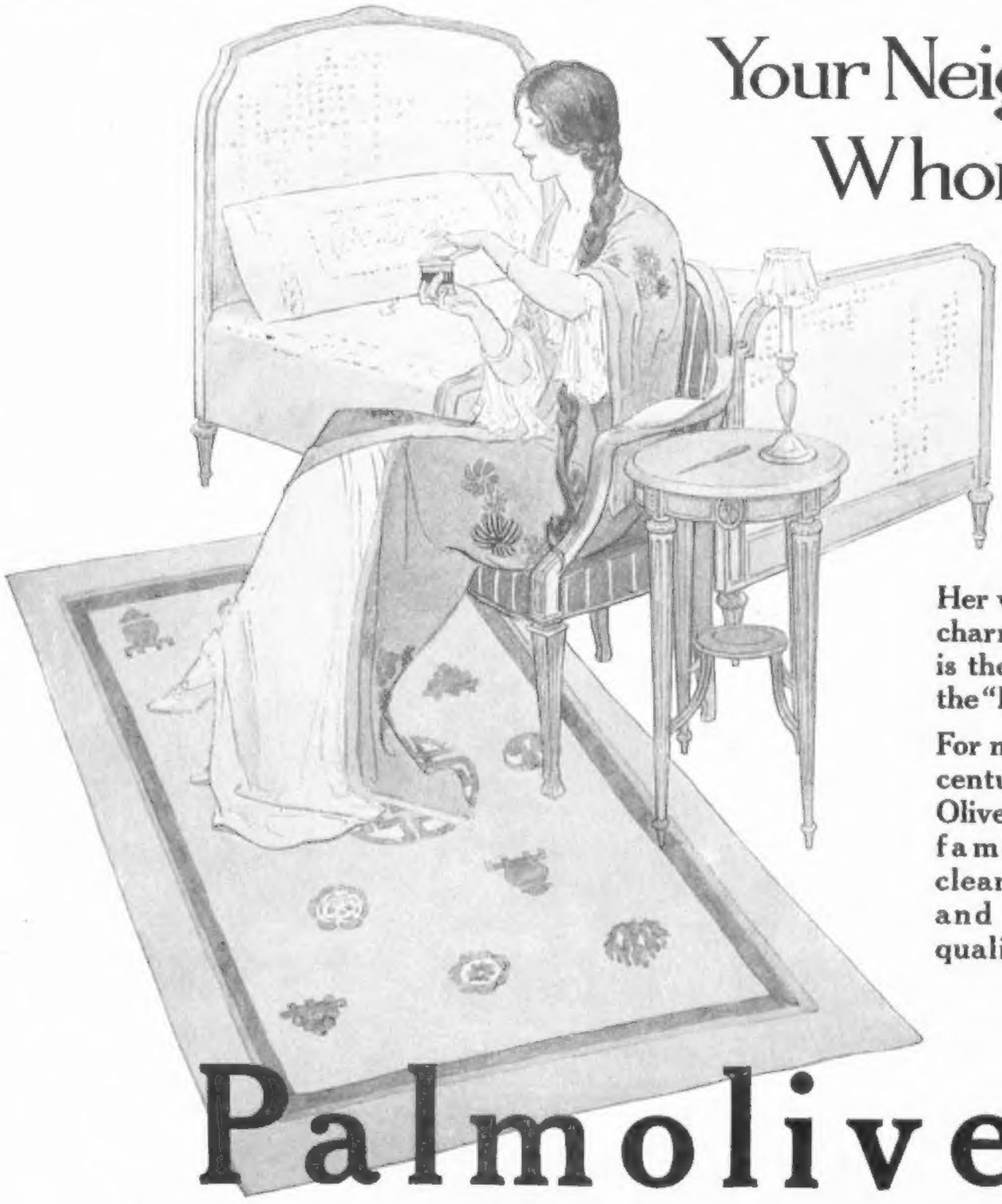
Willys Utility Trucks are good for 24 hours a day—any time of the year. Most important of all, they are *business getters*. One Willys Utility Truck can cover *300% more* territory than a team at *50% less cost*. Such ability to produce and develop new business must be reckoned with.

Your business needs such assistance.

Look up our dealer in your town. Descriptive and instructive literature on request.

Please address Dept. 151

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



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Her way to personal charm is simple. It is the *natural* way—the "Palmolive" way.

For more than thirty centuries Palm and Olive Oils have been famous for their cleansing, soothing and beautifying qualities.

Palmolive

Soap

This gives her skin that fresh, soft smoothness and look which no artificial aid can impart.

For in Palmolive are palm and olive oils, Nature's own greatest aids to beauty. The natural palm and olive oil color denotes the utter wholesomeness of Palmolive.

No other soap will ever replace it. 15c a cake.

Cream

She finds it a delightful companion to Palmolive Soap. It cleanses the pores and keeps the skin soft. Every night before retiring she smooths a little over her face for Palmolive protection next day. Price 50c.

THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER —Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.

Shampoo

She calls it the Olive Oil Shampoo. It cleanses the scalp, and promotes a healthy growth of hair. Rinses easily. Leaves her hair soft and tractable, with all its natural healthful glint. Price 50c.

B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.

Canadian Factory: B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Ltd., 155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.

(329)

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